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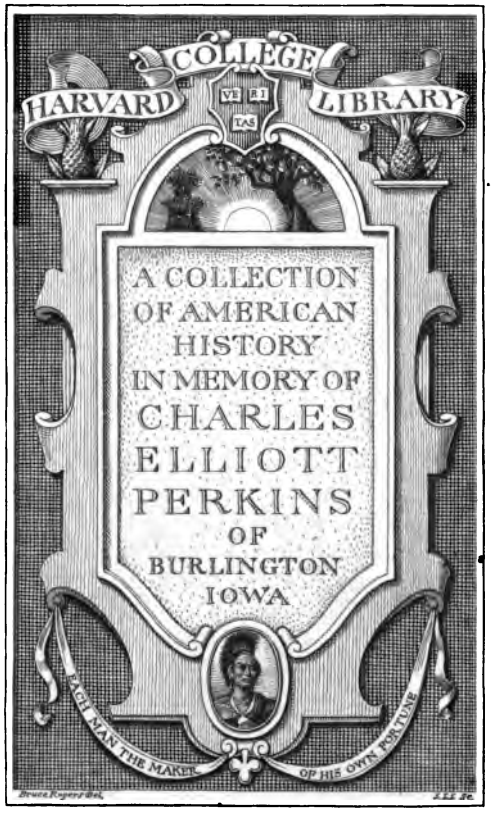
VE RI TAS
A COLLECTION OF AMERICAN HISTORY IN MEMORY OF CHARLES ELLIOTT PERKINS OF BURLINGTON IOWA
EACH MAN THE MAKER OF HIS OWN FORTUNE

THE

Reasoner:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

UTILITARIAN, REPUBLICAN, & COMMUNIST.

EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE.

THEY who believe that they have Truth ask no favour, save that of being heard: they dare the judgment of Mankind: refused Co-operation, they invoke Opposition, for Opposition is their Opportunity.

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JUL 1 1914

CHARLES ELLIOTT PERKINS
MEMORIAL COLLECTION

VOLUME-SCRIPT.

THE next volume, new series, will be printed in new type which has been used but once, and that to print a ---ial volume upon a subject which was a species of consecration of the letter.

The *Reasoner* wil. ....a somewhat resemble, typographically, the *Cause of the People*; and, in other respects, approximate to what Mr. Linton and myself sought to realise in that journal.

Continuous efforts, like prolonged campaigns, have vicissitudes. When readers enough could not be found to sustain one journal in efficiency, the establishment of other papers somewhat kindred must embarrass, for a time, such as already existed. This injury, which we have sustained, might be repaired by extra individual exertion to cover temporary losses; but, having earnestly engaged in some desirable studies in which the progress is contingent upon uninterrupted application, it is necessary that the remainder of my time (now devoted to the *Reasoner*) be not merely contingently, but *certainly* remunerative. That typographical variation in the next series, which is consistent with opinions before avowed, will also conduce to this end.

With the improvement in type we have endeavoured to attain to a larger page, and to increase our sixteen to twenty-four, but found it impossible. We trust a future of efficiency, beyond anything that has yet been manifested in these pages, lies before us. We have laid a permanent foundation in principles. We have cast, or recast, our own rules of advocacy. This framework of bone and nerve we desire to see wear somewhat more the semblance of flesh and blood, and animated with life and motion. In these times, from being a paper of *theory*, the *Reasoner* should become a paper of *action*. In the dearth of popular purpose which reigns throughout the press, a band of writers who should concert together what part of the citadel of oppression they would attack, might organise assaults and make inroads on the enemy to which the present desultory skirmishing of our newspaper press would but seem diversions. In the next series we will make such approximations to this efficiency as are possible with our means. Some *applications* of our theories have, for some time, been naturally asked at our hands by the most practical of our friends. Hitherto we have worked among ourselves: we work next more *in* the *world*.

G. J. H.

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The Reasoner.

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CHEAP JOURNALISM.

SEVERAL letters have been sent to me concerning the *Spirit of the Age* and its increase in price, upon which an opinion is desired. The step appears to me to have been judicious. However, in the last number of that Journal the grounds for it are given by the parties concerned. The paper has been greatly enlarged. Its columns are wider than the *Nonconformist*, sold also at 6d., and will soon contain as great a quantity of matter as any sixpenny paper published.

Mr. Dixon, of Aberdeen, for instance, says—'the *Weekly Chronicle*, when the price was 3½d., had a sale of 104 weekly, when raised to 4d. it sank to 75, and when raised again to 6d. it sank to 10.' But the *Weekly Chronicle* remains. Does not Mr. Dixon see the reason in his own figures? It could not subsist on a sale of 104 at 3½d.—it can on the sale of 10 at 6d. Mr. Dixon says—'we see trashy papers coming within the means of the people.' The reason is, it is because they are 'trashy' that they can come within those means. They are made to sell. They live *upon* the people, rather than *for* them.

It is said, and the *Daily News* has virtually admitted it, that that journal has sunk £100,000 in its attempt to give first-rate quality at the lowest price. And £1000 would be the least sum the *Spirit of the Age* ought to be prepared to risk, if it should reduce its price, maintain its present size, and preserve that rank of matter which it aims to serve up.

Let working men bear in mind that no disinclination exists to issue the *Spirit of the Age* at ?d., or even at 1d., were it a possible thing. But when the question is—shall Industry have an efficient paper at 6d., or no paper at all? we presume that the suffrage of intelligent working men will be given to the adopted arrangement.

Most of the cheap papers to which correspondents refer us, we know are running the race of competition: the 'lowest price' compels every thing to be done about them at the 'lowest figure' which leaves the workmen (literary or handicraft) alive. Workmen, especially Socialists, should pause before they desire to be served at this expense to others. Those who desire to abridge the reign of fiercest competition should, above all things, desire to keep as free as possible from that which they condemn in theory, and suffer from in person.

Working men do pay 6d. for the *Dispatch*, and the poorest 5d. for the *Northern Star*. These journals meet the wants of their respective subscribers, who pay that price which enables their wants to be met. The *Spirit of the Age* addresses itself to that new and daily increasing class who aim to recast the relations of Labour on principles of Equity. It aims to be the organ of the *proletaire*, on the condition of instructing him and serving him, and that in the cheapest way which consistency and efficiency permit. I believe that nowhere in Europe is there a weekly journal of the same size, in the interest of Labour in the same sense, as is the *Spirit of the Age*. Certainly there never existed in England anything of the kind, and there has been a great mistake of the character and number of the working classes of this country, anxious for Industrial progress, to whom Mr. Owen has long pointed the attention of Government, if they do not lend a lasting

and a living support to a journal thus designed for their advantage, every number of which it is hoped and intended they may read for their own improvement, and put with confidence into the hands of those above them. It is well urged in reference to this matter, that if those for whom a given paper is intended do not support it, the interest of truth will be best promoted by not giving a Representation in the Republic of Literature where there is no adequate constituency.

I should not debate this question with reference to the *Spirit of the Age* were it not that the establishment of such a paper would be a distinct step in Industrial and Communistic progress, which I have laboured to stimulate. Frequently the specific objects of the *Reasoner* have been held in abeyance while we discussed Industrial questions, because there then existed no organ in which the views which we thought essential were enforced in a healthy spirit.

Now we may mark with a stronger and steadier hand the topics which have become our own, by the abandonment of them to us by all other Journals.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

Eclectic Gatherings.

BY PANTHEA.

I. STUDY OF NATURE: FROM THE 'DIAL.'

INTRODUCTORY.

THE work of a Reform Journal should be twofold. While with one hand it aims to destroy established error, with the other it should welcome young truth. The critic who cannot admire, and the admirer who will not criticise, are both unfitted to lead the ranks of the movement.

The *Reasoner*, from the nature of its position, is inevitably occupied mostly with antagonistic criticism: but it is pleasing to see that it is equally ready to receive and spread such elements of affirmative thought or imaginative beauty as harmonise with freedom. The reports of Cooper's and Emerson's Orations, and the extracts from Lamartine and others, testify to this. But it appears to me that this sphere of the *Reasoner's* action might be greatly widened. To present a Library of 'Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world,' is not in the power of a twopenny periodical; but more information would be useful respecting that happily increasing circle of works which investigate subjects of great human interest, independently—more or less—of theological fetters. The present series is an attempt to convey some of this information, and will embrace specimens o works from various quarters; such portions being presented as are most likely to be usefully suggestive, either by developing views similar or dissimilar to those generally current in the *Reasoner*.

I commence with an extract from the 'Dial' for July 1842. The article is a review of a Government Report on the Natural History of Massachusetts, and is, says Emerson, 'by a near neighbour and friend of ours, dear also to the Muses—a native and an inhabitant of the town of Concord.' It is given here as a sample of the invigorating effect on the whole being of man, which arises from the intimate study of Nature, when blended with a free and intelligent study of human life: when the sciences of nature and of mankind are seen to be correlative—twin illustrations of universal Law—twin embodiments of wondrous Life.

Truly says our author, that 'books of natural history make the most cheerful winter reading.' Therefore has the present paper been selected, as a Natural Service to greet

'The rough year just awake,
In its cradle in the brake.'

' it is an ex-
the storms
'he truth and
hint. In the
.wn time, become
", and the summer
. air work in concert
.est-home.

.inter reading. I read in
rs the ground, of the mag-
's; of the fence-rail, and the
the breaking up of winter in
KS of the Missouri; and owe an
.riant nature.

.ng life,
.re hue,
.et
.ng strews them
.et—which make
.rue that aims
: his grievances.

.er when I hear of service berries, poke-weed,
.p of these cheap summer glories? There is a
Labrador and East Main, which no despoiling
more than federal are these states. If there were
seasons, our interest would never tire. Much more
.s of. What journal do the persimmon and the buck-
.nned hawk? What is transpiring from summer to
.nd the Great Pine Forest, and the Valley of the
.olitical aspect of the land is never very cheering; men
.lered as the members of a political organisation. On
.nt only the symptoms of decay. I see but Bunker Hill
.rict of Columbia and Sullivan's Island, with a few avenues
.t paltry are they all beside one blast of the east or the south
.r them.

will not find health, but in nature. Unless our feet at least
of nature, all our faces would be pale and livid. Society is
.nd the best is the most so. There is no scent in it so wholesome
pines, nor any fragrance so penetrating and restorative as the life-
.nigh pastures. I would keep some book of natural history always
.sort of elixir, the reading of which should restore the tone of the
the sick, indeed, nature is sick, but to the well, a fountain of health.
. contemplates a trait of natural beauty, no harm or disappointment
The doctrines of despair, of spiritual or political tyranny or servi-
.e never taught by such as shared the serenity of nature. Surely good
will not flag here on the Atlantic border, as long as we are flanked by the
.untries. There is enough in that sound to cheer one under any circum-
s. The spruce, the hemlock, and the pine will not countenance despair.
.inks some creeds in vestries and churches do forget the hunter wrapped in
by the Great Slave Lake, and that the Esquimaux sledges are drawn by dogs,
. in the twilight of the northern night, the hunter does not give over to follow

the seal and wolves on the ice. They are of sick and diseased imaginations who would toll the world's knell so soon. Cannot these sedentary sects do better than prepare the shrouds and write the epitaphs of those other busy living men? The practical faith of all men belies the preacher's consolation. What is any man's discourse to me, if I am not sensible of something in it as steady and cheery as the creak of crickets? In it the woods must be relieved against the sky. Men tire me when I am not constantly greeted and refreshed as by the flux of sparkling streams. Surely joy is the condition of life. Think of the young fry that leap in ponds, the myriads of insects ushered into being on a summer evening, the incessant note of the hyla with which the woods ring in the spring, the nonchalance of the butterfly carrying accident and change painted in a thousand lines upon its wings, or the brook minnow stoutly stemming the current, the lustre of whose scales worn bright by the attrition is reflected on the bank.

'We fancy that this din of religion, literature, and philosophy, which is heard in pulpits, lyceums, and parlors, vibrates through the universe, and is as catholic a sound as the creaking of the earth's axle; but if a man sleep soundly, he will forget it all between sunset and dawn. It is the three-inch swing of a pendulum in a cupboard, which the great pulse of nature vibrates by and through each instant. When we lift our eyelids and open our ears, it disappears with smoke and rattle like the cars on a railroad. When I detect a beauty in any of the recesses of nature, I am reminded, by the serene and retired spirit in which it requires to be contemplated, of the inexpressible privacy of a life—how silent and unambitious it is. The beauty there is in mosses must be considered from the holiest, quietest nook. What an admirable training is science for the more active warfare of life. Indeed, the unchallenged bravery which these studies imply is far more impressive than the trumpeted valour of the warrior. I am pleased to learn that Thales was up and stirring by night not unfrequently, as his astronomical discoveries prove. Linnæus, setting out for Lapland, surveys his "comb" and "spare shirt," "leathern breeches" and "gauze cap to keep off gnats," with as much complacency as Bonaparte a park of artillery for the Russian campaign. The quiet bravery of the man is admirable. His eye is to take in fish, flower, and bird, quadruped and biped. Science is always brave, for to know, is to know good: doubt and danger quail before her eye. What the coward overlooks in his hurry, she calmly scrutinises, breaking ground for the array of arts that follow in her train. But cowardice is unscientific, for there cannot be a science of ignorance. There may be a science of bravery, for that advances: but a retreat is rarely well conducted—if it is, then is it an orderly advance in the face of circumstances.'

'In the winter, the botanist needs not confine himself to his books and herbarium, and give over his out-door pursuits; but study a new department of vegetable physiology, what may be called crystalline botany, then. The winter of 1837 was unusually favourable for this. In December of that year, the Genius of vegetation seemed to hover, by night, over its summer haunts with unusual persistency. Such a hoar frost as is very uncommon here or anywhere, and whose full effects can never be witnessed after sunrise, occurred several times.' 'Every tree, shrub, and spire of grass that could raise its head above the snow, was covered with a dense ice-foliage, answering, as it were, leaf for leaf to its summer dress. Even the fences had put forth leaves in the night. The centre, diverging, and more minute fibres were perfectly distinct, and the edges regularly indented. These leaves were on the side of the twig or stubble opposite to the sun, meeting it for the most part at right angles, and there were others standing

out at all possible angles upon these and upon one another, with no twig or stubble supporting them.' 'It struck me that these ghost leaves, and the green ones whose forms they assumed, were the creatures of but one law; that in obedience to the same law, the vegetable juices swell gradually into the perfect leaf, on the one hand, and the crystalline particles troop to their standard in the same order, on the other. As if the material were indifferent, but the law one and invariable; and every plant in the spring but pushed up into and filled a permanent and eternal mould, which, summer and winter, is waiting to be filled.

'This foliate structure is common to the coral and the plumage of birds, and to how large a part of animate and inanimate nature. The same independence of law on matter is observable in many other instances, as in the natural rhymes, when some animal form, colour, or odour, has its counterpart in some vegetable.'

'As confirmation of the fact, that vegetation is but a kind of crystallisation, every one may observe how, upon the edge of the melting frost on the window, the needle-shaped particles are bundled together so as to resemble fields waving with grain, or shocks rising here and there from the stubble; on one side the vegetation of the torrid zone, high towering palms and wide-spread banians, such as are seen in pictures of oriental scenery; on the other, arctic pines stiff frozen, with downcast branches.

'Vegetation has been made the type of all growth; but as in crystals the law is more obvious, their material being more simple, and for the most part less transient and fleeting, would it not be as philosophical as convenient, to consider all growth, all filling up within the limits of nature, but a crystallisation more or less rapid?

'On this occasion,' 'from the under side of the ice in the brooks, where there was a thicker ice below, depended a mass of crystallisation, four or five inches deep, in the form of prisms, with their lower ends open, which, when the ice was laid on its smooth side, resembled the roofs and steeples of a Gothic city, or the vessels of a crowded haven. The very mud in the road, where the ice had melted, was crystallised with deep rectilinear fissures, and the crystalline masses in the sides of the ruts resembled exactly asbestos in the disposition of the needles. Around the roots of the stubble and flower-stalks, the frost was gathered into the form of irregular conical shells, or fairy-rings. In some places the ice-crystals were lying upon granite rocks, directly over crystals of quartz, the frost-work of a longer night, crystals of a longer period, but to some eye unprejudiced by the short term of human life, melting as fast as the former.'—*The Dial*, No. 9, pp. 19-22, 36-8.

IS GOD UNJUST AND CHANGEABLE, OR MEN, THE WRITERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT, IN SOME THINGS MISTAKEN?

A LETTER FROM H. C. WRIGHT, OF AMERICA, TO ANDREW PATON, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

[Concluded from page 492.]

I RELATED to the audience a scene that occurred a few weeks since in a Presbyterian house in Hanover, in this State. I was stating that I did not go to the Bible to prove the existence of God, or of myself—that I knew I existed, and that God existed, independent of the Bible—and that I knew war and slavery were wrong, Bible or no Bible. I was interrupted by a man, who arose and declared that no man had any evidence that he was a man and no beast except from the Bible—and that the heathen, who had not the Bible, had no evidence that they

were not brute beasts. 'What evidence have you that you are not a MONKEY?' I asked. 'I have none whatever, except the Bible,' said he. 'You do not, then,' I asked, 'consider your physical, social, intellectual, or moral structure, and the exhibitions of reason and conscience which you give, as evidences that you are not a monkey?' 'I do not,' said he. 'Take away the Bible, and I have no evidence that I exist as man, or that God exists as God; nor has any one else.'

Thus, dear Andrew, men, rather than admit that the writers of the Bible may have been mistaken, are willing to believe that men were originally beasts, and have no evidence now that they are not monkeys, but the Bible; and, worse than all, are willing to believe that God once approved and commanded men to do to one another what they themselves allow is opposed to his nature now, and to the Christian religion, and to the relations and obligations of man to man. They are ready to offer up God and man, and all distinctions between right and wrong, upon the infallibility of those writers of the Old Testament, who, as they say, declare that God commanded and approved deeds which, they admit, are now opposed to immutable justice and equity, and ought to be punished as robbery, assassination, and piracy. If the conduct of Moses in slaying his prisoners—if the conduct of Joshua in slaying children for the crime of their father—if the treachery and assassination of Ehud and Jael—ever were or ever can be in accordance with the nature of God, then God is not love and justice, but a demon of injustice and murder—then are truth, justice, and goodness mere fictions, and God a chimera; and right and wrong mere creatures of time and place, that change with the ever-changing circumstances of mankind. This alternative I put to the clergy and churches of Christendom, who quote the Old Testament to prove that war and slavery were ever right, and may be again:—*God is unjust and changeable, or those Old Testament writers were in some instances mistaken.*

I believe that God is love, God is justice, and God is unchangeable; and that those who attribute such deeds to God, were and are mistaken. Such deeds never were and never can be right, while God is God and man is man.

This is *Sunday;* we are all in a Methodist meeting-house. The pulpit is adorned with—what think you? Not with tracts and books and prints, teaching a pro-slavery and pro-war religion, but with caps, collars, handkerchiefs, and other needle-work, made for an anti-slavery Bazaar, and now put up here on and around the pulpit, to raise money to redeem three millions of slaves from tears, stripes, and blood. The pulpit is converted into a table or stand, on which are lying and hanging a variety of articles for sale—and that on Sunday—to get means to spread the gospel of anti-slavery—of Christ—throughout this land of slave-whips, slave-auctions, and slave-chains and fetters. And this I believe is as true and as acceptable a worship in the sight of God, as it would be to rescue a sheep from the ditch, or a man from the fire. Think of Dr. King's pulpit covered with useful articles for sale, on Sunday, to raise money to abolish drunkenness in Glasgow, or slavery in America! It might astonish the Presbyterians there assembled; but I believe it would be far more pleasing to God, and useful to man, than the prayers, sermons, and singing that are generally performed there. God is love, and God is justice; and justice, mercy, goodness, and kindness are more agreeable to his nature, and conducive to the regeneration and redemption of man, than ceremonies and sacrifices. To love man is to love God; to do good to man is to worship God; and we are worshipping God in seeking to raise means, on this day, in a way that all would pronounce to be right on other days, to rescue three millions of men and women from the chains and fetters and whips of American slavery and American republicanism.

But I must close this long letter. You will hear from me again on this subject. I wish you could give me your views touching the alternative presented in the heading of this letter.

I cannot present to you the glorious scene of enchantment exhibited at this moment by the forests of Ohio. Look upon these mighty forests—the growth and the monuments of centuries! The *green* is changed into red and yellow, of the softest and of every conceivable tint. This is an elevated spot, and I can look over a country ten miles around; and such a scene of beauty as the soft yellow and red of the thick foliage as are reflected under a bright sun! And then the shower, the perfect storm of leaves, that are driven by the wind in all directions, strewing the earth with an infinite amount of leaves, acorns, walnuts, and chesnuts, that but two weeks ago adorned these majestic trees. But the frost came, the colour changed, and those ornaments are falling to the earth—there to mingle with their kindred dust. Think of this process, going on annually for ages, and then calculate the power of the land of Ohio to produce human food.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

MR. DAWSON'S LECTURES.

[I FREQUENTLY receive letters desiring an opinion on various ingenious paradoxes of Mr. Dawson's; but as it would seem, to Mr. Dawson's friends, that we were captious in criticising every thing, I avoid noticing many things to which I think legitimate objection may be taken. On the whole, Mr. Dawson so eminently advances independent thought by his literary Lectures, that what seems to us occasional inconclusivenesses may generally be left without comment. The following letter, however, addressed to the editor of the *Cheltenham Examiner*, from the pen of a gentleman, to whom the *Reasoner* has been indebted for its best essay on the necessary 'Laws of Nature' (*Reasoner* No. 31) operating throughout matter—and where Mr. Barker denies that they operate at all, throughout mind—so well expresses what we should say in some of the cases of objections alluded to, that I quote it. Bearing the writer's name, it is a criticism as manly as it is able—and so unlike the anonymous attacks to which Mr. Dawson is constantly exposed, that I am sure he will respect the ingenuousness of the writer, whether or not he accedes to his strictures.—ED.]

SIR,—Allow me to make a few remarks on some points of Mr. Dawson's lecture on Calvin, which seem to me to call for animadversion. In proportion as a teacher is popular, his errors are dangerous. Mr. Dawson admires Calvin for his strong will, by which he enforced obedience to his religious system. A strong will can only be justly admired when exercised for wise and beneficent ends. A will which exhibits its strength in endeavouring to tyrannise over conscience, must excite the detestation of every liberal and enlightened mind. Such was the will of Calvin. He denounced the infallibility of the Pope, only to set up his own infallibility. He was a bigot in the bigotted age. Calvin was not *above* his age, as every *truly great* man is, and as every really useful teacher ought to be. Therefore Calvin was not a great man. To attempt to extenuate Calvin's bigotry, under the plea that his age was bigotted, seems to me to savour strongly of sentimentalism and 'punyism,' which Mr. Dawson so justly condemns. An action in a character is to be judged, not by the spirit of the age, but by the eternal principles of right and goodness. Every friend of religious liberty must lament that Mr. Dawson lost so good an opportunity as his subject afforded, of exposing and denouncing fanaticism and bigotry, by which Cheltenham is so

over-ridden. Mr. Dawson thinks it 'wicked to put down the death of Servetus to modern Calvinism.' Has he found no bigotry and intolerance—no desire to persecute those who differ from them amongst *modern* Calvinists? I must remind Mr. Dawson that I myself heard him in Birmingham, a few years since, complaining that persecution for conscientious dissent existed as much in the present age as formerly—it had only changed its *mode*—and he expressed his preference of the old system to the modern; for while the persecutors of old boldly and openly burnt a man at once, your modern persecutors adopted a secret, sly, cowardly, and protracted method of destroying the object of their enmity—they defame his character—endeavour to take away his means of living—in every way wrong and harrass him—thus they kill their victim by inches—certainly a more cruel, because a more tedious and protracted process, than the speedy method of former times.

Again, Mr. Dawson seems to approve of the man, who in the House of Commons should say, 'I care for none of your statistics—thus saith the Lord, *i. e.*, Mr. Dawson considers that mere authority or sentiment is to be set above the facts and laws of nature. This is the old story of Fanaticism *versus* Science. I am sorry to see a professed liberal teacher playing into the hands of superstition and fanaticism. The 'Thus saith the Lord' of fanaticism has sanctioned every species of folly and wickedness. It caused the death of Servetus. It is the inspiration of imagination, or passion, seeking to enforce its views under a Divine authority. Statistics and other *facts*, whether of Political Economy or of any other science, enable us to ascertain what are the laws of nature, in other words what is the will of God; and these facts and laws are not to be set aside by any individual, who, shutting his eyes to all *facts*, trusts only to his imagination or sentimentalism, or to an isolated text of the Bible, written under circumstances which no longer exist, and which therefore may involve doctrine or precept no longer wise, beneficent, or practicable. This method of procedure has caused incalculable evils to society, and greatly retarded human progress. If Mr. Dawson really desires to destroy superstition and fanaticism, he ought to be careful how he attempts to throw any ridicule or discredit on Science and Philosophy,* for he must be aware that only in proportion as Science and Philosophy have advanced, have superstition and fanaticism declined. Whoever reads the signs of the times aright, must be convinced that as inquiry and enlightenment progress, the safety of religion lies in her alliance with Philosophy and Science—if she attempts to set herself in opposition to them her doom is sealed.

F. B. Barton, B.A.

A SURGICAL METHOD OF ESCAPING SATAN.

A correspondent, who might be a medical student, suggests the following surgical method of escaping 'Hell Fire.' Christ has said 'If thine eye offend pluck it out, if thine hand offend thee cut it off, for it is better that one of thy limbs should perish than that thy whole body should be cast into Hell.' By an easy extension of this principle one would think that a series of skilful amputations (which should comprise the whole of a man's person—every portion of which, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, may, according to Isaiah, offend) would insure him from going to this unpleasantly warm climate at all. The recent application of Ether suggests the possibility of trying the experiment.

* Mr. Dawson, in his lecture on Cromwell, seemed inclined to ridicule Philosophy and Philosophers.—F. B. B.

Illustrative Notices.

THE *Emigration Circular*, issued by Cleave, purports to be a complete 'Hand-Book and Guide to the Australian Colonies.' These numbers, small in price, convenient in form, but ample in contents, really contain a great variety of matter of first importance for emigrants to know. One addition we would suggest in subsequent numbers is the insertion of a few particulars which would enable the reader to get at the authorities quoted, and satisfy himself.

The *Times* thus characterises pious candidates. Had we attempted to hit off the genus Agnew, we should have sought some such language to do it with. 'Sir Culling Eardley chose to contest the West Riding on religious grounds. Whether a pious footman advertises for a place, or a pious candidate for a seat, the public is equally disposed to suspect something wrong. It is concluded that the man has no other recommendations to offer, and that he is palming himself upon the conscientious in the hope that some poor soul may think to win heaven by putting up with a very bad servant. But of all subjects in the world, religion fares the worst at a polling booth. We believe it to be a trading religion, a mere hawker's commodity—made to sell and not to use—that is whined at the hustings, blazoned on the placard, puffed in the friendly journal, and dropped at last in a very innocuous manner on the floor of the House of Commons. Experience, therefore, has taught us to regard the pious candidate as a contemptible impostor; and a wide induction has confirmed that belief. Papist or Puritan, Jesuit or Jumper, it is all the same. On the political arena, religious pretenders have generally turned out to be charlatans.'

The papers of a few days ago gave an account of another appearance of Mr. J. E. Duncan, at the Worship-street Police Office, for collecting a mob of people at the Hall of Science doors, to whom he was selling the wretched trash which he calls poems, entitled a 'Scourge for a Gag,' the 'Murdered Chartists,' &c. Has he no friends who will keep him from the public eye in connection with Institutions who have enough to contend against without being associated with professional eccentricity? The Chartists have suffered Mr. Duncan to appear at their meetings and make speeches for their amusement. Great men of olden time could afford to keep jesters; but popular and struggling bodies must take care how they indulge themselves in this way. Some time ago Mr. Duncan's exhibitions enabled the wits of the opposing press to make ridiculous the people's cause. As an individual, Mr. Duncan's aberration of manner deserves sympathy; but, in justice to others, he should be kept from public association with any party.

During the late war with Great Britain, says the *Louisville Examiner*, a sentinel was stationed in a small barn on the lines, which had the reputation of being haunted—the upper story was 'full of emptiness,' to all appearance, yet every night was heard, by the terrified soldier on duty, a rolling and rumbling, as of a dozen barrels over head, and, very naturally the soldiers became very loth to occupy it after dark. A bragging fellow offered his services for the duty, with many protestations of fearlessness and taunts on his comrades for being so easily *skeared*. Pretty soon after he heard the noise beginning, and whistled stoutly to keep his courage up—after awhile he called out, 'Who's there!' and as the noise went on and increased, he gathered up all his oozing valour into the tremendous and comprehensive adjuration 'In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, what the Devil are you doing up there?'

The leader of the *Weekly Telegraph*, May 27, in its reference to the sum of upwards of £835,000 annually raised by the religious sects of England, and devoted to purposes of religious proselytism and instruction, remarked: 'Zeal for the religious improvement of the savage is a good thing; but we should admire it infinitely more if the amiable and estimable persons who display it would do something for the eradication or alleviation of the social misery of those who are not savages. Physical misery and degradation are the sources of vice and crime. In England these causes produce an abundant harvest. The wide philanthropy of those who have £835,000 per annum to bestow upon churches and chapels, upon tracts and Bibles, and upon Jews, Africans, Polynesians, Malays, and New Zealanders, might tax itself in favour of the worse than African misery, worse than Polynesian degradation, worse than Hottentot heathenism that exist in England, and which cannot be remedied by preaching, or by religious books, even though the Bible be of the number, until a social preparation have been made for the moral and religious teaching that we so much desired. We will not say that £28,000 per annum is too much to spend upon the attempt to convert a few Jews, and yet we should rejoice much more greatly if an equivalent sum were devoted to the social elevation of the industrious destitute in our towns and cities, and in our rural districts. Eight hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds per annum are easily raised for religious objects. A tithe of it is sought in vain for a benevolent and social object unconnected with religion. There are hundreds of benevolent associations in England, having objects unconnected with religion, that languish for want of means. Our poor live in worse than Indian wigwams—our industrious working men and their families exist in close and pestilential hovels, in wretched alleys, amidst filth, discomfort, and vice, but no appeal has ever brought into the coffers of those who would improve these dwellings, and elevate the social and moral condition of their occupants, the twentieth part of such a sum as is yearly distributed in tracts and Bibles among Hindoos, New Zealanders, and Tahitians. Religious associations are well supported, especially if the objects of their care and their zeal are foreign and remote: benevolent associations are ill-supported, especially if their objects be native and accessible. The same English people that support the one could support both, if the spiritual leaders, who exercise influence over them, and who hold the springs by which their congregational and sectarian organisation is set in motion, would but urge them to make the attempt.'

The Council of the People's Charter Union have adjourned till Friday, January 5th, 1849, when they will meet at the West Riding Coffee House, Holborn Hill, to make arrangements for the quarterly meeting, and to consider the line of conduct to be adopted with regard to Mr. Cobden's financial scheme.

In a Scottish paper we read as follows:—'At 77, Guestrow, on the 8th inst., of fever, William M'Kay, aged 3 years; and on the 10th, Robert Sievewright, aged 4 years and 10 months, infant children of the late James Shirron.'

Grand banquets have been held in Paris in honour of 'Jesus Christ, the first Socialist.' An English writer poet sometime announced Christ to be the first 'true gentleman.'

Three votes were given for Jesus Christ, for President, at the recent election in France.

The *Preston Guardian*, No. 254, says—'Quashee, commencing a work on "Natural History," wrote as follows:—"Man is de first animal in creation: he springs up like a sparrow grass, hop about like a hopper grass, and dies de same as a jackass."' Has not Solomon said the same as this sable physiologist?

The Reasoner.

January 8, 1849.

MR. HOLYOAKE'S ODD-FELLOWS' LECTURES—ARE THEY INFIDEL?

The controversy upon this subject continues in the *Odd-Fellows' Chronicle*. The editor inserts, with impartiality, letters on both sides. The following is a passage from a recent number:—'When Mr. Sanders (before referred to) was in Hull, some person in the body of the room asked if he thought the Lectures delivered on the Sabbath-day by the Odd-Fellows were injurious to the members who listened to them? Mr. Sanders answered—"I cannot exactly say what these Lectures are, because I am not an Odd-Fellow. But I have had it from good authority, on which I could place implicit reliance, that they are of an immoral character. They are mixed up, I believe, with misquoted texts of scripture. There is nothing really good or moral about them. They take the father of a family from his house on the Sabbath, and they prevent him from taking his place in the church or chapel (loud cheering,) and they set a bad example to the children. They also spend the money which ought to go on the backs of their wives and children. I have even heard that these lectures are sometimes *infidel* lectures. I cannot vouch for it, but I heard it stated they were so."

'A Voice—I beg to contradict that statement (continued confusion.) The same speaker continued to address some further observations to the meeting, but which were inaudible.'

Upon this passage, the *Odd-Fellows' Chronicle* makes this emphatic comment:—'Now, gentle reader, see how ready this slanderer is to believe evil of others. He cannot say what our lectures are, but from *good authority* states that they are of an "immoral character!" "They are mixed up, I believe, with misquoted texts of scripture." The sentence reads as though the speaker believes the immorality to lie in these "misquoted texts." We cannot positively state that such is his meaning, but it would almost seem so; and to us this sentiment savours strongly of scepticism. But *we* do not claim jurisdiction in matters of belief, and will leave the learned gentleman to settle the question with his conscience in the best way he can. Yet, as he terms our lectures "infidel lectures," ("I cannot vouch for it, *but I* heard it stated that they were so,") we beg to remind him that his own words would bear, and without much straining, an "infidel" construction. As for the Lectures themselves, he who has read them and yet pronounces them "Infidel," lies deliberately, or is without understanding.'

REASONER FUND.

Io, who wishes the New Year to begin well, and who thinks that the Shilling of the Workman calls for a larger subscription from those of larger means ..	200	0
N. S., Burnham, (half year's subscription)	10	0
George Henderson, Northfleet ..	2	6
Mr. Allen, Seymour Street ..	1	0
James Currie, per Mr. Motherwell	1	0
Mrs. Robertson, per do., Paisley	2	0
A Plough Boy, Monmouth ..	1	0
A Friend, per Mr. Ivory ..	2	6
A. H. Ivory, (two quarters' subscription)	2	0
Diagoras Atheos (another subscription)	2	6
Friends at Carron, per R. Fisher	5	6
Mr. Pebody, Northampton ...	2	6
J. Gurney do. ...	2	0
W. Wills do. ...	1	0
G. Corby do. ...	1	0
	236	6

IPSWICH UTILITARIAN SOCIETY.

Mr. Cook, the secretary of this society, has forwarded to the Central Office a report of the Meetings and Discussions of the members, who are nineteen in number. He says—The first books admitted towards forming a library for the use of its members have been: Blanc's 'Organisation of Labour,' 'Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation,' (published by the Religious Tract Society), 'Moral Philosophy,' by Turnbull, 'Dawn of Civilisation,' (Rel. Tract. Soct.), 'Good Sense,' by the Curé Meslier, 2 vols. of Paine's Political Works, 1 vol. of Paine's Theological Works, Parker's 'Unitarian Discourses,' Shelley's 'Queen Mab,' Bray's 'Labour's Wrongs and Labour's Remedy' &c. It is contemplated to add Birch's 'Inquiry into the Religion and Philosophy of Shakspere.'

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—Jan. 7, (12, a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'How far Shelley's "Queen Mab" represents the Infidelity of the present day.' (7) Thomas Cooper, 'The Myths or Legends of the Four Gospels.'

FINSBURY HALL, Bunhill Row.—Jan. 8, (8¼) Mr. T. Beggs, 'Cultivation of Waste Lands.'

SOUTH PLACE, Moorfields. — Jan. 7, (11, a.m.) W. J. Fox, M.P., will lecture.

NATIONAL HALL, 242, High Holborn.—Jan. 7, (8) Mr. W. Linwood will lecture.

Editorial Communications are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

Monthly Parts.—The *Reasoner*, in a stiff wrapper, is ready for delivery in Monthly Parts on Magazine day. The Wrapper contains Lists of all Agents of the *Reasoner*, and all News and Coffee Rooms where it is taken in.

Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

Branch and other Communications for the Officers of the Rational Society are to be addressed to 23, John Street, Fitzroy Square—and their Post-office Orders made payable at 103, Tottenham Court Road.

Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

DOVER.

A lecture on the 'Duties of Literary Institutions in relation to Public Opinion' was delivered in the Parthenium Rooms, on Wednesday evening, by Mr. Holyoake. The subject was one deserving the attention of every philanthropist. What ought to be the spirit of Mechanics', Philosophical, and Literary Institutions was ably set forth. The effects of such societies upon the habits of the people were also graphically described. The closing remark was well calculated to assure the aiders of Mechanics' Institutes that they are helping to reform a world of evil. The lecturer said 'that however indifferent as to the improvement of others we might sometimes feel; however we might reason with ourselves and say, "what matters it to me that people do not gain knowledge, I know; I know the system of creation and the order of the spheres; I know right from wrong, and why should I trouble myself about other people?"'—we should find, upon reflection, that ignorance in society has everything to do with us; it affects us in every way; the minds of our children are impressed with the habits, dress, and learning of the society into which they are thrown. In a state of ignorance, the minds of the people are influenced by any enthusiastic charlatan who may impose upon them, thereby endangering lives and property. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to cultivate the intellects of our fellow-men, and take from the ranks of ignorance and add them to the ranks of knowledge.'—*Dover Chronicle.*

STRAUSS'S 'LEBEN JESU.'

Mr. Thomas Cooper gave a pledge to the audience at John Street, on Christmas Eve, to write out and have published, in the course of a few months—the substance of his Orations on the Myths and Legends of the Gospels, as developed in Strauss's 'Leben Jesu.' We shall, therefore, avoid giving any report, or abstract, of them, in the *Reasoner*. We understand that Mr. C. purposes to give his own views of the character of Christ, in addition to a close digest of the 'Leben Jesu.' This is a desideratum: the very expensive outlay for Strauss's great work, at present, placing it out of the reach of thousands who desire to possess it. Mr. C.'s work will be brought out in numbers, like the 'People's Edition' of his 'Purgatory of Suicides.'

MR. OWEN'S HEALTH.

N. S. desires to see a monthly bulletin of Mr. Owen's health, beginning the first week in the year. I have the opportunity of seeing Mr. Owen frequently, and can report that he enjoys his usual good health. During the Christmas he has been out visiting, enjoying the festivities of the season. His friends among our readers may conclude, when they see no notice to the contrary, that he is well.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

In the pamphlet that Prince Louis Napoleon, the new President of France, composed, while a prisoner at Ham, he emphatically condemns the existing system of government and society, and propounds a plan for the establishment of co-operative home colonies. He declares that 'the reign of castes is over,' and that it is necessary to organise the masses, 'that they may reduce their wishes to form; and to discipline them, so that they may be directed towards, and enlightened upon, their real interests.' 'It is a stigma upon our civilisation,' he remarks, 'that, in the nineteenth century, the tenth part of our population should be in rags and perishing from want, amidst manufacturing produce which cannot be sold, and agricultural supplies which cannot be consumed.' The original pamphlet is being re-published by Mr. Cleave, who says that the Prince requested him at first to issue it.

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

Just Published, Price 2s.,

HAIL! HAIL! HAIL! OUR VICTOR'S SAFE RETURN. A Song written on the return of Robert Owen, Esq., from America, after his application to Congress for the Abolition of Slavery. The Words and Music by Mrs. Capt. Grenfell.

Preparing for publication, by the same authoress, THE IRISH WIFE REASONING WITH PADDY HER HUSBAND.

Preparing for publication, THE DUKE OF ROTHESAY'S MARCH.

Also, just out, by the same authoress, adorned with an elegant design, price 2s., 'Oh! Breathe, Breathe his Name.'

London: D'Almaine & Co., Soho Square, and can be had through Mr. Watson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received.—Y., Limehouse. (It has been deemed best to suspend that particular controversy, and his strictures would re-open it.)—T. Fyfe. (The Tracts will receive attention. Was the Treatise sent handed to the Rev. Mr. Willson?)—R. Seivewright.—The guinea for Mrs. Shirron has been remitted to Mr. Dixon.—A. H. J. (Mr. King has written.)—G. Edwards.—Mr. S. Nixon. (The book is not out yet.)—J. H.—'The Force of Truth.'—'The People, by and by, will be Stronger.'—Robert Fisher. (The Chaunt is pretty, but not quite of an insertable character.)

*** The space occupied by the Index and Title page, properly belonging to the last number, excludes Mr. Cooper's 'Greek Oration,' delivered at the City Road.

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Wednesday, January 3, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 137.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

WHAT HAVE THE PRIESTHOOD DONE FOR PROGRESS?

Mr. Macaulay, in his new work, the 'History of England,' has pronounced a judgment on the beneficial influence of the priesthood in accelerating if not initiating progress, which has justly excited public attention: and I have been asked how far I am ready to admit his dictum. I was not unprepared with an answer, but an answer by those in no way committed to our opponency in theology will have more weight with the public, and I therefore prefer to give the answer of the *Economist*, of December 30, which is as ample, explicit, and conclusive as I could desire.

The *Economist* says:—'After Mr. Macaulay has stated the facts which so well illustrate the silent progress of society, he attempts to account for them. He says—"It would be most unjust not to acknowledge that the chief agent in these two deliverances was religion." He adds—"For the amalgamation of races and for the abolition of villenage, England is chiefly indebted to the influence which the priesthood in the middle ages exercised over the laity." We are not, therefore, left in doubt as to what Mr. Macaulay means. Those great deliverances were effected by the influence of the priesthood over the laity. Now, if history be philosophy teaching by example, we can only conclude that we ought now to rely on a similar influence, and look to the exertions of the Catholic clergy in Germany, Italy, and France, for effecting those *economical* improvements which all reflecting men agree are essential to insure the prosperity of the people of those countries, and insure the peace of Europe. But no one actually relies on that influence. Politicians do not ask counsel of the priesthood. To their influence they consign the private lives of individuals, and perhaps the education of youth; but they eschew it in public affairs. Mr. Macaulay, far from believing their influence to be uniformly and generally beneficial, goes on to say, "For political and intellectual freedom, and for all the blessings which political and intellectual freedom have brought in their train, England is chiefly indebted to the *great rebellion of the laity against the priesthood.*" Thus he teaches us, at one and the same time, and in the same sentence, to look both to the influence of the priesthood over the laity, and to the laity rebelling against it, to effect beneficial social changes. Not only is there a manifest contradiction in such teaching, inculcating like effects from totally different causes, and different effects from like causes, but Mr. Macaulay becomes in the latter passage, an advocate for rebellion and the use of physical force, which he has expressly told us has no effect in bringing about beneficial changes.'

The *Economist* argues this contradiction at length, and asks:—'If the teaching and influence of the priesthood were so efficacious in abolishing slavery and amalgamating the races in England, how came it to have no voice in preventing the greater abomination of carrying the negroes into slavery, which at a subsequent period took its rise on the coast of Africa? How comes it about that it is now destitute of all influence in the United States, where the races are distinct and separate, and no chance appears of an amalgamation?'

The *Economist* denies that rebellion against the priesthood has been the initiative cause of Social progress—it assigns other causes. With these we have, in this place, nothing to do. All that is relevant to be shown is that the 'priesthoods' influence' has not been a cause, as Mr. Macaulay asserts. Upon this point the reply of the *Economist* is emphatic and forcible.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

WHAT SHOULD THE PEOPLE SING?

To many who attend our public assemblies, it is a subject of much regret that the songs which are so frequently sung bear no relation to the progressive ideas of the age; they are merely reproductions of that conventional costume of melody, to which our grandfathers doubtless gave a hearty assent of perfect satisfaction, but the absurdity of perpetuating such in our times is daily becoming more and more apparent. The 'Ba-ba-black-sheep' school of the nursery age cannot now feed the people; they desire to have their thoughts and aspirations invested with a manlier utterance. The nations are seriously thinking of putting away childish things, nay they are doing it, they are putting away kings, and crowns, and sceptres, and it is time that they also gave the fulsome praises of such baubles to the ashes of oblivion. It is not usual to hear Chartists singing 'Britons never will be Slaves,' republicans joining in 'God Save the Queen,' temperance men touching the tobacco box in 'Wapping old Stairs,' and numerous other such delicious contrasts. Well may one exclaim, 'How long shall these things be?' 'The grand thaumaturgic faculty of speech,' as Carlyle calls it, that transcendant power in the progression of our race, why should it, when elevated in the most captivating melody, be simultaneously debased to the utterance of undiluted nonsense? Why should an assembly of men, yearning for a higher manifestation of human rights, listen to and join in the insipid inanities of songs, which find no response in their own hearts, when the inspiriting music of *words* has the power of raising their hopes, and emotions, to the enthusiasm of action? How often we have assented to the acuteness of the remark by a great man—'Let me make the Songs of a people, and I care not who makes the Laws.' Yet we sadly err in leaving the practical value of the admission to the mere drift of habit or caprice. The beautiful melodies of a nation can never die out, they will always live in the memory; the children sing them in their play, the parents hum them at their daily toil, their music haunts them through life, refuses to be eradicated, and oft the only blessing that the poor man has is a benediction of sweet sounds. And because of this immortality of music, the eloquent absurdities to which it is too frequently married will be perpetuated also, unless the poet, seizing the ideas which thrill the hearts of the millions, shall utter forth their burning aspirations in living language, to a perfect unison with the rythm of those melodies which the people have learnt to love for their simple native beauty.

The truly national songs are very few compared with the number of candidates for remembrance. An opera is considered to have its share of success, if out of the whole composition three or four airs become popular for a season only. It often happens too that an inferior composer will write a melody more truly natural, and finding more sympathy in the minds of the people, than the compositions of first-rate artistes. 'The Marseillais Hymn' is an instance—it was written by a young soldier whose name is only known to few, while his song awakens a country to heroism. 'God Save the King' is even now of questionable parentage, but it is generally attributed to Dr. Blow, of whose other writings the

people know little or nothing. 'Sally in our Alley' is the only song remembered by a nation of a composer whom Milton thought it an honour to praise, and prophecied for him an earthlasting fame. One might go over the whole repertory of music, finding a multiplicity of corroborations—and if it is thus with the melody, it is not less so with the words of the songs, for many a beautiful melody has perished through the insipidity of the words to which it was set, and many a good song has fallen into disuse, because the music to which it was allied had not sufficient vigour to live. Of the immense number of songs to which Burns in his short life gave birth, how few, comparatively, are really popular, yet it was worth a lifetime to have written 'A Man's a Man for a' that,' so deeply is it prized by the toiling millions, who, while they find in it the utterance of their hearts, thank and warmly love the man who gave it them. Haydn says that he was more proud of his hymn 'God Save the Emperor,' than of all the other achievements of his genius. 'They may perish,' says he, 'but this will endure, for my countrymen will sing it from the prince to the peasant.' He spake truly, for it became the national song of his fatherland.

A good song is like a good poet—the production of a century.

To the attention given by Dissenters towards the embodiment of their teachings in 'psalms and hymns and spiritual songs,' is owing much of their power over the people, who are attracted to the conventicle more by the hymn-book than by the Bible. In 'singing all together, one after the other,' each member of the congregation feels his own individual importance, and it is no wonder that human nature should take the road that pays toll to its self-esteem. So clearly was this perceived by the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he introduced many innovations into chapel music, laconically saying 'tis a pity the devil should have all the pretty tunes to himself;' and accordingly numerous profane tunes underwent the process of sanctification—'Rousseau's Dream' coming out as 'Rock of Ages cleft for me,' Harrington's glee, 'Down in a Mossy Cell,' was transformed to 'There is a place, a dreadful place, where wretched sinners dwell,' and the Advent Hymn, 'Lo! He comes in clouds descending,' is sung to the lilt of a Scotch reel, and other similar metamorphoses. In the cause of progress we have not taken advantage of the powerful agency of music. To name Moore's Irish Melodies, some of which are full of the true fire, a few of Russell's songs, and others not numbering on the ten fingers, is to sum up all the musical compositions we possess—with the addition of those by two of the sisterhood, who have nobly and worthily taken the lead towards realising a Music for the People. I allude to the late Eliza Flower, a genius nipped in the bud, as it so often is: these finely-strung poetical beings, as shadowed forth in that lovely allegory 'The Sensitive Plant,' are

> The earliest
> Upgathered into the bosom of rest.

The compositions of Eliza Flower have all the elements of art combined with the ideas of progress, full of womanly grace and exalted earnestness. Sophia Collet—in her synonym of 'Panthea,' expressing the wide-spread love and universal sympathy of her aspirations—taking the 'Lyrics of Humanity' for her theme, has eloquently pleaded, both in the written word and in the unsyllabled language of music, the claims of progress for a melodious interpretation to the heart of man. At her hands, Shelley's sublime 'Ode to the Assertors of Liberty' has received an added beauty; and the manly-hearted poems of Robert Nicoll are wedded to a music vital and fresh as their own.

The lyre of progress hath the spirit of song enshrined within it, ready to awaken whenever the Orpheus shall arise to call it forth.

Its strings shall quiver as none other can,
And nobler strains vibrate;
Eternal beauty in the heart of man
Its music shall create.

Let the people but show a just estimation of the resources already at command, and many compositions—full of life and loveliness, known only to the 'fit audience, though few'—would rejoicingly emerge from the retirement of the domestic circle, eager for the sympathy of a wider appreciation: for, be it remembered, that between the artist and his works there is a parental affinity, not to be overcome by any narrow-hearted cry of '*egoism.*' The true artist, though impelled to creation for the satisfaction of the outworking energy, labours not alone for such private ends; he is Prometheanised with an enthusiastic ambition, and hopes, with Milton, 'to produce such works as the world will not willingly let die.'

The songs of a people are mighty agents in its revolutions; and upon this undeniable fact the apostles of progress, the teachers of the people, should ground their endeavours, when on them devolves the management of public assemblies and Institutions. I would make special reference to the John-street Institution, as the representative of a class of Institutions devoted to democratic and social progress. To the man of genuine taste, any breach of truth is abhorrent; and not only does the ear require the harmony of sound, but the harmony of idea also: how utterly incongruous is it, then, for a public lecturer to conclude his oration with an eulogium of peace and love, and a choir immediately after to strike up, as if in antagonism, 'For Battle proud lift up the Song;' or, perhaps, when the theme of the evening has been 'The Myths of the Bible,' or some similar dissection of the crude theological notions of the Jewish nation, the chorus is occupied in shouting, apparently 'with heart and voice,' the triumphs of Jehovah, and a promised Redeemer in the Son of David. It were as well to sing the praises of Juggernaut and Jumbo, interspersed with the notable achievements of Jack the Giant Killer. Is it politic, is it wise, is it rational to lay themselves open to the same condemnation as the priesthood, that they speak with the lips when the heart is far from it?

A spirit of most laudable enterprise has lately arisen at the John-street Institution, in the performance of several pieces from the works of Handel, Mozart, &c., and it is a pleasing evidence of the growth of mind in the people, that these sublime works are brought within the range of their appreciation. It is, I believe, to Thomas Cooper that we are indebted for this improvement, and knowing his admiration of the compositions of Handel, I had expected that we should have received from his genius, a modern adaptation of words, to the selections from that great master lately sung at the Institution. My anticipations, in which I know many others joined, have not received fulfilment; nor has any attempt been made towards such a reform. If I ask—why? the answer is given 'there is no one to do it,' and by that reply the feeling of the want is implied. The perception of an error is one thing, the power of rectification is another.

We want modern adaptations to the ancient music, significant of the hopes and ideas of the present age; for lack of these the glorious lovelinesses of Mozart's masses are almost unknown to the English, Beethoven's stupendous magnificence, and countless treasures of other great artistes, are hidden from participation. It is useless to look to the musicians of the day for help, they are fettered in the conventional, and too many of them love music more for its pence and its praises,

than for its beauty and beneficence. They might tolerate a translation of some foreign work, but attempt a paraphrase or new adaptation to Handel's Messiah, or any other work, that requires grafting with progressive thought, and they will put you down if possible with a cry of '*Vandelism*.' I reverence Handel, but I reverence more *Utility*. Handel's genius is worthless unless it is useful: then let us revivify the masterpieces of his art with a noble purpose, having for its end the true exaltation of Humanity. The words to which his music is mated, were perchance to him truth, but they are falsities to us, and better it is to sacrifice a few felicities of language, rather than be thoughtless slaves to Hypocrisy—or, if that is too strong a term, the realities of the case can only be expressed in averring that, if not absolute hypocrisy, it is absolute nonsense. This need not be continued, we can still rejoice in the delights of Handel's Messiah without thus committing ourselves. Let us have new words significant of new ideas—an Oratorio of Liberty, Liberty the People's Messiah, the true Redeemer of our Race—longed for by countless millions through the ages past, prophecied of by sages and heroes, by poets and philosophers; whose praises have been sung by the bards of all time, and whose inspiring voice vibrates even now through the hearts of the nations, with irrepressible yearnings, and deathless desire. The words of Handel's Messiah constitute a true poem, arranged with great judgment, reciting the prophecies, the passion, and the triumph of the Jewish Messiah—and liberty also has had her prophecies, endureth now her dauntless struggle, and shall ultimately have her triumphant enthronements through all the nations of the world.

The exquisite beauty of the setting, the perfect union of music with language is more conspicuous in the works of Handel, than in those of any other composer; his *recitative* especially has never been equalled in this particular, and consequently the difficulty is enhanced of substituting words which shall not grate harshly on the ear of memory.

In the Messiah the music so evenly follows the inflections of the language, the words flow so naturally into the order of the notes, that I should be reluctant to have any disarrangement. Many passages might, in the proposed version, be sung without the slightest alteration, because they are of universal acceptation; such, for instance, as 'Every Valley shall be Exalted,' 'The People that walked in Darkness,' 'Let us break their bonds asunder'—all of which would be easily woven into the new theme; others might stand as now, with simply the substitution of one noun for another, as 'Truth' or 'Light' for 'Lord:' indeed there are but few verses that require total expungment, the greater part would rest with remodelling; for the retainment of but three of the original words would still be worth consideration, in order to satisfy the ear. This magnificent chorus, so frequently sung at the Social Institution—

'For unto us a child is born; unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulders: and his name shall be called, Wonderful! Counsellor! the Mighty God! the Everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!'

It might be altered thus—

'For unto us great joy hath come; unto us new hope is given; for the governments of force and fraud are falling; and the nations are shouting, Liberty! Liberty! Equality! Man's Universal Justice! Fraternal Peace!'

And thus a sublimer version might arise, sublime because of the truthfulness of its language, and the universality of its ideas. An Oratorio of Liberty, Truth, and Love, a tri-unity *worthy* to receive the adoration of Humanity. An arrangement on this view is in manuscript—not completed, certainly, but sufficiently advanced to enable me to say, that if the offer is accepted, I am willing to give

the copy a thorough revision, and to publish it in the *Reasoner* or in any other form, as it may be deemed desirable. With these suggestions I leave the subject for the present, trusting that I have enlisted the attention of some few who have power to advance it to a genial fruitage. H. L. H.

Thomas Cooper's Orations.

TRANSITION FROM LEGENDARY TO HISTORICAL GREECE.

An Oration, by THOMAS COOPER, author of the 'Purgatory of Suicides,' delivered in the Hall of Science, City Road, on Sunday evening, Dec. 17th, 1848.

So seldom has history been studied for its proper lessons—so little has this study been applied to its right uses—that one does not wonder to hear it so often said, 'Do not trouble us any more with your barren chronicles of the Past: tell us something about the Present.' Now what are the two great uses to which the study of History ought to be applied? I answer—the enlargement of our knowledge of the *individual* Man; and the clear unfolding of the Progress of Civilisation, or of the growth of mankind *collectively* in knowledge and happiness.

But it has very seldom been the object of an historian to attend to these two great lessons, or to produce them faithfully. The enlargement of our knowledge of the *individual* Man—who could administer to our want of wisdom in that direction by becoming a partisan of some remarkable actor on the historic stage? And yet, with the exception of Tacitus, it would be almost impossible to point out one great writer of history in ancient times who did not adopt some of his characters as favourites, and gloss over their vices, while he trumpetted forth their virtues beyond due desert. Plutarch, with all his winning mode of telling a story, is notorious for this want of fidelity in describing character. Among our own historians, Gibbon has his favourites in almost every period he treats; while Hume most disgracefully apologised for the licentiousness of the 'royal rascal,' Charles II., not to mention other blots in his historic portraits.

To go down into the depths of the human heart—to lift up the veil and discover to us the real motives which guided great actors in history—to 'turn them inside out,' as it were—how much might our knowledge of the individual Man, of human nature, have been advanced by such a treatment of history! Bare and barren chronicle—a due marking of the reigns of kings—glowing descriptions of battles—and a pompous eulogy of the great butchers or conquerors—such has been the great staple of history! What wonder that people have yawned over it?

Again: the clear unfolding of the Progress of Civilisation, or of the growth of mankind *collectively* in knowledge and happiness—as the other great use of history—how imperfectly has it been attended to? We shall cease to wonder at this when we remember the imperfect notions of Civilisation possessed by the generality of historians. What have their notions been, usually? One-sided. Some of them were retired scholars, and therefore they could admire eloquence and the arts, and all that was intellectual in the progress of a nation; but scarcely anything more. Others have been courtiers, or statesmen of a certain party, or hangers-on of power, and so they possessed the perspicacity of an eagle for a stroke of diplomacy, or the skill of a king in amassing power or territory; but had no sympathy with the suffering toiler. Others have been scholared merchants, and they were quick-sighted in perceiving the causes of commercial prosperity or decline in a nation; and to reach a high pitch of trading prosperity, was with hem the profoundest proof of a nation's civilisation.

But the 'masses,' as they are so mechanically called, who has written of their condition? What historian has ever shewn that the causes of decline in a state have arisen from neglect of the millions? They could not so write, because they did not believe this to be an important consideration: they all view the poverty and want of the majority of mankind as something unavoidable—something beyond human power to remedy. A living historian of France, and an old trader in politics, is a good sample of the species of historians that have hitherto existed, and of their intellect and feeling on this question. 'I do not pretend to tell you how the mass of the people can be exempted from want,' says M. Thiers, 'I do not tell you how they can all be provided with bread by being all provided with employment, because I believe it cannot be done!' The truth was, he did not wish it to be tried.

No one historian that ever existed—at least of remarkable name—has ever yet combined in his notion of Civilisation—Intellectual, Moral, Political, and Social Progress. The 'masses' themselves, by their own growing discernment of their rights, will have to force that notion of Civilisation upon both historians and statesmen.

Meanwhile, in passing from the legendary to the real history of the glorious Greeks, we shall have the conviction forced upon us that there did exist, in the old time among that remarkable people, great and good intelligences whose hearts yearned over the miseries of the working-masses, and who thought that their wretchedness might be permanently removed. It is true such names as those of Lycurgus and Solon have been treated with ridicule: their schemes have been laughed at as fantastic; and courtly and aristocratic historians have pointed to the failure of their schemes, as proofs that their plans were unadapted to human nature, and as warnings to all future states against 'Communism,' or any approach to it.

In the brief glance, however, that we shall be able to cast upon the deeds of these venerable legislators, this evening—we shall not be guided, I venture to say, by the aristocratic dictum. In times so far remote—in periods so closely bordering upon the Mythic or Legendary age—we must expect to find many uncertain statements, and considerable imperfections—or what will look like imperfections to us; but we shall find much to remind us of the great Truth—that Human Civilisation, with all the boasts of it, can never yet have been founded on the right basis; inasmuch as every one who had a heart to desire that *all* should be happy invariably found so much to correct. Let us recommence our retrospect of Grecian history from the point where we stopped last Sunday evening—the close of the Legendary period.

[The above is an abstract, rather than a full report of the exordium; and we must merely epitomise the body of the discourse.

The obscure character of the transactions of Greece for four centuries intervening between the heroic deeds at Troy and the First Olympiad, are only explicable by viewing the heroic age as Myth, and *not* historical reality. *Then*, it is not strange. 'It is not the immediate past, but a supposed remote past, which forms the suitable atmosphere of the mythical narrative,' to use Mr. Grote's language; 'a past *originally* quite undetermined in respect to distance from the present, as we see in the Iliad and Odyssey.' It would have been a *continuous stream* of tradition if the Heroic were true. It is thus in all ancient story. Every nation tells of the wonders of a far bygone age and attributes to it immense longevity, supernatural deeds, and visits. Yet any nation would be shocked at attributing these to its *own* age.

The year 776 B.C., or the era of the First Olympiad, is the period from which we can begin to date *real* history in Greece. The 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' by whomsoever written, are to be dated prior to that period. They present accurate pictures of the primitive manners in Greece, although the events they record are mythological: it is the same with the old Hebrew books; and there are many coincidences in these latter with the manners described in the Greek epics.

Let us glance at the state of society and manners as depicted in the Greek legends.

The kings of each petty state are god-descended, and over-ruling in their personal ascendancy. The 'Boulê,' is the Council of Chiefs, in which the king states his mind; and the assembly reasons with him, but submits if they cannot convince him. The 'Agora' is the Assembly of the People, in which the chiefs speak, when the heralds have proclaimed silence; and the people listen, sitting, but do not speak or vote. These primitive assemblies formed the habits of public speaking, and their preservation led on to the power of the people. So did the annual assemblies in Germany, and the Wittenagemote in England. Wherever these assemblies were put down, as in France, monarchic despotism ensued. Gradually, in Athens, kingship was abolished. Kodrus was the last king: the Archon (his son) was at first appointed for life, then for ten years, then for one.

Hospitality was open: so it was in 'Genesis.' The force of family ties and marriage is remarkable. Ferociousness towards foes is another characteristic of these pictures; accompanied by mutilation and insult of dead bodies, unfeeling conduct to orphans, compensation for homicide (so there are 'Cities of Refuge' in the 'Torah'), while murder is punished as a crime against the state in *historic* Greece. Limited commerce and small acquaintance with other nations, also, characterise society in the legendary epics. Brass or copper are used for weapons, and iron only for agriculture: the chiefs are the effective soldiers, and the army a mere mass, so different from Grecian military array in after times (yet European warfare, in the middle ages, was similar): robbery and piracy were honourable.

There is one great name to be dwelt upon a little before we enter on the historical period—Lycurgus. All the ancient accounts of him are brief. Plutarch (who was contemporary with the Roman emperor Trajan, with Tacitus and Pliny, and did not die till 140 A.D.), has given us the largest account of him; but he introduces it by saying that 'all he can say is matter of controversy, that there are different stories of his birth, travels, death, and legislation;' and that 'least of all is the time in which he lived agreed upon.' Herodotus, in the 65th chapter of the 'Clio,' describes Lycurgus visiting Delphi: the Pythoness hesitates whether to address him as a man or a god, but inclines to the latter: the Pythoness reveals to him the plan of legislation for Sparta—and so Moses had his revelation from 'Jehovah,' and Numa from the nymph Egeria. Yet Herodotus adds that 'the Lacedemonians themselves say that Lycurgus, when guardian of his nephew Labotas, king of the Spartans, introduced these institutions out of Crete.'

Let us rapidly glance at the Spartan system. There were two kings and twenty-eight ancient men for senate; and a periodical assembly of the people in the open air, to receive or reject, but *not* to debate. Herodotus says the five Ephori were appointed also by Lycurgus, but Aristotle says that it was some time afterwards, and Plutarch says 100 years afterwards. The senate was for life, and formed an oligarchy. The population was threefold. 1. Spartans—freemen who never worked, but were always in military training (the land being

tilled for them by the Helots); these contributed to the 'Syssitia,' or public mess. 2. Periœki—freemen,and citizens of some of the hundred townships of Laconia, but not of Sparta; these received their orders from Sparta. 3. Helots—serfs, living in the villages, cultivating the land, and paying over their rent to the owner in Sparta, but enjoying their homes, families, &c. These were never sold out of the country, and probably were never sold at all. Sometimes they were called on by the state for military service; and the state often rewarded their bravery with a grant of freedom. Some of them were domestic slaves at Sparta. The Helots were always objects of fear to the Spartan government, on account of their numbers; and a select body of 300 young Spartans were annually sworn in as the 'Krypteia,' or police, to assassinate any Helots who were dangerous, and to watch the conduct of all of them. The character of the Oligarchy may be seen by this institution.

These three orders were pre-existing to the Lycurgean Institutions; and Plutarch says that Lycurgus, seeing the misery and poverty of the greater number of the Spartans and Periœki, redistributed the land of the former in 9000 equal lots, and that of the latter in 30,000; that he banished all gold and silver money, tolerating only iron; that he forbade Spartan citizens all money-making occupations, even agriculture; that he constituted the 'Syssitia' (for which Alkander, a young Spartan spark, knocked out his eye), where there were joint tables, and each citizen was obliged to belong to one and to eat there—where each new member was balloted for, and received or rejected—and where each contributed from his land a specified quota of barley-meal, wine, cheese, and figs, and a small sum for spices, &c. To these tables game was also brought by hunting in the forests which belonged to the state; and whoever sacrificed to the gods, had to send a part to that public mess-table to which he belonged. From seven years of age, each Spartan fed thus in public (the 'Polemarchs' presiding at the tables); and then passed to drill, gymnastics, &c., seeing his wife only by stealth during the first years after marriage. He had to sleep in the public barrack, always under the surveillance of his fellow citizens and captains. He had little peculiar relation to his children; had to maintain a daring and fighty spirit; to endure torture unmoved, with hunger and thirst; to go barefoot on flints, wear the same garment winter and summer; and to endure scourging before the altar of Artemis. He was allowed to steal while a youth, to make up for want of food, if he could, secretly.

The young women were as severely trained; but the elder women became privileged in course of time and were more independent than any other women in Greece, in their own households: they even contrived to amass riches. No stranger could remain in Sparta; and none were allowed to travel: only to go out on special messages.

The public-mess, as the sign of citizenship, and the severity of discipline is all true; for it is confirmed over and over again, and continued to a late period in the History of Independent Greece; but the banishing of gold and silver money is questionable—since Pheidon of Argos (a century after the latest time alleged for Lycurgus) is stated to have first introduced coined silver.

The division of the land into equal lots, Mr. Grote thinks, is a legend devised by Agis, the philanthropic king of Sparta, at a later time—250 B.C. Of Agis we shall have more to say when we come to his period: he was a martyr to his philanthropy; but, with deep reluctance, and with diffidence, I beg to dissent from Mr. Grote. It is true, that neither Herodotus, nor Thucydides, nor Xenophon, nor Plato, nor Aristotle (the keenest of Greek observers) mention the division of

the land into equal lots, by Lycurgus, though they all, more or less, describe his institutions. It is also true that from the time of Lycurgus to that of Agis there are, all along, allusions to the inequality of landed property in Sparta, and, indeed, in all Laconia. But I cannot avoid expressing a belief that Agis pointed to a conviction in the minds of his countrymen that such *was* the original institution of Lycurgus; and it seems, to me, far more likely that, although this institution had become corrupt and obsolete, it should have really existed, and so dwelt in the Spartan mind as a cherished conviction—than that Agis should have been able, *at an historic period*, to have made the Spartans believe it from invention. Only 250 years before Christ, and in Greece, during the rule of Alexander's successors! It was not a locality or period to impose such a legend on the public mind. But we dismiss this subject, for the present.

In the various states of Greece despotism gave way to Oligarchy and that to Democracy. Athens was the state in which the Democratic advance was first and most completely made. Oligarchy was prevalent throughout Greece 700 B.C. How the change from Despotism to Oligarchy was brought about, History does not say. When real history dawns upon us, we behold Oligarchy established in Grecian cities. Government had lost its 'Heaven-appointed' character, and the City was governed by Law, resulting from agreement or consent—though the Few ruled.

The seventh and sixth centuries B.C. produced Despots; sometimes Oligarchs who managed for a time to get supreme power and lord it over the state; at other times Demagogue-Despots: men who contrived to be elected from profession of sympathy for the Many, but who acted selfishly. It was a transition period towards broader freedom and higher civilisation. Meanwhile Colonies were being sent out from various parts of Greece.

And now to Athens. Nine Archons of Athens were appointed annually. The Boulê, or 'Senate of Areopagus,' was doubtless derived from the Homeric Council of old men; and the 'Ecclesia,' or public assembly of the people, resembled the 'Agora' depictured in the Iliad.

The Archon Drako, (B.C. 624) merely first committed to writing the 'thesmoi,' or Ordinances of the Archons, which had been observed for ages without being written. He is not to be charged with the *invention* of severe punishments. The rude ancients were all severe—'An eye for an eye, &c.' is a law of another rude nation, you will remember.

Solon was Archon 594 B.C. (30 years after Drako); and undertook the office of legislator. He would not take on him the office till all parties had agreed to give him full authority. The State was at a 'dead-lock:' the miseries of the poor, their numbers, the danger arising from their just discontent—compelled the Eupatridæ, or nobles, to agree to the assumption of the legislatorial office, by Solon. He proceeded in right earnest. He abolished all mortgages of land and swept off the stone-pillars, bearing the sum owed and the name of the mortgagee, from all the lands of Attica. He abolished the slavery of Athenian citizens—for it had been customary to *sell a man* for his debts! This was *for ever* abolished at Athens. He next instituted a graduated income tax. There were four classes: those whose yearly income amounted to 500 medimni of corn (about 700 of our bushels) and upwards, formed the first class, and paid the highest tax: those whose yearly income ranged between 300 and 500 medimni formed the second class, and paid less: those whose yearly income ranged between 200 and 300 medimni made the third class, and paid still less; while all whose annual income was below 200 medimni paid no direct tax. The indirect taxes—such as the duty on imports—the fourth class paid, in common with the others.

The class who paid no direct taxes had, nevertheless, the power to *elect* to all offices of the State; but they could not, themselves, serve some of the highest *unpaid* offices, because it was judged that none ought to hold them but such citizens as possessed sufficient wealth to be above bribes.

Such was the outline of the political scheme of Solon. The speaker showed how, notwithstanding their general agreement, some parties contrived, during Solon's absence in Egypt and Asia, to subvert parts of this constitution; how Peisistratus seized the supreme power, kept it during his own life, and handed it to his sons—one of whom was slain by Harmodius and Aristogeiton (names as sacred in old Athens, for patriotic example, as our Hampden and Sydney, with us)—and how, at length, Clisthenes entered on the work of perfecting the constitution of Solon, and founded the real democracy of Athens. The historical review paused here, and is to be recommenced from this point in a future discourse.

The Asiatic and Italian Greeks were briefly depictured: the influence of Egypt, Phenicia, and Persia was described, (in its commencement) upon the Greeks; the native and unborrowed character of their democracy, as well as of their civilisation and refinement, was rapidly argued; and the highly influential nature of the Olympic, Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean Games, in forming the national character of the Greeks, unitedly, was forcibly proved.

One of Mr. C.'s usually fervid and impressive hortations to intellectual and moral culture formed the peroration.]

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SWISS REPUBLICS.

Fifth Period, continued from page 420.

The opposition to Rome was so violent and bigoted that the evangelicals would not even accept the Pope's reformation of the calendar, and the excitement which prevailed on the subject nearly caused a civil war. This dispute enabled Cardinal Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, to bring about his project of a Catholic league, for the support of the Roman Church in Switzerland. 'On the 10th of October, 1586, deputies from Lucerne, Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Zug, Soleure, and Freybourg, assembled at Lucerne, where a solemn compact was sworn to, called the golden or Borromean league, but which might, with more justice, have been denominated the league of blood; for it served only to rend asunder those bonds which should have united one confederate with another.'—Zschokke, p. 211.

At the commencement of the seventeenth century the people of Vaud were engaged in a bitter religious struggle. 'The reformists, who were by far the least numerous, were at length wholly overpowered: they had, indeed, by virtue of a treaty of amity concluded in 1557, enjoyed unmolested, for above fifty years, their own particular creed, but the spirit of intolerance which at length burst forth could no longer endure their presence. By order of the bishop and the provincial council they were required to sell their lands and quit the country. In vain did the evangelical cantons intercede in their behalf; the Catholics insisted only the more strenuously on the expulsion of the reformists and their pastors: thus were they compelled to abandon the land of their fathers, which they were never again to behold.'—Zschokke, p. 219.

Thus we have seen that though Switzerland was not involved in the horrors of the religious wars which desolated Germany, yet it was shaken to its centre by religious animosities. Its territories and those of its allies were more than once violated by the different belligerent parties, who generally met with sympathy from some of the Swiss themselves—who preferred the interests of a religious

party to the honour of their common country, and who had not sufficient unity among them to keep up an army to protect the frontiers. From the time of the reformation the ultra-Catholic party have always looked for support to Austria; the Protestants have been more independent; but have not unfrequently inclined towards France—an alliance infinitely safer than that of the hereditary enemy of Swiss liberty. But though the bond of union among the confederates was too weak to prevent occasional infractions of the frontiers, it was strong enough to keep the foreigner out of the interior of the country.

The Grisons, however, were not so fortunate; like the Swiss, they were divided among themselves on the subject of religion, and from their isolated state and uncultivated manners they were less tolerant than their more advanced allies, and thus easily became the prey of designing foreigners.

When Charles V. succeeded to the dominions of his respective grandfathers, Maximilian of Austria and Ferdinand of Spain, he ceded all his rights over Austria to his brother Ferdinand, who, on the abdication of Charles, succeeded to the empire, while Philip succeeded his father in Milan, Naples, Spain, and the Netherlands. The two houses of Spain and Austria, though distinct, were close allies, and the great enemies of the Protestant cause (which was then the cause of liberty and progress) all over the world. A glance at the map will show that the possession of Valtellina was of vital importance to Spain, as being the highway between Austria and the Milanese. But Spain and Austria were not the only parties interested in this matter. The republic of Venice was naturally anxious to hinder the communication between her two greatest enemies; and France was interested, though not so warmly, on the same side. The Valtellina—with the districts of Bormio, on the east, and Chiavenna, on the west—had once formed part of the Milanese, but had been transferred to the Grisons in 1512, when the latter assisted the Swiss to restore Maximilian Sforza. The inhabitants of the Valtellina remained Catholics, while the majority of their Grison masters embraced the reformed communion. The latter, stimulated by some of the zealous Protestant pastors, interfered with the religious privileges of their subjects, and even forbade all correspondence between the clergy and their foreign superiors. 'On the other hand, the conduct of the agents of Rome excited the suspicion of the Grisons. The inquisition of Brescia and Bergumo had arrested several Protestants from Valtellina, one of whom, a preacher called Cellaria, was kidnapped within the limits of the Grison jurisdiction, and sent to Piacenza, and afterwards to Rome, where he suffered death as a heretic. Pope Pius V., a strenuous defender of the prerogatives of his church, endeavoured to recover certain tithes and other revenues in the Valtellina, which had been given up by the Grisons to lay impropriators. He commissioned, for this purpose, John Planta, Baron of Räzuns, and his son Conrad, who was a canon of the cathedral of Coire, to whom, in 1572, he issued a bull conferring on them the management of all church lands and revenues in the Valtellina and in the adjoining county of Chiavenna, which were then held by improper persons, meaning thereby several Protestants, and, among others, the Salis, a powerful Grison family, and ancient rivals of the Plantas. The Salis appealed to the diet of the Grisons, who decided that the grant by the Pope to the Plantas was illegal, and it threatened any one with severe punishment who should attempt to enforce the bull. The Baron Räzuns, not having paid sufficient deference to this decision, was imprisoned, tortured, and put to death. His son escaped; and soon after, through the mediation of the Swiss cantons, public tranquillity was restored, at least in appearance.'—Vieusseux, p. 159. J. D. Collet.

Illustrative Notices.

Lord Mahon, in his 'Historical Essays,' considers it as certain that John Knox knew and approved the scheme for the murder of David Rizzio. 'This charge is the more credible,' *Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper* remarks, 'when we remember that Knox accounted the injunctions in the Old Testament, to put idolaters to death, still binding, and that as regarded those, who, in his estimation, were worse than heathen idolaters, Roman Catholics.'

When Lord Holland was on his death-bed, his friend George Selwyn called to inquire how his lordship was, and left his card. This was taken to Lord Holland, who said, 'If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him into my room. If I am alive, I shall be glad to see him; if I am dead, I am sure that he will be delighted to see me.'

An American paper has the following:—'Do you know, sirrah, where those little boys go who are wicked enough to play marbles on a Sunday?' 'Yes, your worship; some on 'em goes to the common, and some on 'em down by the river side.'

The Rev. Sydney Smith, in speaking of the prosy nature of some sermons, said, 'They are written as if sin were to be taken out of a man, like Eve out of Adam, by putting him to sleep.'

'The Rev. Dr. Drewe, of Belfast,' says the *Eastern Counties Herald*, No. 548, 'is engaged in a civil war with divers officers of the garrison, who have been giving amateur theatrical entertainments for charitable purposes. The doctor told his congregation the other day that he would never preach another sermon for the General Hospital, if the trustees accepted money so contributed.' Why should not war be allowed to practice acts of humanity? It needs the discipline of charity, and the stage, to any one but a divine, would be deemed a wise exchange for the field.

'The Rev. J. Mildmay, rector of Chelmsford, Essex, has refused to bury within the church walls, deeming the practice dangerous to public health. This refusal will cause a great pecuniary loss to the reverend gentleman, as almost all the wealthy families in the district have vaults underneath the church.' I quote this on the authority of the last-named paper, and am happy to record so creditable a determination.

The Latter-Day-Saints have been fined at Chard, for holding assemblies in private houses without certificates from the Bishop. So says the *Northern Star*.

M. Jules Janin, according to the *Morning Chronicle*, gives the following illustration of the mode in which the theatrical censorship was exercised at Paris last year. In one of Scribe's vaudevilles the gallant asks the cookmaid the way to her apartment. She very properly and pointedly answers, 'Through the Church;' the censor, thinking this both irreverent and out of character, substituted—'Through the Kitchen.' The indignation of the author may be supposed.

Mr. Dixon, of Aberdeen, writes—'I have to acknowledge the receipt of £1 1s. 6d. for Mrs. Shirron, who begs leave to express her gratitude to Mr. Holyoake and those gentlemen who have shown such a kindly interest in her behalf. The committee also return thanks to the *Reasoner*, for the publicity given to the case of our friend, the late Mr. James Shirron, and family.'

A weekly periodical is announced for this month, edited by Thomas Cooper, entitled the 'Plain Speaker.'

Mr. Macaulay gives, in his new History, the following picture of the Puritans:—'The Puritans, inthe day of their power, had undoubtedly given cruel provocation. They ought to have learned, if from nothing else, yet from their own discontents, from their own struggles, from their own victory, from the fall of that proud hierarchy by which they had been so heavily oppressed, that in England, and in the seventeenth century, it was not in the power of the civil magistrate to drill the minds of men into conformity with his own system of theology. They proved, however, as intolerant and as meddling as ever Laud had been. They interdicted, under heavy penalties, the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not only in churches, but even in private houses. It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians. Severe punishments were denounced against such as should presume to blame the Calvinistic mode of worship. Clergymen of respectable character were not only ejected from their benefices by thousands, but were frequently exposed to the outrages of a fanatical rabble. Churches and sepulchres, fine works of art, and curious remains of antiquity, were brutally defaced. The parliament resolved that all pictures in the royal collection which contained representations of Jesus or of the Virgin Mother should be burned. Sculpture fared as ill as painting. Nymphs and Graces, the work of Ionian chisels, were delivered over to Puritan stonemasons to be made decent. Against the lighter vices the ruling faction waged war with a zeal little tempered by humanity or by common sense. Sharp laws were passed against betting. It was enacted that adultery should be punished with death. The illicit intercourse of the sexes, even where neither violence nor seduction was imputed—where no public scandal was given—where no conjugal right was violated, was made a misdemeanor. Public amusements, from the masques which were exhibited at the mansions of the great, down to the wrestling matches and grinning matches on village greens, were vigorously attacked. One ordinance directed that all the May-poles in England should forthwith be hewn down. Another proscribed all theatrical diversions. The playhouses were to be dismantled, the spectators fined. the actors whipped at the cart's tail. Rope-dancing, puppet-shows, bowls, horse-racing, were regarded with no friendly eye; but bear-baiting, then a favou rite diversion of high and low, was the abomination which most strongly stirred the wrath of the austere sectaries. It is to be remarked that their antipathy to this sport had nothing in common with the feeling which has, in our own time, induced the legislature to interfere for the purpose of protecting beasts against the wanton cruelty of men. The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Indeed, he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear.'

The Council of the People's Charter Union met on Friday and fixed Tuesday, January 16, for the Quarterly Meeting—which will be held in the Coffee Room at John Street; when an address, recommending the abolition of the newspaper stamp as a part of Mr. Cobden's national budget, will be submitted to the approval of the meeting.

On Thursday evening, says the *Birmingham Mercury*, a lecture was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Godden *(evangelist to the nation)* at the Odd-Fellows' Hall, King Street, on the subject of Prophecy. Pray what new sect is this?

It was said by Lord Brougham of a fashionable preacher: 'His style is so inflated, sir, that one of his sermons would fill the Nassau Balloon.'

The Reasoner.
January 10, 1849.

LECTURES FOR THE VICTIM FUND.

Thomas Cooper, true to his generous feelings, as a working man by birth and sufferings—as a poet and lecturer by gifts and development—is about to give four lectures at John-street in aid of the Chartist Victim Fund. We are happy to see that, though Mr. Cooper differs radically from the unfortunate men who have fallen victims to the exertions of paid spies and their own impatience, as to the best means of obtaining the rule of right and of dethroning the rule of usurpation, he yet comes nobly forward, and gratuitously exerts himself for those who are, with all their faults and mistakes, still brethren by birth and political aspiration. The lectures will take place on the 9th, 16th, 23rd, and 30th of January. The subjects are, Thomas Paine, William Cobbett, and the Commonwealth. We wish Thomas Cooper success in this his generous and graceful effort to add a mite to the Victim Fund.—*Spirit of the Age.*

LIMITS OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

Mr. Dawson makes the following useful request in the first number of the *Birmingham Mercury*:—'The Protestant Clergy would do us a great service if they would define for us the limits of private judgment, for limits they do practically put upon it: our case book (for we keep one of such matters) would supply many instances of punishments, social and commercial, inflicted upon those who have pushed *Protestant* principles too far. "Search the Scriptures" is the command. A man does it earnestly and devoutly and arrives at conclusions not accepted by the Church: these results he brings to the Church as the product of his obedience to Protestant principles—let us give the consequences in the words of a recent writer: "But how is he received? with joy? with satisfaction? with approbation, as an earnest lover of truth, and a patient seeker for it? nothing less. He was sent to the Bible not to seek *truth*, but to find it their own distinctive system: and the error of not finding it there complete is unpardonable." We perfectly agree with him when he adds: "I say, therefore, that our Protestantism has this duty incumbent upon it, *either* to allow of private judgment to the utmost, *or* to think out for itself some intelligible principle by which the rationalistic results of individualism are to be curbed and prevented." In conclusion, let us advise the Clergy of all Churches to cease endeavouring to proselytize, and to turn their attention increasingly to those sunk in poverty and ignorance, and who, as yet, have no man to care for them.'

MR. NOEL'S BOOK.

We understand, from a correspondent, that 'the work has been some time in the hands of the publisher, and that the greatest secrecy was to be observed in passing it through the press: proofs were to be forwarded under seal: the name of the author unknown: and its proposed time of issue was about Midsummer, 1849. When, however, the secession of the honourable and reverend gentleman became known, it was found essential that the book should appear immediately. Accordingly, the volume, containing between six hundred and seven hundred pages, passed through the press in the short space of fourteen days!—perhaps, the most rapid performance ever achieved in the book-printing art.'—*Church and State Gazette.*

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 136 ..	236	6
(Per Mr. Shepherd, Liverpool)		
Elizabeth Robinson	2	6
T. Sawyer	2	6
J. B.	2	0
J. A. S.	1	0
John Wake	1	0
Joseph Shepherd	1	0
Louis Jones, All Saints Church..	1	0
F. Green	1	0
J. W., senior	1	0
J. W., junior	1	0
J. A.	1	0
Frater, Manchester (who, on the morning of good wishes (Jan. 1), sends his in the shape of 60 Queen's heads for the new List)	5	0
Mr. Engledow, per Mr. Truelove	2	6
Mr. D. Liff do.	1	0
M. A. L., per Mr. Watson ..	1	0
	261	0

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—Jan. 14, (12, a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'The Causes of the Inefficiency of Political Associations Elucidated.' (7) Thomas Cooper, 'The Myths or Legends of the Four Gospels.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—Jan. 14, (7) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Life and Writings of Richard Carlile.'

FINSBURY HALL, Bunhill Row.—Jan. 15, (8¾) Mr. J. Lambe, 'Mystic Literature.' 13, (9) Discussion. Subject, 'Emigration.'

☞ *Editorial Communications* are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

Monthly Parts.—The *Reasoner*, in a stiff wrapper, is ready for delivery in Monthly Parts on Magazine day. The Wrapper contains Lists of all Agents of the *Reasoner*, and all News and Coffee Rooms where it is taken in.

Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

Branch and other Communications for the Officers of the Rational Society are to be addressed to 28, John Street, Fitzroy Square—and their Post-office Orders made payable at 103, Tottenham Court Road.

Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

NOTICE.

If the gentleman who remitted the Subscription from Stonehaven recently will favour Mr. Holyoake with his address, he will hear of 'something,' as Mr. Ady says, 'to his advantage,' from a lady who was interested with his notice of Mr. Owen.

A LIBRARY OF POLITICS, THEOLOGY, COMMUNISM, EDUCATION.

Cooper's Purgatory of Suicides, 1 vol.	3	6
Godwin's Political Justice, 2 vols.	6	6
Paine's Political Works, 2 vols.	6	0
——— Theological Works, 1 vol.	3	0
Labour's Wrongs & Labour's Remedies, 1 vol.	2	0
Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, 1 vol.....	3	0
The Reasoner, vol. 1	4	6
——————vol. 3.....	5	0
——————vol. 4.	5	0
——————vol. 5.....	6	0
Holyoake's Practical Grammar, 1 vol.	1	6
——————————and Hand Book, 1 vol.....	2	6
——————Mathematics no Mystery, 1 vol.	2	6
——————Logic of Facts, 1 vol.	1	6
Remains of C. R. Pemberton, 1 vol. published at 12s.	6	0
Volney's Ruins of Empires & Law of Nature 1 vol.....	3	0
——— Lectures on History, wrapper	1	0
Shelley's Queen Mab, with notes, 1 vol.....	1	6
Popular Lectures, by Frances Wright, 1 vol.	3	0
Bible of Reason, 1 vol.....	7	6
Palmer's Principles of Nature, 1 vol.	2	0
R. Carlile's Manual of Freemasonry, 1 vol.	6	0
Infidel's Text Book, by R. Cooper, 1 vol. ..	2	6
The Republican, vol. 1	3	0
O'Brien's Life of Robespierre, vol. 1	6	0
Bailey's Social Reformer's Cabinet Library, 1 vol.....	6	0
Owen and Bachelor's Discussion on the Existence of God, and the Authenticity of the Bible, 1 vol.....	4	6
Discussion on God.....	1	10
——————on the Bible	3	2
Popular Tracts, by R. D. Owen, 1 vol.	2	6
The National, 1 vol., with 27 wood engravings	5	0
Miraband's System of Nature, 2 vols. in 1	5	0
Thompson's Inquiry into the Distribution of Wealth, 1 vol.	5	0
John Clark's Letters to Dr. Adam Clark on the Life, Character, &c. of Jesus Christ, 1 vol	5	0
Haslem's Letters to the Clergy of all denominations, 1 vol.	2	6
——————Letters to the Bishop of Exeter, 1 vol	2	6
Ecce Homo: a Critical Inquiry into the History of Jesus Christ, 1 vol.	4	0
Mackintosh's Electrical Theory of the Universe, 1 vol.....	6	0
Theology Displayed, 1 vol.	1	0
Buonarotti's History of Babeuf's Conspiracy for Equality, 1 vol.	4	0
Robert Owen's Book of the New Moral World, in 7 parts	9	6
——————————on Home Colonisation, 1 vol.	3	6
——————————on a Rational State of Society, in answer to the Bishop of Exeter, 1 vol.	3	0

A Catalogue, containing a variety of pamphlets on political and social subjects, may be had by application to the publisher.

London: J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

Just Published, Price 2s.,

HAIL! HAIL! HAIL! OUR VICTOR'S SAFE RETURN. A Song written on the return of Robert Owen, Esq., from America, after his application to Congress for the Abolition of Slavery. The Words and Music by Mrs. Captain Grenfell.

Preparing for publication, by the same authoress,

THE IRISH WIFE REASONING WITH HER HUSBAND.

THE DUKE OF ROTHESAY, A MARCH.

THE HIBERNIAN ABSENTEES' RETURN TO THEIR NATIVE LAND.

Also, just out, by the same authoress, adorned with an elegant design, price 2s,

OH! BREATHE, BREATHE HIS NAME.

London: D'Almaine & Co., Soho Square, and can be had through Mr. Watson.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received.—J. Arnott.—*The Zoist.*—A. Allen. (Certainly the book can be easily mastered. If opportunity occurs, the subject may be entered on.)—George Edwards.—*Brighton Herald.*—*Spectator*, No. 1070, from W. J. B.—G. White.

*** Two articles by Mr. Holyoake, on the 'Socialists' Banquets in Honour of Christ' and the 'Theatrical Creation of the World,' were prepared, but are obliged to stand over this week.

London:—Printed by A. Holyoake, 54, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

Wednesday, January 10, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 138.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

THE SOCIALISTS' BANQUETS IN HONOUR OF CHRIST.

'In the very worst days of the Revolution,' says the *Journal des Débats*, 'savage hordes invaded the churches, dressed themselves in the sacerdotal vestments, violated the tabernacles, and insulted God by sacrilegious parodies. The recollection of those revolting and sanguinary *mascarades* does not fill us with more horror and indignation than the spectacle of the impious Saturnalia we now witness. Every Christian will celebrate the festivity of Christmas, the nativity of Jesus Christ. God knows, we should not have mixed up such a name with our passions and daily quarrels, if we were not forced to do so by the indignation pervading all honest consciences. We are not to blame if that divine name be introduced into the arena of discussion. We have not rolled that symbol of peace and charity in the dust of polemical controversy; we find it there, and are obliged to take it up. We read the following in the journals of the Democratic and Social Republic:—

'"Anniversary Banquet in honour of the Birth of Christ, in the Salle Valentino.—The committee charged with its organisation is composed of Democratic and Socialist women, who presided at the organisation of the banquet which lately took place at the Chaussée du Maine. Cabet, Pierre Leroux, and Proudhon are to be invited."

'"Another Solemnity.—Religious and Social banquet, patronised by Citizen Chatel, founder of the French church, in memory of the birth of Christ, the great apostle of Socialism! This solemnity being the feast of universal fraternity, ladies will be admitted as well as those who wish to receive the sacrament of God and humanity, whatever political or religious opinions they may profess!"

'"A Third Solemnity.—The night of Christmas is the feast of equality. Socialist Democrats have often been reproached for not patronising luxury and the arts. Hitherto political pre-occupations have prevented them from giving a *fête* in accord with their sentiments, and attesting their profound sympathy with the arts. An opportunity naturally offers. Christmas is the feast of equality. Jesus, born in a stable, is the natural symbol of Socialist doctrines. The Socialist Democrats intend to celebrate his birth in a splendid manner, on the very night of Christmas, in the place that appears to them best adapted to that popular solemnity, the Jardin d'Hiver."'

'The place,' exclaims the *Journal des Débats*, 'is truly well chosen! The feast of that God, who was born in a stable, because there was no room in the inn, *quia non erat eis locus in diversorio*, is to be celebrated by the Socialists in the Jardin d'Hiver and in the Salle Valentino—the temple of fancy balls and the sanctuary of masquerades! It was not enough to drag that holy image through the mire of the clubs, blasphemers must also pollute the sanctuaries and the calendar of that religion—which they insult and turn into ridicule! And, amidst those bacchanalia a voice (M. Barbès's) is heard from the bottom of the dungeon of Vincennes, to chant the hymn of murder, to call assassins heroes, and to place robbers under the invocation of Jesus Christ! But, ye Pagans, what have you to do with Jesus, as you call him? What is there in common between you and him?

What you admire is what he came to destroy. What you extol is what he came to subdue! What was considered a virtue in Athens and in Rome, and what you still call heroism, is denominated a crime by the very God you invoke. You speak of Harmodius and Aristogiton, but as well as Scævola or Brutus, and all the other murderers and assassins of ancient times, they are reproved by the Gospel. Have you even read the account of the death of the honest thief, whom you describe as the patron of the condemned by human justice? If you have, you will have seen that he did not glory in his crime—that he did not proclaim himself a hero—that he did not claim a national recompense—that he told his fellow criminal, "We are justly punished, we pay the penalty of our crimes, but he (our Saviour) has done no evil;" and you will equally have found, that if Jesus (as you observe) admitted him into the kingdom of his Father, it was not on account of his crime, but because of his repentance.'

Thus concludes the *Journal des Débats* in its quotation from M. Barbès's letter. The tone of Barbès's letter in these words is fierce and menacing, and there is far too much of this mixed up with French Socialism. There must be a number of persons connected with Socialism in France who are in Communism, what the Chartists recently were in politics among us—and these the press lay hold of and report to the discredit of the whole scheme of industrial advocacy.

The allusion by the *Journal des Débats* to the festivals in honour of Christ is not without truth. *La Revolution* says that at the Salle Valentino banquet-phrases such as the '*Sans-culotte* Jesus,' the '*Proletairian* of Judea,' and the '*Socialist* Jesus,' were frequently heard. Some of the toasts were these:—

'The Sermon on the Mount'—read and commented on by Constant.

'Christ'—F. Lambe.

'Religion'—Dameth, who sang 'The Song of the Labourers.'

'To the living Christ: to the People of France'—Bernard.

The reflective reader will see in these toasts a strange confusion of thought, which the profoundest mystic would fail to unravel. Who can reconcile the Christ of the Bible with the 'People of France,' who are put as its synonym? And what can be made of the sentiment of 'Religion,' given by Dameth, who concludes by singing the 'Song of the Lobourers,' one of the most painfully atheistic songs extant?

I allude to these banquets for the purpose of expressing a sentiment that few will credit me with, viz.—that I have no sympathy with the levity with which the name of Jesus is banded about at these festivals. It is a bad sign. In the Candidate the parade of religious phrases is a sign of charlatanism, in the ruler it is a sign of hypocrisy, and in the people of fanaticism—and the reign of Social fanatics would be very objectionable.

It is a refreshing exception to find at least one of the partizan journals of Socialism distinctly rebuking this tendency. With the words of the *Revolution democratique et sociale* I fully coincide. 'We reserve,' says the *Revolution democratique et sociale*, 'the expression of our opinions. We cannot approve of much that was said by certain ladies at the late banquet in the Salle Valentino, disposed as we are to combat all mystic tendencies that were manifest in some of their words. The great revolution of '93 offered us a similar spectacle; and it is necessary that henceforth we prevent the dangers that might be produced by such pernicious doctrines. *The time for religious symbols is passed; the republic must be the domain of truth and rational politics.*'

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

THE REV. MR. HARRIS, THE PUFFING CLERGYMAN.

[When religious people will dissect one another, they betray an honourable desire for mutual improvement, and the courage to effect it even at their own expense, which the friends of progress ought to rejoice to witness. It is to mark our approval of the salutary castigation administered by the *Daily News* to the Rev. Mr. Harris, of Mile-end New Town, that I insert the following article. When these things are done by opponents of ours, they have a weight which nothing written for the *Reasoner* could, as we should be thought to write with prejudice, prepense.—Ed. of *R.*]

Newspaper readers may still meet with that example of advertisements at which Sheridan's Mr. Puff described himself as so proficient. 'From the first time,' says he, 'that I tried my hand at an advertisement, my success was such that for some time after I led a most extraordinary life indeed.'

Sneer.—How, pray?

Puff.—Sir, I supported myself two years entirely by my misfortunes.

Sneer.—By your misfortunes!

Puff.—Yes, sir, assisted by long sickness and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

Sneer.—From sickness and misfortunes! You practised, I suppose, as a doctor and an attorney at once?

Puff.—No, egad; both maladies and miseries were my own.

Sneer.—Hey! What the plague!

Puff.—Hark'ee! By advertisements. *To the charitable and humane!* and *To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!*

The various forms of these advertisements would render a collection of them curious. 'The puff direct, the puff preliminary, the puff collateral, the puff collusive, and the puff oblique or puff by implication.' Such are the shapes which those who treat the subject scientifically have made these advertisements assume. 'Letter to the Editor, Occasional Anecdote, Observations from Correspondent, Advertisement from the Party.' 'There is no difficulty,' says Mr. Puff, 'in doing either in the evening papers, though I take care to reserve the best of them for the *Morning Herald*.'

That ancient journal maintains the character Mr. Puff ascribed to it. It was in its sober columns that we saw on New Year's Day an advertisement calculated to startle the town from its propriety on that anniversary. It was headed 'Cholera, and subscribed, we are sorry to say, by a clergyman of the Church of England. The object of the advertisement is not at first sight very clear. Not a single definite idea is expressed: not a single thing is asked in any way. It commences with a long story about the remedies suggested for the cholera, and the impossibility of carrying them out. Then there comes in the puff oblique:—

'How are these measures to be effectively carried out in those destitute parishes in the eastern end of London, *where the clergy themselves are*, mostly speaking, *as poor as their indigent people?*'

It goes on with another allusion to the sanitary commissioners. Then there comes another 'puff by implication:'—

'Are they personally or practically acquainted, for instance, with this district of Mile-end New Town, where 9000 souls, &c.....Let me invite any member to visit the principal streets, &c.....Alas, beds and blankets are luxuries but rarely found among the population of these districts, who are crushed down by the pressure of adversity.'

Having brought his reader up to this point, the Rev. Mr. Harris, such is the name of the advertisement writer, grows considerably bolder. He proceeds to speak of the church and of the clergy in these districts, and draws the following extraordinary picture—ever and anon introducing 'the puff oblique' in a manner which would have done Mr. Puff credit:—

'What is the position in which the clergy here are placed? What are the circumstances under which these "ambassadors of Christ," *the genuine and legitimate almoners of the poor*, are situated?

'I find on one side of me the highly-respected and estimable Rector of Whitechapel imploring, with more than his usual earnestness, for a few flannels to help him in alleviating the sorrows and sufferings of his poor. On another side, my excellent and indefatigable friend the incumbent of St. Matthias, Bethnal-green, solicits a few of the most ordinary confections, to enable him to soften the sadness of those diseases so universal and so fatal in these destitute districts at this season of the year—catarrhs and bronchites: and the active and stirring incumbent of St. Philip, Friars-mount, Bethnal-green, cries out, with a zeal and importunity which may well put some of the people of Israel to shame, for "old clothes, old clothes!"'

What a picture of the employments and avocations of 'ambassadors of Christ!' But, let us ask, did this reverend advertiser receive the permission of the highly estimable clergymen, whose names he thus drags before the public, to publish them in this way to the world? How has 'the active and stirring incumbent of St. Philip, Bethnal-green,' offended, that he should be thus held up to public laughter, and be pilloried by a brother of the cloth, under the *sobriquet* of 'Old Clo', Old Clo'!' Why are the unobtrusive acts of charity of the worthy ministers of the gospel, who are thus paraded in the public prints, to be dragged into daylight in an advertisement surpassing anything Mr. Puff ever imagined? Is it to set off, by breadth of shadow, what it is evident the advertiser wants to come to—the statement which appears in the very next paragraph?

'In the centre of these parishes is Mile-end New Town; situate and concentrated in it is as much misery and woe as in all the rest together.'

The last paragraph, let us remark, is absolutely untrue, as there are plenty of statistics to prove. But we will not detain the reader from the *bonne bouche* which follows: it is the gist of the advertisement, and it quite equals Mr. Puff's description of his confinements by a most excruciating disorder, when, having lost the use of his legs, he went about collecting subscriptions for himself.

'Alas! what can *I* do for my poor? I have been only just raised from my bed, after four months' severe illness, and I am still unable to use my limbs, powerless and disabled from all active exertion.'

'Poor dear man,' says Lady Tabitha Softheart, with tears in her eyes. 'Send him a ten-pound note instanter: five for his poor, and five for himself.' What follows is still more calculated to elicit such benevolence:—

'We have the noble and the rich of the land subscribing hundreds and thousands of pounds to erect monumental honours to one of their own order, who, while alive, was only known for his superior tact and acuteness to worldly concerns: we have seen Englishmen raising tens of thousands as an offering to a railway king, who, by more than ordinary astuteness, has reached the goal which multitudes in seeking for have made shipwrecks of their peace and happiness. O! [a round O, Mr. Puff says, is very effective] O! amidst all this, should Christian England forget her perishing poor?'

Should they forget, that is to say, Mile-end New Town and its reverend incumbent 'just' raised from his bed?' How fortunate it is that he is always sufficiently convalescent to write these appeals at Christmas time! However unable to write sermons in the autumn, Mr. Harris is invariably able to write advertisements in the winter. It is an annual custom of his, which we are quite sure he would be sorry to be obliged to relinquish.

We venture to ask, is it right, is it proper, that a minister of the Church of England should be permitted thus to emulate Mr. Puff in his appeals to the 'heart of pity and the hand of help?' Has the Bishop of London cognizance of these advertisements? 'Appeals to the charitable and humane' usually conclude with some references to parties acquainted with the advertiser. Mr. Harris mentions his bishop's 'pastoral letter;' he pays his lordship a well-merited compliment, and cites him before the public in his advertisements, but he does not directly say, as some of these advertisements would do: 'The case is well known to and is recommended by the Bishop of London.' This is an observable defect. It is also a defect that though we have seen many of Mr. Harris's harrowing advertisements, we never yet saw any account of the sums which they produced—any 'balance-sheet'—any statement in 'Dr. and Cr.'—shewing what Mr. Harris may have received, or how he may have expended the amounts benevolently sent to him. Before we join Lady Tabitha Softheart in sending the reverend gentleman a ten pound note, five for himself and five for his poor, it would not be unsatisfactory to see a document of this sort in such form and shape as advertising persons may usually submit it.

A THEATRICAL CREATION OF THE WORLD.

In the last month a short letter appeared in the *Times* on this curious subject—which, though the letter was effective in its results, has not, for obvious reasons, been quoted by any journal that I am aware of. The letter was thus expressed:—

'Sir,—Last night I was surprised to hear the merest blasphemy not only tolerated, but encored, at the St. James's Theatre. A song was sung about the "Creation of the World," of which the following lines are a fair specimen:—

The world was made in six days,
  And finished on the seventh;
But, according to the contract,
  It should have been th' eleventh.

The carpenters got drunk,
  And the masons wouldn't work,
And so they got the niggers
  To fill it in with dirt.

Adam was the first man,
  Eve was the toder:
They put Cain upon the treadmill
  Because he kill his broder.

'Allusions to Noah, Jacob, and other characters mentioned in Sacred History, elicited peals of laughter—which were only excusable on the ground that the audience were heedless of all but the buffoonery of the singers. Surely, Mr. Mitchell cannot properly acquaint himself with the programme, or he would prevent his performers from thus outraging decency.

'Eccleston Square, December 14, 1848. W.'

It has since been reported that the Bishop of London joined with, or prompted, the Lord Chamberlain to interfere—who sent an angry letter to Mr. Mitchell, and the singing of this song has been discontinued.

But why this 'much ado about nothing.' Is not this story quite as good as the original, and not more funny? Do not the Church of England Missionaries go to distant lands and laugh at the cosmogonies of the Hindoos and the Chinese, and why should the English be denied the chance of a harmless laugh at the comic cosmogony which they borrow from Moses? It is plain the St. James's Theatre people thought so by the 'peals of laughter elicited;' and the Lord Chamberlain would have seen no reason to interfere had he been left alone. But his interference goes by favour, evidently, and not by sense. I am sorry that Mr. Mitchell finds himself obliged to give way to the omnipresent impertinence of clerical dictation. G. J. H.

BAPTIST WRIOTHESLEY NOEL, M.A.

[There is a great deal of fame in this country purely conventional, owing its existence entirely to the position rather than the genius of parties. Of this kind is Mr. Noel's book on the union of Church and State. When equality comes it will put an end to the reign of that common-place, bolstered up by rank, which looks like genius. Only originality will then obtain distinction. Hundreds of Dissenting clergymen have said, years ago, the same things as Mr. Noel. Fox, Miall, Dawson, and others, have said them infinitely better. Now that Mr. Noel says them, the sayings are all at once deemed famous. I honour highly the courage and honesty of Mr. Noel in saying them. In this respect the book has merit—but let us understand the kind of merit, that we may not have persons, who have not Mr. Noel's position to cover the faults of his style and the narrowness of his religion, copying only his defects, and assuming that to be genius, and asking for it fame.

The book of Mr. Noel, as an omen of the tendency of things, is well described by the *Birmingham Mercury*:—'The year 1848, so remarkable in every respect, will be hereafter noted as a fatal one to the union of Church and State. On the continent, and at home, many events have prophecied its coming doom. In England, at the beginning of the year, the memorable Hampden controversy was raging; which so clearly showed how powerless is the Church in opposition to the State. The State demanded that the paymaster should be the patron, and carried its point. The calendar of the Anglican State Church, opening so inauspiciously, is closed in equal gloom. A clergyman, well known and highly respected, quits the church, in which, for twenty-two years, he has been a pastor, and justifies and explains his secession by drawing up a monster indictment against the union of Church and State.'

But the most healthy analysis of Mr. Noel's book is, unquestionably, that by the *Daily News*, which, on the joint grounds of its useful distinctions as to theological liberality and literary characteristics, I quote nearly entire.—Ed.]

The secession of Mr. Baptist Noel appeared at one time likely to produce results extremely injurious to the Church of England. The arguments brought forward against the church, deduced from notorious imperfections in her constitution and administration, received an immense addition of force, when it wa learned that they had acted with such irresistible strength upon the mind of on of her most pious, active, conscientious, and (estimated by his pulpit eloquence talented ministers, as to cause him to leave the establishment. Had Mr. Noe confined his opposition to the church, to the mere act of leaving her, accompany ing the act with an enumeration of the causes which induced the secession, w have no doubt that the church would have had serious cause for regret that she

had not sooner applied herself to set her house in order. But Mr. Noel has not contented himself with this quiet warfare. He has assumed the offensive: he has written a book.

Now, in our humble judgment, the book in question is precisely the kind of book that a man wishes his enemy to write. The defenders of those imperfections in the church which excited Mr. Noel's hostility are everywhere appealing to this book as a testimony to the worthlessness of his example. The appeal is a forcible one. The work is remarkable for nothing but a complete proof of the author's inability to treat the question of church and state in a manner at all commensurate with the wants of the age. We could fancy that instead of being written by an enlightened Christian of the nineteenth century, it was written by a bigoted puritan of the seventeenth. Mr. Noel is the John Bunyan of the present day, without the stern will, the excursive imagination, the vigorous conception, the masculine style, of the old puritan. But he is equally pious, almost equally ignorant of everything beyond the text of the sacred volume, equally incapable of seeing anything beyond a small cluster of dogmas in that volume, equally determined to stick to the baldest literal interpretation which the words will allow, equally unconscious of any large purpose which Christianity has to accomplish. Christianity with him means nothing more than the preaching the doctrine of justification by faith to a select few within the four walls of a chapel. It has nothing to do with the civilisation of the world, the emancipation of the intellect, the happiness of the race upon earth. It went to sleep in the reign of Constantine, and woke up at the reformation. There was no Christianity during the intervening twelve centuries. The church which pretended to profess Christianity was a 'harlot,' living in adultery with the state. The Church of England is a 'harlot' now. John Bunyan himself never employed this dislogistic term with more gusto to the scarlet lady of easy virtue on the seven hills than does the elegant Mr. Noel, when speaking of the church he has left. He seems to revel in this metaphor of questionable propriety. But he is not content with this. He quotes, with all the gravity of John Bunyan himself, a collection of texts from Scripture, and finding that the Church of England cannot lay claim to a *literal* conformity with them, he comes to the extraordinary conclusion that the church is at one and the same time 'a community with two spiritual kings (!) a household with two separate masters (!!) a wife with two husbands (!!!) a body with two heads (!!!!)' Mrs. Malaprop's definition of Cerberus sinks into common sense by the side of this monstrous extravagance.

The whole argument of Mr. Noel, such as it is, is based upon the narrowest views of the nature of Christianity, and the most extravagant use of a few Scripture texts applied with a ludicrous fidelity to the letter.

This is an example of a process which forms the staple of Mr. Noel's book. We are sorry for it. We looked to him for such a clear and candid exposition of the causes which influenced his determination as would have convinced the blind defenders of the imperfection of the church that these imperfections are sapping her very foundations. There is nothing of this. In the place of it we have incorrect reasoning and frothy declamation. Great injustice, indeed, have we done the fine old puritan in comparing him with Mr. Noel. At the most the latter is but the John Bunyan of a fancy ball. There is the dress, but the heart, and soul, and strength are wanting. We have as strong an opinion as Mr. Noel on the subject of the imperfections of the church; we sympathise heartily with the struggles he has had to endure in making up his mind to secede, but we have no respect for the manner in which he has conducted his attack, and less for the *materiel* of his war-

fare. We expected a powerful exposure of abuses which have long been deeply regretted by every lover of the church; we should have been contented with a simple enumeration of them. We have had neither; but the adversary has had all that he wanted—a compilation of false logic and intemperate invective, which can be turned with ease against the assailant himself.'

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SWISS REPUBLICS.

Fifth Period, continued from page 21.

About the year 1603, both the Venetians and the Spaniards made treaties with the Grisons for a free passage through the Valtellina, and the Spanish governor of Milan, Fuentes, built a fort at the northern extremity of the lake of Como, which commanded the only carriage road leading into the Valtellina.

'In 1615, the alliance between Venice and the Grisons expired. The Venetian senate sent an agent to renew it, who, in order to overcome the obstacles made by the Spanish and Austrian agents, found means to excite in the Protestants both religious and political suspicions of their Catholic subjects of Valtellina. A great synod of the Protestant ministers assembled in the church of Bergun, where the Venetian alliance was urged with expressions of violent rancour against Spain and its supposed partizans in the Valtellina and the Grisons. The Protestant communes rose in arms against those who were suspected of being favourable to Spain. Some persons were killed, and many more were fined and banished, and among these were the two brothers Planta and the Bishop of Coire himself. This happened in 1618. The violent leaders of the Protestants gave orders for the arrest of Nicholas Rusca, the arch priest of Sondrio, the head of the Catholic clergy of Valtellina, a man much respected for his pious and moral conduct, but who had opposed the efforts of the Protestants to make converts among his flock. Rusca was taken into the Grison country, and tried before a summary tribunal on the charges of treasonable correspondence with the Spaniards, and of resistance to the edicts of the government. The old man denied the first charge, of which he appears in fact to have been innocent; and with regard to the second, he said he had only opposed, though not by seditious means, those innovations which were detrimental to the Catholic faith, and contrary to the religious privileges of Valtellina. He was put to the torture, and he died in consequence in his prison after a few days. His body was burned by the public executioner.'—Vieusseux, p. 160.

These cruelties exasperated the people of the Valtellina, and inclined them to lend a willing ear to the intrigues of the Spanish governor, who supplied them with money, and enabled them, under the leadership of Robustelli, a wealthy native, to throw off the yoke of the Grisons. The insurrection commenced by a massacre of the Protestants in Tirano, Sondrio, and Teglio, the town from which the valley takes its name. Pope Paul V. granted an indemnity to those monks who were among the instigators and leaders of the massacre. Bormio, though it took no part in the massacre, joined the Valtellina in its rebellion; Chiavenna remained faithful to the Grisons. 'The victims of this catastrophe have been stated to have amounted to 350—probably they exceeded that number. And as many of the Protestants, and their friends and connections—of whom several who were not themselves Protestants were killed—were landed proprietors in the country, the fanatical peasantry felt an additional inducement to get rid of them as by so doing they freed themselves from their landlords or creditors, and were enabled to appropriate their estates to themselves. The fugitives were hunted

after, shot at, stoned to death, or thrown into the river Adda.'—Vieusseux, p. 162.

The League of God's House, and that of the ten jurisdictions, immediately marched against the Valtellina—but the Grey League, in which the Catholic party was strong, refused to join them. Sondrio was speedily taken, but Bormio was defended by Rudolph Planta, at the head of a party of emigrants, and assisted by a body of Austrians under Baldiron. The Spanish governor sent 500 men to enter Chiavenna, in consequence of which the Grisons thought it prudent to evacuate Valtellina, and repass the mountains to their own country. 'An order came from Madrid, by which Valtellina was placed under the royal protection of Spain, and Spanish garrisons were sent to Morbegno and Tirano.'—Vieusseux, p. 163.

Paul V. having died in 1621, his successor, Gregory XV., joined France, Savoy, and Venice in remonstrating with Spain against the occupation of the Valtellina: the Spanish governor, unwilling to lose all the fruit of his intrigues, persuaded the Grey League to send agents to Milan. 'The negotiations turned in favour of Spain and of the Catholic party in the Grisons. Valtellina was to remain eight years garrisoned by Spaniards; the executive authority was to be restored to the Grisons, but no Protestant was to settle in the valley; full amnesty was given for the past, and the Catholic religion was prescribed as the only religion in Valtellina.' —Vieusseux, p. 164.

But these negotiations were by no means satisfactory to the Protestant party. The Protestants of the ten jurisdictions, under George Jenatsch, once a clergyman and now a soldier, attacked the Grey League, and forced it to renounce the treaty with Milan. In this campaign Jenatsch, having surprised Pompey Planta, whom he considered as a traitor to his country, he clove his head with a battle-axe. Nor did the proceedings of the conference at Madrid satisfy the unreasonable expectations of the Protestant leaders, though the sovereignty of the Valtellina was to be restored to the Grisons. Both parties took up arms: the Spaniards were assisted by Austria, by whom the league of ten jurisdictions was absolved; while the other two leagues had to give up not only the Valtellina and Bormio, but also the Engadin and the Munster Thal, and to submit to the passage of Spanish troops through their remaining territories.

But if the Grisons were tyrannical to their subjects, the Austrians were insupportable to theirs. They suppressed the reformed church by force, and compelled the Protestants, by blows, to attend the Catholic worship. 'This last act of tyranny roused them to resistance. The robust and spirited inhabitants of the fine valley called Prätigau, on the banks of the Landquart, disarmed as they were, hied to the mountain forests, made themselves spears and clubs, and on Palm Sunday, 1622, they issued out with loud shouts, surprised the Austrian detachments, cut them to pieces or made them prisoners, and drove away the main body as far as Megenfield. They then invested Coire, where Baldiron himself was. The rest of their countrymen followed their example: the mountaineers from Appenzell joined them, and Baldiron was obliged to demand a truce to withdraw from the country. Rudolph de Salis was named governor of the patriots. But Baldiron came again into the Prätigau the next summer with 10,000 men, eager for vengeance. The people fought with the fury of despair in the valleys, in the villages, and in the mountains. It is recorded that thirty brave men, in the last fight in the plain of Acquasara, on the 5th of September, threw themselves, armed with clubs only, into the enemy's ranks, and fell one after the other upon heaps of soldiers whom they had slain. The succour from Coire came too late. The whole country of Prätigau was already in flames, and the population almost entirely destroyed.'—Vieusseux, p. 166.

The Grison leagues sent envoys to the Archduke of Austria at Lindau, but they had to submit to hard conditions. The league of the ten jurisdictions was again absorbed by Austria, and the other leagues were obliged to consent to the free passage of the Austrian and Spanish troops.

J. D. COLLET.

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF BURNLEY.

'In all but religion, men know their true interests and use their own understandings. Nobody takes anything on trust at market, nor would anybody do so at Church if there were but a hundredth part the care for TRUTH which there is for MONEY.'—*Christian Reformer*, 1817.

It must be obvious to the most inattentive observer, that a serious and extraordinary crisis in human affairs has at length arrived. Extensive and momentous changes are everywhere in agitation, the object of which is not, as in former times, the glory of an ambitious individual, but the advancement of the public happiness. This is the grand criterion by which all our opinions and antiquated institutions must be tried; and if found to be inconsistent with it, it is plainly apparent that they are founded on error, and they cannot and ought not longer to continue. Theology, with all its imposing pretensions, has for some time past been undergoing a most unsparing scrutiny, and both its origin and its utility have been put to the test of a keenly-searching reason and an enlightened morality. As for its origin, whether it can be traced to a divine or human source is a question involving a tedious discussion; but its utility, or, to use a Bible expression, its fruits, cannot be mistaken by any one. Of these the world has had the most ample experience (and Burnley in particular, within the last few months), tending incontestibly to establish the opinion of its utter inefficiency to repress crime, to promote *unanimity* in *doctrine*, or *peace* and *good-will* among men.

Hence it must prove peculiarly baneful to every project brought forward to promote a more intimate harmony and co-operation among mankind than has hitherto subsisted, and which the present mischievous constitution of human society so imperiously calls for. But listen to the theologians themselves. In the seventeenth century, Dr. Scott presents us with the following picture of the Christian world, and it is equally applicable to the present period:—'The professors of religion are crumbled into many sects and parties, each *spitting fire and damnation* at its adversary; so that if all say true, or indeed any two of them, in five hundred sects which there are in the world (and, for ought I know, there may be five thousand), it is five hundred to one but that every one is damned; because every one damns all but itself, and itself is damned by four hundred and ninety-nine; so that it is a mighty chance if, in so great a volley of anathemas which every one hath levelled at it, any one escapes.' What are the consequences which result from these dreadful dissensions? Let our theologians answer this question! Kippis, in his sermons, says 'Religious differences are a mighty cause of the disputes and aversions that have taken place in the earth. In consequence of these, mankind have been ready to view one another in a light peculiarly odious, and to cherish the most unfriendly and even the most malignant sentiments.' In no case are the passions more heated, nor are the consequences more hurtful to the peace and harmony of mankind, than in religious contests; the nearer two sects approach in point of doctrine, the more violent is their mutual animosity.

Though the horrible brutalities of the Smithfield burnings are no longer allowed

to terrify us, yet the different religious sects, with but few exceptions, manifest an ample portion of the savage spirit, and, as far as the bitterest calumnies and anathemas can have effect, endeavour to villify and destroy one another. While they look on one another as enemies to God, they think *that* absolves all obligations of friendship among themselves; and, when religion bears the standard, the war will be considered necessary and honourable; and from hating to exterminating, where this is practical, the transition, as fatal experience has shown, is not difficult. Nay, Butler well says—'The first quarrel and murder that ever was committed, was from a fanatical emulation in religion, when Cain killed the fourth part of all mankind, his brother Abel; and ever since that time much about the same proportion of all mankind has constantly been destroyed by the rest upon the same account.' Is there any prospect of the termination of this dreadful state of things? Not the slightest, as long as Theology itself subsists. This spirit of discord was considered by Luther so inseparable from religion, that he says—'If in case, as God forbid, there should be rest and quietness, then the gospel is at an end, for wherever that cometh it raiseth tumult; and if not, then it is no upright gospel.' Therefore, Christ says—'I am come to kindle a fire in earth.'

If such be the fatal consequences of the gospel, is it not more probable that it is of human origin, than that it has emanated from a wise and benevolent Being? Has it not also, for this veary reason, been rejected by thousands, who say, with d'Alembert, that they 'cannot avoid regarding it as one of the greatest plagues that ever afflicted humanity.'

In contemplating the eminent characters who appeared at the era of the Reformation, the sagacious Dugald Stewart observes, that 'Nothing is more interesting and instructive than to remark the astonishing combination in the same minds of the highest intellectual endowments with the most deplorable aberrations of the understanding; and even in numberless instances with the most childish superestitions of the multitude.' Hence it is evident, that men of the most profound ambition are as prone to adopt erroneous notions in religion as the most ignorant; and consequently they cannot, in this respect, be a safe guide for any rational man to follow.

One of the most pregnant causes of the prevailing ignorance and superstition, is the annexing of emolument to the profession of religious doctrines. Talk not to me of a concern for religion, and a veneration for truth, when a man is already in possession of preferment, and is, perhaps, in expectation of more. Reason and Philosophy can accept with confidence no declaration of integrity and conviction, where a bribe has been received.

One of the most powerful engines which the Theologians have employed to impede the progress of knowledge, has been by proclaiming in the most terrific manner the dreadful guilt of an erroneous belief. But are they divided into innumerable hostile opinions, absolutely certain that they are not themselves plunged into the gospel errors! and, if we or they do fall into involuntary error, are they sure that it can be a crime in the sight of a God of reason and goodness?

'Belief or disbelief,' as Dr. Whitby justly remarks, 'can neither be a virtue nor a vice in any one who uses the best means in his power to be informed. If a proposition is evident, we cannot avoid believing it; and where is the merit or piety of a necessary assent? If it is not evident, we cannot help rejecting it or doubting it; and where is the crime of not performing impossibilities, or not believing what does not appear to us to be true?' Let us, therefore, despise the insolent and foolish denunciations of enthusiasts and impostors; and dismiss all apprehensions of the issue of an investigation conducted with due application of

mind and rectitude of intention. 'To believe that a man shall be punished, who has done his best endeavours to find out the truth, is,' says Lord Falkland, 'to make God a much worse father than Satan; nor would I be a member of the Christian religion, but should cry out with Averron—Let my soul be with the Philosophers.' A FREE INQUIRER.

LETTER FROM GEORGE WHITE TO MR. HOLYOAKE.

DEAR GEORGE,—I have to congratulate you that my letter this time is not addressed from George of Warwick to George of Gloucester.* Yet the paternal care of the 'powers that be' is still exercised for the moral and spiritual welfare of your former fellow-sufferer. I can't explain the reason why I am so great a favourite, but somehow, whenever it becomes necessary or fashionable to imprison a few score Chartists, I generally occupy a prominent position in the 'triumph' of the ruling party. The worst of the matter is that I am doubly punished this time. On the previous occasion I was sufficiently fortunate as to leave my family in a comparatively comfortable situation; but the turmoil and disturbed state of the country during the past year has caused me to lose so much time, and so far neglect my own interests, that my family are now in such a position as they never were placed in before. This is the chief trouble of my mind, and I might truly say the only one; and the cause is simply this, that Mr. Public is a very bad paymaster, although he gets credit for doing wonders, for such as me. We are treated as first-class misdemeanants, being allowed to find our own food, books, newspapers, &c., the latter subject to the approval of the governor or visiting justices. If you can send me a few books, direct the parcel to the care of Mr. Thomas Farrel, 62, Richmond Row, Liverpool. I write by this post to Chilton. If you can send a few postage stamps I shall feel obliged. Let it be known to Mr. Cooper and others that the National *Victim* Fund is no benefit to us, as not a farthing is sent into the provinces. I state this on the authority of Leach, West, Donovan, Rankin, and my other fellow-prisoners.

Give to Thomas Cooper and J. B. O'Brien my respects, and accept the same from

Kirkdale Gaol, near Liverpool, Yours in the *Spirit*,

Jan. 2, 1849. GEORGE WHITE.

[I insert this letter that other friends of Mr. White, seeing his requirements, may also render him help in the way pointed out.—ED.]

THE PEOPLE'S CHARTER UNION.

MR. BARKER, alluding to the People's Charter Union, in No. 30 of the *People*, remarks:—'The Council state that their mission has been to show, that the People's Charter may be advocated, not only without a breach of the law, but also without affording a pretext for the interference of the authorities. But perhaps the Council of the People's Charter Union are more indebted to their *good fortune* than to their *prudence* for their freedom from Government prosecution? And I imagine that those who act on the principle of never risking a Government prosecution, will never do much towards enlightening the masses of the people, or liberalising the Government of the nation.' The Council of this Union do not act on the principle of not 'risking,' but of not *provoking* Government interference. They are always ready to 'risk' what duty demands.

* When I was in Gloucester gaol in 1842, Mr. White was in Warwick gaol, and letters passed weekly between 'George of Gloucester' and 'George of Warwick.'

Illustrative Notices.

Mr. Barker declares, in No. 32 of the *People*, 'For myself, I do not understand Robert Owen's principles.' This is not hard to believe by any one who read the pamphlets on which we had some discussion at a former time. But if this is true now of Mr. Barker, was he not a little premature in publishing his tracts condemnatory of Mr. Owen's views so many years ago?

The committee of the Fraternal Democrats—Messrs. Kydd, Ross, Gill, Keen, and Harney—'propose to commemorate the French Revolution of 1848, by a public dinner, soirée, or meeting, on, or about the 24th of February next. On that occasion they hope to assemble an aggregate gathering of the metropolitan democrats, for the purpose of paying homage to the heroes of the "three days of February," and the principles which were defeated but not conquered in the "four days of June." They invite the known and active democrats of the metropolis to assist them to carry out the proposed manifestation, and their brother democrats in the provinces to make the necessary arrangements for similar manifestations —manifestations strictly within the limits of order and legality, and which shall be strong, because their foundation shall be free and peaceful discussion, and their object the advancement of the sacred cause of Justice.'

The *Zoist*, No. 24, for January 1849, contains a paper communicated by Mr. Arthur Trevelyan. The number abounds, as usual, with striking facts—illustrating the triumphs of mesmerism. Dr. Ashburner has an impressive paper on Major Buckley's Clairvoyant Patients. The case of poor Frank Clifford Walker has a dramatic interest, which is very moving.

The Rev. J. Crompton, of Norwich—who resigned his situation as minister of the Octagon Chapel, involving, I am told, a sacrifice of £300 per year—writes, in his 'Christianity without Sect,' that 'exclusiveness attaches itself to *all forms of belief*.' Then is the only remedy to believe in nothing?

The Queen, when Bishop Sherlock came to her, chid him extremely, and asked him if he was not ashamed to be overreached in this manner a second time by the Bishop of London; and after all she had said to him, to point out his folly in following the Bishop of London in Rundle's affair, how he could be blind and weak enough to be running his nose into another's dirt again? The King, with his usual softness in speaking of any people he disliked, called the Bishops, whenever he mentioned them in private on this occasion, a parcel of black, canting, hypocritical rascals; and said the Government was likely to go on well if those scoundrels were to dictate to their prince how far he should or should not comply with the disposition of his Parliament; and to be giving themselves these impertinent airs in opposing everything that did not exactly suit with their silly opinions.—*Hervey's Memoirs.*

The *Daily News*, reviewing '*Die Bewegung des Socialismus, Humanismus, und Democratismus unserer Tage*'—'The Movements of Socialism, Democracy, and Humanism in our Times'—says, 'Political economy may prove the impracticability of Socialism, common sense may overturn the absurdities of Communism, history may bear testimony to the evils of Democracy, and religious philosophy may demolish the atheistic assumptions of Humanism: all and each of the doctrines asserted in the demolished sciences may be without foundation, but the questions of which they treat are stern realities, and will ever generate new theories to explain them.'

Lord Ashley, in delivering Prince Albert's pious prizes, said, 'that he was directed by his Royal Highness Prince Albert to deliver his ten prizes, and at the same time to express the deep satisfaction he felt, and he (LordAshley) might add the extreme satisfaction felt by her Most Gracious Majesty, on witnessing this movement which had taken place amongst the working classes. He was also commanded to express the deep interest they felt in the *temporal* and *spiritual* welfare of those worthy men.' We are glad of this. Her Majesty and the Prince have in this case proved their sincerity by these prizes in relation to 'spiritual' welfare. Let them now offer prizes for essays on political and social [temporal] welfare.

The *Banner*, in an article on 'European Infidelity,' thus opens:—'In another column will be found, extracted from the *Times*, a brilliant, and upon the whole, a truthful survey of the year which has now closed, in relation to the revolutionary hurricane which has swept over Europe. That survey is in sad keeping with the character of the nations, the facts of whose history it sets forth, and with its own general conduct. The appropriate motto for such a history as these revolutions supply, and, as the scribes of the *Times* write, is "No God."' As these revolutions have all been prompted by the spirit of liberty, the atheistic principle has worked well, and seems to be widely extended.

The *Banner* writes—'The *Wesleyan* Newspaper is no more. Its race terminated with the last number; while, we believe, its circulation was never so large as at the end of its journey, and certainly never was it in so high a state of literary efficiency; but through the *grievous mismanagement of parties* to whose hands it was committed, at the earlier stages of its course, it became impossible to exrticate it, and the result of which was to impair its power and impede its course. It was, therefore, deemed the better plan at once to let it go down, and to wind up the matter. Such, we have reason to know, is the exact history of the case.' Could not a prayer meeting have secured better 'management?'

'An Anti-Oath Association has been formed,' says the *Scotsman*, 'for the purpose of aiding with advice or otherwise any who may be imprisoned for conscientiously refusing to swear, and especially for using all constitutional means to effect such a change in our law as will assimilate it to that of the United States of America, by which an oath or affirmation is equally admissible—falsehood under either form being liable to the penalties of perjury.' If we can assist this society, we shall be happy to do so.

The Council of the People's Charter Union met on Friday last, and fixed Friday next, January 19th, for the Quarterly Meeting, at John Street, the Coffee Room being otherwise engaged on Tuesday. An address to Mr. Cobden, requesting him to insert the abolition of the Newspaper Stamp in his National Budget, was agreed to, and will be submitted to the approval of the members. The financial account for the quarter is as follows:—

By previous balance	..	2	13	8	Printing	0	10	0
Members' Subscriptions	..	2	18	10	Meeting at John Street ..	1	7	0
Meeting at John Street	..	0	15	4	District Expenses	1	2	3
Sale of Rules, &c.	..	0	4	1½	Rent of West Riding Coffee-house	0	18	0
					Balance in hand ..	2	14	8½
		6	11	11½		6	11	11½

There is a debt of about £5 still owing to the printer, Mr. Francis.

The Reasoner.
January 17, 1849.

MR. OWEN AND THE 'BRIGHTON HERALD.'

The *Brighton Herald*, No. 2232, opens a leading article thus:—'Mr. Robert Owen, the English Socialist and editor of the *New Moral World*, has often been asked why, if his plan for regenerating mankind was so excellent, he did not endeavour to set it in motion in some newly-discovered country, such as the West of America or Australia, where there would be a much better chance of success than in old worn-out Europe? To this no reply has ever been put in that we are aware of; but we think we have heard something of a trial of some plan of the kind in America, which, we believe, failed. M. Cabet is the Robert Owen of Paris, and some time since he published an account of a place called Icaria, in which he represented the inhabitants as being as happy as and far more contented than those described by Dr. Johnson as dwelling in the Happy Valley from whence the Prince of Abyssinia effected his escape.' This is a poor attempt at imitating the *Times* in reference to M. Cabet, whom it assaulted the moment he had set sail from Europe. Mr. Owen never edited any numbers of the *New Moral World*, save the first four or five, now thirteen years ago. The editor of the *Brighton Herald* has much reading to do before he can criticise Mr. Owen's proceedings, if, as it appears, his latest information dates so far back as 1835.

A MORMON MIRACLE.

The body of the Mormons having called upon their prophet (Joe Smith) to perform a miracle in public before all comers, on the day appointed the Missouri River banks were thronged by an expectant crowd. The Mormons sang hymns in honour of their prophet, and were proud of the forthcoming miracle which was to set at rest all doubt as to his power and sanctity. At the time appointed for his walking across the broad waters of the river the prophet duly attended on the river banks and descended barefoot to the edge of the water. 'My brethren,' he exclaimed in a loud voice, 'this day is a happy one to me, to us all, who venerate the great and only faith. The truth of our great and blessed doctrine will now be proved before the thousands I see around me. You have asked me to prove by a miracle that the power of the prophets of old has been given to me. I say unto you, not only to me, but to all who have faith. I have faith, and can perform miracles—that faith empowers me to walk across the broad surface of that mighty river without wetting the soles of my unworthy feet; but if ye are to *see* this miracle performed, it is necessary that ye have faith also, not only in yourselves but in me. Have ye this faith in yourselves?' 'We have, we have!' roared the crowd, 'Then,' said Joe Smith, coolly walking away, 'with such faith do you well know that I *could*, but it boots not that I *should* do it; therefore, my brethren, doubt no more'—and Joe put on his boots and disappeared.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

DIETETICS AND TURKISH DIVINITY.

The *Northern Star*, No. 585, finds, amongst the miscellaneous and selected matter of the *Family Herald*, the following, extracted from the *Dublin University Magazine*, entitled 'An Ode of Hafiz:'—

I can't but think you much in the wrong, prophet,
When you cursed the swine and the wine grape's juice;
Trust me, this is the short and the long of it:—
Everything pleasant has its use.
This is as true as is the Koran—
I will maintain it against a host;
The sage of Mecca, with all his lore, ran
Here his wise head against a post.
Great, undoubtedly, was Mohammed—
Great in all his divine affairs,
But the man who banished good wine and ham, said
More, believe me, than his prayers.
Both suit most tastes—I could hardly take on
Myself to say which is most to mine;
But I almost think, to save my bacon,
I'd 'go the whole hog,' and give up the wine!

THE JEWS IN CRIMEA.

In the Crimea, a Jew usually preserves his wedding shirt with great care until his death, when he is buried in it; and such is the value he attaches to the garment, that money lenders will frequently advance considerable sums upon pawn of it, as they are confident that the borrower will never fail to redeem it before his death.

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—Jan. 21, (12, a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Dickens's and Thackeray's Christmas Books.' (7) J. B. O'Brien will lecture. 23rd, (8) Thomas Cooper, 'The English Commonwealth.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—Jan. 21, (7) Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'The Persians and Greeks.'

FINSBURY HALL, Bunhill Row.—Jan. 22, (8¾) Mr. D. Milne, 'Logic of Phrenology.'

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL INSTITUTE, 1, George Street, Sloane Square—Jan. 17, (8⅓) Mr. H. Hayward, 'The Study of History.' 24th, Mr. John Ellis, 'Power of the People to Secure their Rights.'

☞ *Editorial Communications* are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

Monthly Parts.—The *Reasoner*, in a stiff wrapper, is ready for delivery in Monthly Parts on Magazine day. The Wrapper contains Lists of all Agents of the *Reasoner*, and all News and Coffee Rooms where it is taken in.

Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

Branch and other Communications for the Officers of the Rational Society are to be addressed to 28, John Street, Fitzroy Square—and their Post-office Orders made payable at 103, Tottenham Court Road.

Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked 'private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

SUNDAY MORNING LECTURES AT JOHN STREET.

(New Course.)

It is impossible to announce as the subjects of Lectures the current topics of the day, because when the syllabus for a month is issued the events of the ensuing weeks have not happened. But though not announceable, Mr. Holyoake has commenced to treat them weekly as supplements to his morning Lectures. After discussing the topic announced, a portion of time is reserved for the topic of the week considered of interest to the morning auditory. The other Sunday morning a peculiar feature in Thackeray's Epilogue to his Christmas Book was descanted on, and on Sunday week the Socialist Banquets in honour of Jesus Christ was the supplementary topic of animadversion. The practice of treating current subjects will be continued.

The new course will be on these themes:—

Christmas Books—Thackeray's 'Dr. Birch,' and Dicken's 'Haunted Man.'

Newspaper Paragraphs which go 'the round of the Press.'

Political Economy's doctrine of Population subversive of the 'Expectation of a Future Life.'

On Writing to Editors.

'THE PEOPLE, BY AND BY, WILL BE THE STRONGER.'

To those who pay but little attention to human progress, and the 'signs of the times,' the report of the Exeter Hall Meeting must appear an enigma indeed. On that occasion it may be truly said,

All the great folks were little,
And all the little folks great.

The great speech *(Mr. Quintan's)* of the meeting was made by a working man, and all the 'Essays' which so much delighted and surprised those who thought the poor man had no brains, were written by the 'lower classes.' It was so wonderful, this exhibition, that there were many indeed amongst the 'higher classes' who could not believe, that, as they had done so little with all their wealth and all their learning, the poor working men could do so much without this wealth, and consequently without that education, which it alone can purchase. It was remarked by Lord Ashley, that a friend had expressed some doubt as to whether the 'Essays' were really the productions of the working men who came forward to claim the rewards. The poor gentleman most likely had nothing in the world but his wealth to depend upon, and therefore knew but little of those whose sole dependence is upon their hands and their brains, or he would not have been in such a lamentable state of ignorance, as to *which* was the more likely to make man intelligent. If we live 'a little longer' we may have the gratification of seeing how indolent wealth can be shamed into intelligence and fraternity.

J. H.

IRISH VERACITY.

The *Times* thus discourses of Irish Veracity:—

'The faithful of Ballinrobe are made to talk of "those features of high morality which distinguished our national character," viz., the character of Ireland. Now, there is one piece of morality which may be high or low, and, perhaps, is very vulgar, but under the arrangements of Providence it is essential to peace and prosperity. We mean the habit of *exact* truth. It may be drudgery to count, and slavery to remember figures. Eloquence may require ornament, and exaggeration may be necessary to effect; but we in England find that the least departure from the facts of the case brings on its own penalty. The most eloquent and ingenious liar will not go down in England. O'Connell might have talked to Doomsday without persuading one Englishman. The only regeneration for Ireland is to take a new start and learn to tell truth. Let her priests no longer count hundreds for tens, and no longer charge upon governments the visitations of God. Let her bishops no longer put their cross to impudent and extravagant falsehoods. Let her people no longer subscribe their names to any jumble of malice and wickedness their priests may palm upon them. Let them learn that English good sense cannot be so easily deceived; and that we immediately set down these villanous and blasphemous manifestoes at their proper value. When they have made this step, there is then some chance for Ireland.'

On the Third Saturday in 1849 *(January 20,)* will be Published

NO. 1. OF THE PLAIN SPEAKER: to be continued Weekly *(Price One Penny,)* and edited by Thomas Cooper, author of 'The Purgatory of Suicides.' The Political Rights of the whole People—the Fiscal and Industrial grievances of the Classes who produce, whether by the hand or the head—will be the subjects of discussion; and moral and intelligent means for obtaining the one and redressing the other, will be proposed—in Mother English, so that 'he who Runs may Read.' No. 1 will contain a Letter to Richard Cobden, M.P., and the Speech which the Queen *ought* to deliver at the Opening of Paliament.—Both by the Editor.

Published by B. Steill, 20, Paternoster Row, and all Booksellers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—R. G. X. *(The Reasoner* has pledged itself to the cause of reason against error, not to the cause of the sabre against the erring. This side of the case may have its reasons too—but our side is the other, and by that we shall abide.) —*Manchester Examiner*, and *Times*, No. 19.—'Causes of Poverty,' and 'Distressed Needlewomen and Cheap Prison Labour.'—E. L. Jarbuck. (Not 'overlooked' certainly, it has been waiting to be further looked over. It will appear shortly.)—'Sceptical Progress,' by J. W. L.—T. B. Potts.—H. L. H. *(The notices oblige.)*

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Wednesday, January 17, 1849.

The Reasoner.

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PROUDHON AND GUIZOT.

In M. Guizot's recent essay on Democracy in France, he has presented a synopsis of the philosophy of Proudhon, which he renders in these words:—

'All men have a right—and the same right—to happiness. Happiness is the enjoyment (without any limit but that prescribed by the want and the faculty of enjoying) of all the good things existing or possible in this world—whether natural and primitive, or progressively created by the intelligence and the labour of man.

'Certain men, certain families, or certain classes have acquired the exclusive enjoyment of some (indeed the greater part) of the most essential and productive of these good things; or, in other words, these things, or the means of procuring them, are become the special and perpetual property of certain men, families, and classes.

'Such a confiscation of a part of the fund common to mankind, for the advantage of a few, is essentially contrary to justice—contrary to the rights of the men of the same generation, who ought all to enjoy it equally; and contrary to the rights of successive generations, each of which, on its entrance into life, ought to find the good things of life equally accessible, and to enjoy them in its turn like its predecessors.

'Therefore, all special and perpetual appropriation of the good things which confer happiness, and of the means of procuring those good things, must be abolished, in order to insure the universal enjoyment and the equal distribution of them amongst all men and all successive generations of men.'

Proudhon, Guizot contends, overlooks the following essential truths, which he gives as his reply:—

'Mankind is not merely a series of individuals called men; it is a race which has a common life and a general and progressive destiny. This is the distinctive character of man, which he alone of created beings possesses. The successive generations of men are linked together in unbroken succession.

'The permanent union and progressive development which are the consequences of this unbroken succession of man to man, and generation to generation, characterise the human race. They constitute its peculiarity and its greatness, and mark man for sovereignty in this world, and for immortality beyond it.

'From this are derived, and by this are founded, the family and the state, property and inheritance, country, history, glory, all the facts and all the sentiments which constitute the extended and perpetual light of mankind, amidst the bounded appearance and rapid disappearance of individual men.'

Guizot contends that the tendency of the Social Republic would be to divest human society of this characteristic. It is thus attempted to be shown:—

'In the Social Republic all this ceases to exist. Men are mere isolated and ephemeral beings, who appear in this life, and on this earth, the scene of life, only to take their subsistence and their pleasure, each for himself alone, each by the same right, and without any end or purpose beyond. This is precisely the condition of the lower animals. Among them there exists no tie, no influence, which survives the individual, and extends to the race. There is no permanent appro-

married man, with a large family, but would rather they never entered a church than have their ears polluted with such a (miscalled) sermon: yet this is the man who has enshrined himself in such a halo of sanctity as not only to condemn all who are taking part in the amateur theatricals which are being got up solely for charitable purposes, but who has, if I am rightly informed, intimated to the committee of the new Infirmary, that if they presume to receive donations from so impure a source, he will withhold his pulpit and services for the future.

'Cheltenham, Jan. 14. (I enclose my card). R. P.'

While this is going on, a paragraph appears intimating that a Ball, or other entertainment, was being set on foot in Cheltenham, to aid the Infirmary, and that the Rev. Mr. Close, true to his declaration that science was at deadly enmity with the Word of God, resolved, in consistency, to attempt to prove that religion was at deadly enmity with benevolence and humanity, had announced his intention not to preach any more for the benefit of the Infirmary if the Directors accepted the proceeds of the Ball. This produced a third letter in the *Times* to the following effect:—

'Sir,—In the *Times* of Friday last there is a paragraph from Thursday's *Cheltenham Examiner*, relative to the intention of some clergymen of that town to refuse the Holy Sacrament to those who shall attend the Assembly-rooms on the 18th inst. It must clearly strike every one that these sons of Levi are taking too much on themselves. But Cheltenham is not the only town that is blessed with meddling priests; this town of Brighton contains one or two of that *genus*. What think you, sir, of a clergyman attempting to extort a promise from a candidate for Confirmation, that after that ceremony she would never attend a ball? Such, I assure you, was the fact just previous to the last Confirmation held in this town.

'These are attempts on the part of the clergy to acquire a power that does not belong to them, and these attempts must be nipped in the bud.

'My advice to the excommunicated (if there should happen to be any after the 18th inst.) is immediately to resign their sittings in the churches or chapels of the said clergymen; and I have not the least doubt that when the sitting rents are weighed in one scale and the excommunications in the other, the former will greatly outweigh the latter.

'Hoping to see you take the field against such attempts at undue authority,

'I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

'Brighton, Jan. 13. (I enclose my card.) J. A. C.'

This just and spirited remonstrance was speedily followed by a leader by the editor of the *Times*, so masterly in its castigation that I quote it entire, to preserve in the pages of this Journal the sentence passed by the great Daily on this species of offence, not by any means confined to Cheltenham:—

'Mr. Close appears to have set his heart upon coming out as Master of the Ceremonies at Cheltenham. It is not sufficient for him to have attained the honours of what is called a "fashionable or popular preacher;" he must go further still. The Green Room, the Concert Hall, the Ball Room are all within his province. Secular Cheltenham as well as Spiritual Cheltenham must bow the head before its indomitable teacher. Beau Close, or the Rev. Mr. Close, or Director Close, or Manager Close, or Censor Close, it is all one—the spiritual Figaro is equal to any or all of his self-appointed tasks. He is ready to flourish a *bâton*; tie a rosette to his button hole; slip on a surplice; or slip into the prompter's box with the speed of thought, and as occasion may require. Better perhaps that he should confine himself to his pulpit alone, nor presume to outstep the limits of those sacred functions to which he has been set apart, and

God-Gandama does not now exist; he, they say, was annihilated 626 B.C., and they expect his successor eight thousand years from the present time. Three Boodhs existed before Gandama; their sayings are lost, but the latter's remain. They were transmitted by tradition till four hundred and fifty years after his decease, when they were reduced to writing. This took place in Ceylon, A.D. 94. They are written in the Pali language, and now constitute their Bible, or, as they term it, *Bedagat*. Scorned as the faith is in this country, we cannot but allow that it contains many noble institutions—that their disquisitions are 'drawn out and urged in a manner which would do honour to any casuist;' and 'there is scarcely a prohibition in the Bedagat which is not sanctioned by our Holy Scriptures, and the arguments appended to them are often just and forcible.' This is important, as being an admission from Christians. Lamaism is a branch of the above; it consists in the worship of Dalai—Lama, or the Great Lama—a human God, or rather a species of Pope, who resides at Lassa; at which place alone there are three thousand monasteries.

The Hindoo belief, or Hindooism, professes a vast antiquity—going back a period of four million three hundred and twenty thousand years. It is supported by a most skilful priesthood—the Brahmins, and is allowed to be the most irradicable of any system which prevails. It is professed by the mass of inhabitants of Hindostan. They acknowledge a supreme ruler of the universe—Brahma; two other powers—Vishnu, the Preserver, and Siva, the Destroyer, and three hundred and thirty million minor deities. Their idea of the nature of Brahma is in the highest degree sublime, and equal to that of any other religious party of their God. The *Vedas* and *Shastras*, their sacred writings, are unquestionably of great antiquity.

The Chinese boast the most ancient of histories, tracing back the origin of their kingdom nineteen millions of years before the Christian era. Even our own historians have endeavoured to show that the empire was founded 2000 B.C. Confucius is their great sage. He founded a system highly extolled by Europeans, and which is much less intolerantly maintained than Christianity, under any denomination. He flourished 560 B.C. Reducing the maxims of former sages to order, culling all remarkable extracts from popular works, adding prudent maxims and proverbs of his own, and travelling from place to place as an eloquent lecturer, he soon, by the reasonableness of his doctrines, founded a system which speedily became the state religion.

Mahometanism owns Mahomet as its prophet and founder. It is the most recently established creed, yet numbers one hundred million votaries. It is the sole religion which was in the first instance promulgated by force; the Christian, the only other in support of which similar means were resorted to, cannot be said to owe its foundation to what was practised only when the numbers of its votaries gave them the requisite strength. Mahomet, a man of noble family, was born A.D. 567. He founded a creed partly based on Judaism and Christianity, which systems he in some measure acknowledged, but declared himself to be the greatest and last of prophets; and, setting aside all others, founded a new religion, and left behind him the *Koran*, which developed his views.

The Jews acknowledge one God, who, they say, has been manifested to them by a series of prophets or holy men, whose writings they profess to have carefully preserved without alteration. They consider themselves as the chosen people of this God, and expect his son to come down on the earth, and after conquering all their enemies, restore their own country, of which they have been dispossessed, and finally reign over them as their king.

The Christians' religion is founded on that of this people. It accepts the writings of Jewish prophets as 'inspired,' but differs from the Jews in believing that the Son of God has already come in the person of Jesus Christ—a Jew, born in Bethlehem eighteen hundred years ago, and who, after declaring himself to be the long expected Messiah, and attesting his divinity by miracles or supernatural signs (which the Christians aver really took place, but the Jews emphatically deny), underwent a shameful death as a malefactor, in his thirty-third year. The Christians have writings purporting to be letters, &c., written by some of the first proselytes of this man, embodying a scheme of morality in many respects admirable, but abounding with grave accounts of occurrences which leave the most extravagant and incredulous legends of other sects far in the shade. His collection is termed the *New Testament*, to distinguish it from the writings of the Jews called the *Old Testament*. The two together form their Bible or sacred book. The system was, as the acute founder must have perceived, admirably adapted, from its comparatively higher tone, to supply the place of the ancient system—which he saw was rapidly decaying; and a concurrence of circumstances at the period of its introduction favoured its rapid progress.

I have thus enumerated the chief religions which now prevail, purposely avoiding entering on the consideration of their respective tenets. The system of morality propagated by each is in some respects admirable; one may in this manner be better than another, but that has nothing to do with our question, which is 'Has one more than another a better claim to a divine origin?' It is not 'Do mankind stand in need of a revelation?'—'Is it not consonant with our ideas of the Almighty that he should give one?' these are the propositions of theologians; but 'Has he given one?' is my question, and the world answers 'Yes.' He has given six, and each party says his is the revelation from God, and the believers in the opposed creeds are labouring under an extraordinary delusion. Are they not all labouring under delusions?

These religions cannot all be true. Differing as they do on so many vital points, they cannot all truthfully claim a divine origin. I apprehend no opposition in this stage of our argument. All parties, all sects, acquiesce here; for say they each, individually, my religion is the true one, the rest are false. It will therefore be unnecessary to dwell on this point, and the next question inevitably forced upon us is—if they are not all true, is any? if so, which one? and signalise its divine origin indubitably from the rest.

I find, on an impartial scrutiny, that however the systems themselves may differ—however they may vary in doctrine, spirit, or forms, the proof on which their authenticity depends is in every case *historical or traditionary testimony*. 'My father taught me the religion was the true one, his forefathers handed it down to him, history or tradition declares its truth, inspired writers composed the system, and wonderful appearances ushered its advent'—is the answer of both Jew, Turk, and Christian, when pressed for a reason of the faith which is in them.

The truth of their respective creeds, from the very fact of its origin being hid in the depths and darkness of an interminable antiquity, acquires new force; and from the dim and reverential feeling of awe with which both the savage and the sage look back into that old by-gone time, and the charm which whatever is ancient too often has over the mind, is the truth of a religion impressed upon the understanding with force proportioned to its hoar antiquity.

The history or tradition peculiar to each religion, contradicting and completely setting aside as it does that of all the others, leads us into a maze of doubts respecting the dependence to be placed on such evidence generally. These histories

clearly cannot all be true: and if not, is any partly or wholly genuine? if so, which history and what part are we to reject, and which unhesitatinly to accept? And there is an immense difficulty here. Satisfactorily to answer this question, vast and profound learning, an almost superhuman discrimination and sagacity, a freedom from bias and prejudice almost unattainable, must be the gift of that man who pretends for one moment to decide in favour of any particular party. What is the nature of the case? It is the ascertainment of the exact character of what took place centuries ago, which perhaps was not recorded till years afterwards, when exaggeration and misrepresentation had had their full play, and then by prejudiced and ignorant men labouring under superstition or insane enthusiasm. It is the absolute and unqualified assertion that it did take place in the face of contradictory accounts, notwithstanding the evidence of the senses, and in spite of absolute assertions to the contrary. And on what does it all depend? On a mere *ipse dixit*, on the bare *assertion* of an ignorant multitude, or perhaps the authority of an *epistle*, or the word of an interested advocate of the new faith. We cannot often, at the present day, ascertain the precise nature of a circumstance which occurred but yesterday; how immeasurably, then, is the difficulty increased by the interposition of the dense cloud of a dark antiquity, and the contradictory versions of partisan and opposer.

E. L. T.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—THE REV. HUGH STOWELL'S LECTURE ON INFIDELITY.

[The fifth of the course of lectures, under the auspices of this Association, was delivered on Tuesday evening, December 19th, 1848, by the Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A., on 'Modern Infidel Philosophy.' J. D. Paul, Esq., occupied the chair. I give large portions of this Lecture for the sake of its racy allusions. Emerson, Dawson, and others, receive Mr. Stowell's polite attentions. A lecture by Hugh Stowell always does more to advance infidelity than many efforts by its ablest friends, as he reaches Christians who, after hearing him, ask themselves—can these things be? and inquiry leads to truth, and truth is infidelity to Stowellism.—Ed.]

Modern philosophy had shown itself lately in a more disguised form than it did a few years ago. It then appeared in our own country under a dark and sensual form, under the brute aspect of Socialism, which was nothing more or less than bestiality and brutalism. It would have broken up all social conditions, crushed all moral feeling, stripped man of everything, sunk him lower than the beast that perisheth, made him to wallow in sensuality, and to glory in his shame (hear, hear, and cheers.) In France it had survived under the guise of communism and St. Simonism, transforming its votaries into a compound of the monkey and the tiger, leaving us at a loss whether to laugh at their fantastic tricks, or to weep over their ferocious and sanguinary deeds. But Socialism was too hideous a form of infidelity for Englishmen to tolerate. They had soon found out the fraud; and there was not, so far as he knew, one Socialist Hall, or Scientific Hall, as they called them—there was not, he believed, one of the halls that had not been converted to some useful purpose. It had been his privilege recently to preach in a large Socialist Hall, to about seven hundred persons, amongst whom were some who had helped to build the place for a Socialist Hall, who then stood up with the congregation, and sung that beautiful hymn—

All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.

And never had he heard those noble lines sung in a manner that so vibrated every chord in his heart. Infidelity was not expelled, however, from among us. It still existed to a very large extent in clubs, and such institutions—in a large portion of our periodical press, tracts, &c. True, in the present day it was not promulgated so openly: it was administered in homœopathic doses, gentle hints, and vile insinuations. What was more common than to hear sentiments masked under the name of liberality, charity, freedom, and independence of thought, that were wholly incompatible with the Word of God? What was more common than to hear it said that we had no right to pronounce other men in error; or that a man was irresponsible for his belief; for, if he did not believe Christianity was true, it was because the evidence was not clear enough? It had been said some time ago by a certain noble lord, then a commoner, that a man could no more change his belief than the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature. A more unphilosophical sentiment never was uttered. Was a man not responsible for examining evidence, and for the spirit in which it was examined? It was so common, that it had passed into a proverb—

A man convinced against his will
Retains the same opinion still.

What a man wished he easily believed. That noble lord had often pronounced sentence on the bench; but he never dreamt of saying that he had no right to condemn man, because that man believed in committing crime he had done right. If the man said he thought it perfectly right to share his neighbour's property, or he believed it right to shed what merely appeared to him a little red fluid, when he wished to be revenged, his lordship would not think that this perverted opinion shielded the criminal from punishment. And, if it did not on earth, should it in heaven? Should God be less just than man? God judged the internal motives, the inmost judgments, and man was responsible for his thoughts to God. The man who said he could not believe the Bible, would not find such a plea avail him anything at the last day. To him it would be said, 'Thou wicked and slothful servant, did I not tell thee, that if any man would do the will of my Father, he should know of the doctrine whether it were of God?' No man had ever tested the Bible with the experimental touchstone, and come to the conclusion that the Bible was false. Another class of infidel sentiments at which he must glance, was mixed up much with the politics of the day. All sentiments which tended to divorce religion from politics, had an infidel tendency. All power belonged to God, and the powers that reigned were ordained of God. Another class of modern infidel philosophers introduced themselves under the plausible name of '*Considerers.*' We recently had a philosopher from America, lecturing in this country, who had given us a new definition of the word sceptic. A sceptic, he had told us, was a man who was considering, but had not made up his mind whether to believe or not. Another lecturer, who had a chapel in Birmingham, which had been baptised the 'Chapel of the Doubters,' he too was considering. He did not reject Christianity any more than Mohammedanism, but he must examine every form of opinion before he was satisfied which was the right one. The misfortune was that these men never came to a decision, and life was too short for a man to be a considerer all his days. These considerers would never do anything great or grand, they were cold men, pleased with nothing. The poor sceptic would go on, tossed from wave to wave, a poor floating wreck, the sport of every wind. Whilst, if he

had had a little more of what he called credulity, he would have been safely bound for the haven of eternal bliss. The difference between credulity and faith was simply this:—Credulity was believing *without* sufficient evidence. Faith was believing *upon* sufficient evidence. He flung back the charge of credulity; the infidels were the credulous persons—they could bring themselves to believe all the contradictions and absurdities involved in rejecting the Bible. Another form of modern infidel philosophy was the endeavour to disparage the inspiration of the Bible, by speaking of it as nothing more than the inspiration that the poet, the philosopher, and the enthusiastic artist possesses. Some time ago, infidels would not believe that anything was inspired, now they wished to prove that everything was inspired. A certain lecturer recently proclaimed that Shakspere was as much inspired as St. Paul, and Milton as much as Isaiah. That he regarded as a mere juggle; a play upon words. No man could be ignorant of the meaning of Divine inspiration, which was the Divine spirit so guiding, governing, strengthening, and directing the faculties and fingers of the writers, that there was not a word he would not have there, nor a word omitted he would have there: whereas, that of the poet was merely the enthusiastic action of the man's own mind. The difference in the style of the various writers in the Bible did not invalidate its plenary inspiration. The natural style of the writer was not destroyed, but merely elevated and purified. We still had the living fire of rapt Isaiah, the plaintive melancholy of Jeremiah, the touching tenderness of St. John, and the burning eloquence of St. Paul; but all under the same guiding spirit. Another form of modern infidel philosophy, and one of the most disgusting forms. It represented the Bible true only so far as it went. It betrayed the Bible with a kiss, as Judas did his Master. The advocates of this form of infidelity spoke of the Bible as having done much in helping forward the progress of mankind, as had also the philosophy of Greece and Rome; but that it had now fulfilled its mission, and we had got a-head of it. It was now to be reckoned amongst the glorious things gone by. This was something like rejecting the glorious sun, because we had discovered an electric light, or gas light. They talked of the science of Rome, Athens, Babylon, and Egypt, but who could tell what straggling rays of inspiration had taught them all they knew of true philosophy? Talk of the Bible being left behind, why it was blasphemy! As well might they talk of the Creator being left behind the creature!

The Rev. Lecturer then proceeded to notice the development-theory as propounded in the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' and briefly exposed the various forms of German rationalism, neology, &c.; the system of Strauss, as developed in his 'Life of Christ.' He then, having earnestly warned the young against the sophistries of these systems, urged them to preserve in their minds some of the simple evidences of the truth of revelation, which might be contained in a nut-shell, such as that mentioned by Leland in his short and easy method with the Deists, namely, that bad men would not have written the Bible, because it condemns their own works; good men could not have written it, for they would have been writing falsehoods; it must, therefore, be the work of God. He urged on all the necessity of studying the internal evidences which were accessible to all, and the most satisfactory and conclusive. Above all, he urged them to become acquainted with the experimental evidence, for then they would stand on a rock from which they could never be moved. He alluded to the present commotions among nations, as affording striking evidence of the truth of inspiration in the fulfilment of prophecy, adding, that whilst the nations of the earth were passing away, the Word of the Lord should abide for ever.

SCEPTICAL PROGRESS.

SIR,—In the present eventful period I look with considerable interest on the struggle now waging between reason and superstition—and most gladly do I hail the intelligence of even a partial triumph of truth against the doubly fortified embattlements of error and falsehood. I cannot, however, conceal from myself the sad conviction that the cause progresses slowly. The thunders of a Paine have died away, and the thrones of the hierarchy have ceased their trembling at its sound. Carlile and Taylor, those bold and uncompromising champions of mental freedom, live now but in the memory of the 'elect.' The men of the past are no more, and the men of the present do not exactly reach their sphere of usefulness. I mean this in no disparagement of the small but determined band who, in this so called 'enlightened' age, have to lead as it were a 'forlorn hope;' who, in the midst of discouragement, do not shrink from the defence of the cause of truth and humanity against the mighty, who are armed in battle against it. On the contrary, I honour not only the talent but the motives of these men. But I do find occasion to call in question the *modus operandi* of their warfare, and to state my conviction that without some radical change of tactics, generations will pass away ere the world will learn to accord the mental freedom it so loudly demands, or to read the title of honesty in the countenance of the infidel.

Miss Wright has very justly remarked, that 'the difficulty is not to convince, but to win attention.' And I think that the lectures delivered in the metropolis lose much of their value, not through the inability of the lecturers to convince, but from the difficulty of their gaining proper attention. Christ is reported to have said, that it is the sick, and not the whole, who need a physician; and I must confess that I deem the above lectures in a great measure lost, because, like medicine administered to the whole, they are addressed almost entirely to infidels. I apprehend, sir, that the great problem to be solved is, how to get Christians to attend infidel lectures? Accustomed in their churches and chapels to be acted upon through the senses rather than the understanding, the unadorned excellence of infidel orations will not suffice to ensure their attendance. Accustomed to judge of the place rather than the preacher, the audience rather than the matter—a handsome and commodious edifice, with a genteel and well-dressed congregation, will prove the prime incentives to a large attendance. These the 'Infidel Halls' do not afford. The bulk of the audiences which assemble there is from the mechanical classes (to their honour be it recorded); few well-dressed, or rather finely-dressed, ladies will be found among them: and this—with the absence of cushioned seats, 'silken-cloaked orators,' the solemn and majestic peals of the organ, and all the paraphernalia which characterise the temples of Christianity—form the great stumbling-block to Sceptical Progress. These things your readers have, I doubt not, learned to dispense with; but the customs and habits of the present day have ranked them as 'essentials' with the *more wealthy*, but less enlightened classes of their fellow-men.

A great stigma attaches itself to the places now employed for free discussion and lectures, from the fact that they are on the week days opened for cheap dances. Dancing may be a virtue in the palace, but it is a vice in the cottage—at least, society deems it such, and the consequence is that in the eyes of the world generally much of what is called respectability is lost. But there are many others, and I myself rank with them, who would like to preserve their halls sacred to the purposes of instruction and intellectual progress, and who would provide their dancing rooms distinct. It will be urged that the operatives, if they have

the will, have not the power to do this: but I apprehend that scepticism is not alone for the mechanical class; thousands of wealthy infidels exist, and my object in addressing this letter is to propose the formation of an institution which shall embrace *all* classes. Those in being at present are almost exclusively 'mechanical,' and in the present *class* condition of society few will be tempted to join them from the ranks of a higher condition. But, sir, if progress be expected, it must be obtained by the enlistment of wealth. Knowledge may be power; but, like the lever of Archimedes, it requires a fulcrum to act upon, and without the fulcrum of gold will rarely be able to put forth its strength; with gold, however, the force of *just* knowledge would be found irresistible—on this solid basis it would indeed 'move the earth.' Slow, sir, and painful will be the progress of our cause without more wealthy resources than it at present possesses; and to procure this wealth I propose the formation of an institution on the principle of the Christian Evidence Society, founded by the late Rev. Robert Taylor. I will, with your permission, propound my plan in the course of a week or two; for, depend upon it, that until infidelity be brought from out its holes and corners, and made to assume a better and a brighter aspect, its star will not be found in the ascendant. But when it leaves its hiding places, and rears its head amid the temples of the money-changers and the palaces of the great, like the mountain avalanche, its force will be irresistible—nor will its progress be stayed till superstition lies wrecked and crushed beneath it.

Should you deem this letter worthy of a place in the *Reasoner*, I will immediately on its insertion prepare, and lay before your readers, a plan—by which it will be shown that the idea here suggested is capable of a more easy development than would at first sight appear. J. W. L.

[This letter is very cheerfully accorded insertion. I have reason to know that the progress of sceptical opinion is more wide spread and permanent than J. W. L. is aware; but I am quite of his opinion, that the appliances of elegance and art are much needed to attain higher adhesion. In No. 100 of the *Reasoner* he will see that I have anxiously pleaded this point. We ought to have a select and unique College and Lecture Hall—and to this end a correspondent, some time ago, sought to enlist Mr. Saull's interest, in the disposal of his Museum. I shall be happy to receive J. W. L.'s plan.—Ed.]

THE MEMBERS OF THE PEOPLE'S-CHARTER UNION TO RICHARD COBDEN, ESQ., M.P.

Literary Institution, John Street, Tottenham Court Road.
January 19, 1849.

Sir,—As members of an association which claims for every man the right of being consulted in the making of the laws which he is bound to obey, and which believes that the root of extravagant taxation, and of all other misgovernment, lies in the fact that 90,000 electors appoint the majority of the House of Commons—we take the liberty of expressing to you our opinions on the subject of your National Budget.

Convinced that we shall most speedily attain the rights, by showing ourselves competent to perform the duties, of freemen—we cannot hold ourselves aloof from the agitation for that financial reform, the desire of which has taken such deep root in the minds of the electoral body. Insulted as we are by the declarations of constituted authorities, that 'the laws are made by the people's representatives,' and that 'equal rights and liberty are granted to all classes,' we feel, indeed, that no one has a right to expect us to perform the duties belonging to that citizenship

which is refused to those who 'have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them.' But experience shows that such a policy is not calculated to gain our object, and that we must adopt some more efficient plan for obtaining the People's-Charter than that of merely shouting for it throughout the length and breadth of the land.

We, therefore, cordially thank you for the substantial relief proposed in your scheme. In addition to the advantage gained by the diminution of oppressive burdens, we think the peace of the empire at home and abroad will be promoted by the reduction of the military force. At present, government has an interest in fomenting conspiracy at home and discontent in the colonies in order to keep up the number of profitable appointments for their repression. Why else are spies employed, not so much to detect schemes of mischief as to bring them to a head, and thus frighten the peaceable into the payment of their taxes? Why else are all persons actively engaged in Chartist agitation beset by government agents, who constantly endeavour to entrap them into plots? We who do not plot, and who use all our influence to dissuade others from plotting, speak from experience in making this accusation. Were there no British army in Ceylon and Canada, we think there would be little chance of insurrection: while at the Cape the continental system is pursued, and the rebel is shot in cold blood to encourage the loyal.

We agree with you, too, in thinking that our foreign diplomacy is beneficial to none but the aristocracy, while it causes us to be hated and despised by all parties in Europe. We are, indeed, told that England cannot give up supporting right on the continent. How feebly she supports the right, and how energetically she acts when maintaining the wrong! She assists the tyranny of the Queen of Portugal by force of arms, but helps Sicily with little besides diplomacy; yet the former case was an act of intervention between a sovereign and her subjects, while the Sicilians, being of old an independent nation, we were entitled to treat them as such; and, without being liable to the charge of impertinent interference, might have supported them as our allies in a manner worthy of a great and powerful nation, and this, too, without incurring a ruinous expense—like that now caused by keeping a large force which we do not really mean to use. But this open and manly policy is given up for one which permits us the pleasure of bullying the Neapolitans without securing the liberties of Sicily. In Austria, on the other hand, we tamely submit to the murder of a British subject by the military authorities of Vienna—in defiance of the law; but the victim was a newspaper editor, and did not command the sympathies of our aristocratic government.

But, while we cordially hail your National Budget, we think that you have put the most important part of it in a note, to be carried out or not as circumstances or chance may direct. We allude to the abolition of the newspaper stamp. We can scarcely avoid thinking that you have done this in order to give the working classes the opportunity of taking the initiative in demanding the repeal of the most atrocious of our imposts. We hasten to avail ourselves of the opportunity you have given us, and we earnestly entreat that the abolition of the newspaper stamp may be made an important feature in the National Budget. While Churchmen and Dissenters are quarrelling as to how we are to be educated, while government accords but a paltry grant, and while earnest reformers like yourself acknowledge that a considerable time must elapse before any scheme of national education can be adopted—the least that all these parties can do is to allow us to educate ourselves. We are told that Englishmen are too ignorant to be entrusted with that franchise which is now nearly universal in western Europe; we demand, then, that ignorance should no longer be compulsory. It is not always easy to know who are our real friends; but we think we are safe in denouncing as our

enemies all those who desire to perpetuate our ignorance. By the penny stamp, not only are we debarred from the expression of our thoughts and feelings, but it is made impossible for men of education or of capital to employ themselves in instructing us, as the price of their publications would be enhanced by the stamp to an amount which we cannot pay. A cheap *stamped* newspaper cannot be a good one. And if we are asked why we cannot be satisfied with the elegant and polite literature which may be had cheaply, we reply that we can no longer exist on the earth without information on the subjects of politics and political economy. A decree of the German Zollverein, or of the American Congress, may throw thousands out of employment. In such cases society does not, perhaps cannot, relieve our distress: let it no longer put obstacles in the way of our helping ourselves. We find it indispensably necessary to know when and where our labour is likely to bear a fair price, and when and where it will become a drug in the market. If compelled to leave the country of our birth, we would fain know in what land our labour is in demand, and not, as too many have done, strew with our bones an inhospitable soil. We require to know the natural laws by which the production and distribution of wealth are guided, in order that we may quietly submit to those laws and resist all others. And we say to those who are within the pale of the constitution, 'If you cannot give us this knowledge, at least do not prevent us from seeking it ourselves: to tax the light of knowledge was ever a crime—see that you commit not the crime of perpetuating that tax.' Those who should do so would brand themselves indelibly as the wilful oppressors of the poor, and would be justly responsible for all the inevitable results of ignorance.

If such a party exists in England, we feel assured that you, sir, would scorn to be their leader. Were you, as your enemies assert, a mere free trader, you could not, for a moment, support a tax which is a *differential duty* in favour of the rich against the poor. You have yourself shown how the amount of the tax may be supplied; and we cannot doubt that you will, as far as in you lies, confer on the people one of the greatest benefits that direct legislation can confer. Give, then, to the farmer his untaxed beer—let the shopkeeper enjoy his cheap tea, and the householder open his windows to the air and light of heaven: give us, Chartists, untaxed knowledge.

We remain, sir, yours respectfully,

THE MEMBERS OF THE PEOPLE'S-CHARTER UNION.

Signed, by their order and on their behalf, by the following members of Council:

James Watson	Henry Hetherington	George Jacob Holyoake
Thomas Donatty	William I. Carloss	Charles McGuinness
James Hoppey	William Addiscott	Joseph Hyde
John Bainbridge	Richard Moore, *Treasurer*,	Charles F. Nicholls

J. Dobson Collet, *Secretary*, 1, Spring Place, Clapton Square.

RADICAL OPPONENCY OF RELIGION TO HUMANITY.

'THAT man's life and property are his own, is true only in a restricted sense: both are God's, who is at liberty, at any time, to resume, by whatever agency he may think proper, gifts unconditionally bestowed.

'In ordinary circumstances, disinclination deprives obedience of half its virtue; but in reference to the commands of God to spoil the Egyptians or slaughter the Canaanites, the case is reversed. Want of inclination was necessary to render the work of spoliation a work of merit. The commands issued, in both cases, were imperative: the Jews had no choice. In the butchering of the Canaanites, the kind-hearted and amiable amongst them must show no relenting—their souls must not spare because an infant of the devoted nation smiles or weeps

while they are grasping its feeble limbs to dash its head against the rocks of the valley. They were cursed if they did the work of the Lord deceitfully. In thus obeying God's commands they gave the best conceivable proof of submission to his authority.

'With respect to the Egyptians, God had surely a right to deprive them of their jewels; and the command which he issued was imperative and binding. As a kind-hearted and benevolent man, entirely free from vindictiveness and revenge, never acts so virtuously as when, at God's express command, he plunges his knife into the bosom of smiling innocence; so a man, truthful, honest, and devoid of avarice, acts more meritoriously when, in obedience to the high behest of heaven, he takes from the starving widow her last mite, than, when left to his own free choice, he builds her a neat cottage, and by an annuity he keeps her comfortable for life. What in ordinary circumstances would be a gross sin, calculated to make even demons blush, becomes, *when performed against natural inclination and simply because God wills it*, the highest reach of virtue to which an accountable intelligence can possibly attain.

'Abraham seated by the fireside with little Isaac between his knees, his withered fingers straying between the glossy raven tresses of the smiling boy, is doubtless a fine picture; but it yields in moral sublimity and beauty to that of Abraham on Mount Moriah brandishing over the breast of the blooming youth the deadly instrument of sacrifice.

'In depriving, therefore, the Egyptians of their property at the express command of God, the Israelites did, not only what they were entitled to do, but many of them, possibly the majority, doing so against natural inclination, achieved a decided moral triumph.'

[From a work entitled 'Theocracy of the Bible: a defence of the Christian Religion against the charges of John Howden, Esq.' By the Rev. George Arnott, Lanark.—Pages 147-9.]

LETTER FROM MR. GEORGE WHITE.

Dear George,—I have received your letter containing stamps, for which I am thankful, as they come in useful, and enable me to hold correspondence with my friends. I scarcely know how to conduct my scribbling with you, as your time is so completely absorbed—but you will perhaps be able to spare a few minutes to scan an occasional letter. I should wish you to give my respects to Thomas Cooper when you see him, and also to send me his address. I shall be very well pleased if you can send me the *Reasoner* and *Spirit of the Age*. They will suit my present position perhaps better than mere politics, and I shall devote more time to a consideration of your writings than I could spare when at large. I received a letter from Chilton by the same post which brought yours. It is a revival of former recollections—and, as he informs me that he has been holding a discussion with Linton in the columns of the *Reasoner*, the back numbers which contain the same will be acceptable if you can make it convenient to forward them.

Kirkdale Gaol, near Liverpool, George White.
January 17, 1849.

CLUBS OF PROGRESS.

Elsewhere the reader will see the advertisement of the League of Social Progress, which has commenced to hold its weekly meetings after the manner of the Democratic and Social Clubs of Paris.

Illustrative Notices.

THE author of the 'Flora Historica,' a botanical work of some note, thus exhibits his sagacity:—'The ancients used the Iris as the symbol of eloquence, and on this account it was, we presume, placed by the Egyptians on the brow of the Sphinx, as we have seen in the collection of antique statuary at the Louvre, where there are three Sphinxes of great magnitude, all of which have the Iris flower sculptured on the brow. May not the Egyptians have represented Moses by the Sphinx, and placed the flag-flower on the temple of this symbolical figure in allusion to the spot from which he was taken? for the daughter of Pharaoh discovered him in the ark of bulrushes, "laid in the flags by the river's brink."'

Mr. Cooper's *Plain Speaker* sold some 3000 the firstweek, andmore were required.

A report having gone abroad of the intended marriage of the Rev. Robert Hall, a friend asked 'Is it true, Mr. Hall, that you are to marry Miss So-and-so?' 'I marry Miss So-and-so! I would as soon marry Beelzebub's eldest daughter, and go home and live with the old folks.'

D'Israeli the elder, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' gives, amongst others, these specimens of a godly fanaticism in the christening of books:—'Some works have been called "Matches Lighted at the Divine Fire," and one "The Gun of Penitence." A collection of passages from the fathers is called "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary." We have "The Bank of Faith,' and the "Sixpenny-worth of Divine Spirit." One of these works bears the following elaborate title: "Some Fine Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."'

Coleridge quoted the following with great glee, as one of the best practical jokes extant:—'At a sacrament, a priest gave, without perceiving it, a card counter instead of a wafer. The communicant, thinking it would melt in the regular way, very patiently waited—but without effect. The priest, seeing him hesitate, inquired what was the matter. "Matter," said he: "I hope you have not made a mistake and given me God the *Father*—he is so hard and tough there's no swallowing him."'

A Turk was publicly beheaded at Constantinople recently, for the crime of having, while in a state of intoxication, said that he did not care a straw for Allah or the prophet. Although he had thus violated the law of Islam, and had disregarded its prohibition of wine, he was so good a Mussulman, that when tried for the offence he declared that he was utterly unconscious of having uttered such words, but was ready and willing to die as the law directed if he could be proved to have spoken such blasphemy. [How blind were these prosecutors not to see that this man was essentially religious. The piety of his submission is almost sublime.]

The *Church and State Gazette*, in reviewing Chretien's 'Essay on Logical Method,' ends thus:—'We should like to see what the author terminates his volume by recommending—*the application of method to theology* [so should we]; and that as wisely treated of as its application to logic by Mr. Chretien. He who could so better the instruction here given, would do good service to the Church, to Christianity, and to Truth' [so we think].

Mr. Charles Cochrane sends to the *Reasoner* his 'Poor Law Correspondence,' which, however, is too long for use: but its object, that of improving the industrial and destitute conditions of the pauper, merits attention.

The Rev. Robert Montgomery, author of the 'Omnipresence of the Deity,' has published his work on 'Christian Life,' to which allusion has before been made. The *Spectator*, No. 1070, thus discourses of the merits of the poet and a fellow versifier:—'Montgomery and Pollok are remarkable examples of the popularity attainable by *poetical sound and common ideas*. Strictly examined, there will hardly be found a trace of true poetry in "The Course of Time," or in the more ambitious works of Montgomery—that is, of thoughts equal to the subject, and diction corresponding to the thoughts. But there is a spontaneous flow of words, the metre is sufficiently musical, and the style is something like what the world has been accustomed to in serious poetry. The ideas, too, are proper, and commonly natural; they are what many readers could think, and what all can understand. The poems reflected the ideas, or rather germs of ideas, that were in the readers' own minds, if they could have given them system and utterance. Perhaps, indeed, the works pleased the multitude more than if the poetry had been loftier: they were not tasked to understand it—there was no disquieting them to "bring them up."'

I have received Dr. Lees' 'Experiments on Food,' in reference to the 'barley, malt, and beer question,' and Russell Trail's 'Philosophy of the Temperance Reformation,' which, if any notice here can cause them to receive additional attention, it is cheerfully given.

The *British Banner* gives the following account of how the successors of the Apostles are lodged:—Great things were expected in the way of reform and retrenchment from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners: how these expectations have been fulfilled, let the following amounts, of which the Commission has authorised the expenditure on episcopal residences, show:—

Palace at Ripon	£13,689
Purchase of land and house for Bishop of Gloucester ...	11,000
Alteration of house for him	11,897
Purchase of estate and house for Bishop of Lincoln ...	39,406
Alteration of house for him	13,302
Purchase of estate and house for the Bishop of Rochester	25,557
Alteration of residence of Bishop of Worcester	7,000
Alteration of residence of Bishop of Oxford	6,469

[I have seen this in several papers, but I quote it from the *Banner*, preferring an accredited religious authority.]

The Quarterly Meeting of the People's-Charter Union was held at John Street, on Friday last, Mr. Watson in the chair. An address to Mr. Cobden was agreed to, which appears in another part of our paper. The following resolution was also passed:—'That this Union congratulate Mr. Joseph Barker on the courageous, systematic, and successful manner in which he has resisted the unjust attempt made to crush him in the free expression of his opinions, by involving him in a charge of general conspiracy; and that we specially thank him for his manly refusal to submit to any restriction on his future conduct. The Charter Union will meet in the Coffee Room at John Street, on the second Wednesday in each of the next three months, viz., February 14th, March 14th, and April 11th. The following letter from Mr. Cobden was received by the Secretary on Monday:—

'Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of an Address from the People's-Charter Union, the contents of which shall have my very best consideration.

'103, Westbourne Terrace, 'I am, sir, your Obedient Servant,
'Jan. 22, 1849. Richard Cobden.'

The Reasoner.
January 24, 1849.

MR. OWEN AND THE DUKE OF KENT.

A Nova Scotia paper has the following:—'There was always a mystery in Robert Owen's kind reception at court, and it is known how the late Lord Melbourne was abused for the introduction of the Socialist to a young Queen. The reason was this, the late Duke of Kent had borrowed £10,000 of Mr. Owen, which at his death, was still unpaid. The debt, to her honour, has been lately repaid by her Majesty.' Upon showing this to Mr. Owen, and asking him as to its truth, he authorised me to say that he did lend the Duke £1000—the memorandum acknowledgment of which he discovered among his papers, at New Harmony, a few years ago. So long a period has elapsed since he lent the Duke the money, that the interest upon it would have been a considerable sum. He presented a claim to the relatives of the Duke on his return to England, but it was never honoured. The memorandum was not deemed legal evidence. The Queen paid all claims upon the Duke which were deemed legal, but Mr. Owen's was not among that number. G. J. H.

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—Jan. 28, (12, a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Newspaper Paragraphs which "go the round of the Press."' 30th, (8) Thomas Cooper, 'Protectorate and Character of Oliver Cromwell.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—Jan. 28, (7) Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'The Persians and Greeks.'

FINSBURY HALL, Bunhill Row.—Jan. 29, (8½) Mr. W. Baker, 'Chemistry.'

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL INSTITUTE, 1, George Street, Sloane Square—Jan. 31, (8½) Thomas Cooper, 'Martin Luther.'

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 137 ..	261	0
H. M., Vauxhall	10	0
H., Gravesend	2	6
W. M., Rochdale	2	6
W. C., do.	1	0
C. H., do.*	1	0
E. P, Birmingham, per publisher	5	0
T. Mechan (Farewell Gift) ..	1	6
	284	6

* The 4s. 6d. from Rochdale is thus remitted:—'The Editor of the *Reasoner* is requested to accept this sum as earnest of the subscriber's conviction of the utility of that journal. The remitter is happy to say that the *Reasoner* has made its way into one of the public reading rooms of Rochdale, and has improved in general circulation since Mr. Holyoake's visit. W. M.'

*** Many readers interested in friends who emigrate, or who have been about to emigrate themselves, have asked me to advise them as to some friend in Liverpool, to whom, on reaching that port, they could apply for intelligence. I have generally sent them to private friends—who, however, were not always at liberty; but on learning that Mr. Spurr, of Williamson Square, had specially qualified himself to give emigrants information, I solicited him to make it known by advertisement—as I had long known him, and believed that his advice might be trusted. I should not have accepted Mr. Spurr's advertisement had I not had reason to believe that he was reliable. This is said in answer to two or three who inquire what I think of Mr. Spurr's proffered information.

THE LEAGUE OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.—The Second Public Meeting of the Members and Friends of this League will be held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, on Tuesday next, at 8 o'clock, Mr. James Cross in the chair. Subject for consideration:—'What should the Government do to remove the Crime and Destitution of the Country?' The Meeting will be opened by Mr. L. Jones. Messrs. G. A. Fleming, R. Buchanan, G. J. Holyoake, H. Hetherington, W. Cooper, A. Campbell, and others, will take part in the proceedings. Admission Free.

The Meetings are held weekly, and the subjects for discussion regularly announced in the *Spirit of the Age*. Quarterly Cards of Admission are ready for issue on the evening of the Meeting.

JAMES RIGBY, Sec.

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—H. B. (The tickets came too late to be available.)—Thomas Fyfe, Dundee. (The explanation is quite satisfactory. It would hardly be possible to make the alteration.)—Dr. Lees. (If possible to procure a number, it shall be sent with great pleasure.)—T. Mechan. (We have never been able to revise and condense the correspondence with which he recently favoured us. At a 'convenient season' it will receive attention. —W. Chilton. (His last reply to Mr. Linton was duly received.)—J. A. Side. (It would be impossible to give it 'early' insertion.)—C. J. M. Thorpe.—W. M., Rochdale. [Glad to be assured of J. S.'s 'existence.']—D. Bergin, Chester.—John Rennie, Newcastle-on-Tyne. [The Utilitarian Society's manifestoes have been forwarded as desired.] — E. L. Tarbuck. — T. Mechan. (We should like to quote the chief part of the letter, omitting the name of the writer. Can it be permitted?)—'Music for the People,' by Panthea.—J. Shaw, Barrhead.

ERRATUM.—In the article 'What should the People Sing?' at the eleventh line from the commencement, for 'it is not *usual*,' read 'it is not *unusual*.'

☞ *Editorial Communications* are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

Monthly Parts.—The *Reasoner*, in a stiff wrapper, is ready for delivery in Monthly Parts on Magazine day. The Wrapper contains Lists of all Agents of the *Reasoner*, and all News and Coffee Rooms where it is taken in.

Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

Branch and other Communications for the Officers of the Rational Society are to be addressed to 23, John Street, Fitzroy Square—and their Post-office Orders made payable at 103, Tottenham Court Road.

Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

On the 1st of February, 1849, will be published, Price 6d., the First Number of a New Magazine,

THE COMMONWEALTH; A Monthly Record of Democratic, Social and Industrial Progress. 'The Commonwealth' is intended to fill up a void in English periodical literature. The principles and plans of which it will be the exponent and advocate, have no representative in the Monthly Press, though the disciples are to be numbered by thousands in every part of Great Britain. The true movement of the present epoch, is one which aims at making all national institutions subservient to the interests of the Many, instead of the Few. In whatever phase it may present itself—the grand idea of the age is Social Reform. Even the journals and periodicals which are accustomed most energetically to denounce and misrepresent the more extreme manifestations of this idea, are unconsciously hurried along with the stream. At no former time was there visible so earnest and universal a desire to elevate and improve the condition of the masses. It is working alike in the rural districts and in the crowded thoroughfares of our towns and cities; and those who shrink from broad and comprehensive plans of Social and Political Regeneration, have yet no objection to adopt these plans piece-meal.

'The Commonwealth' will not be deterred by any fear of unpopularity from pushing the fundamental principles of Political, Social, and Industrial Equity to their legitimate conclusions. The soil, capital, machinery, intelligence, and labour of a nation ought to be so combined and directed as to promote the interests and the well-being of *all* the children of the State. Wherever this is not the case, it can only arise from two causes: either the raw materials out of which to construct a prosperous and happy state of society are not sufficient for the purpose, or they are wrongly applied. The last is the true solution of all existing Political and Social grievances. Hence 'The Commonwealth' will earnestly betow attention upon the art of governing, and the duty of Governments.

In Politics 'The Commonwealth' will advocate the enactment of the 'People's Charter,' as the only just and definite settlement of the constitutional claim to a voice in the making of the laws by which the people are to be governed, and in the imposition of the national burdens to support which all are compelled to contribute.

In *Social Economy* it will uphold the great principle of the Gospel, 'That the Labourer shall first be partaker of the fruits,' and that all the institutions of the nation ought to be framed with the view of giving the producer of wealth a just participation in the products of his toil and ingenuity. The present Manufacturing and Mercantile system, which heaps up wealth in large masses in the hands of the Few, at the cost of the impoverishment of the Many, and the consequent injury of 'The Commonwealth,' is a gross violation of those principles of Social Equity upon which alone national institutions can be securely based. The increasing dependence of large masses upon the demand for their labour in distant markets, is an evil pregnant with the most direful consequences, which requires to be arrested in time, by comprehensive and practical measures, calculated to develop our own internal resources to the utmost and to secure their equitable re-partition.

Agriculture is the only solid foundation of national prosperity. It will be the object of 'The Commonwealth' to examine into the operation of the systems of cultivation in various countries, with the view of ascertaining which is most productive of good to the community at large, and of happiness and comfort to the cultivator. The Land Plan of Mr. Feargus O'Connor, and other similar measures for neutralising the evils caused by the Large Farm System, will receive frequent and impartial notice. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the principle upon which the plans of the National Land Company is based, as offering an immediate and substantial remedy for many of the most urgent difficulties of the nation. In its attention to this subject, as well as in other respects, 'The Commonwealth' will be in fact a continuation of 'The Labourer;' it will be the same size, and printed with the same type as that Magazine, the only difference being that it will give more matter for the same money, and will treat of a greater variety of topics, without in the slightest degree neglecting those questions which were peculiar to 'The Labourer.'

As the Advocate of the Rights of Labour, 'The Commonwealth' will specially watch over and chronicle all movements made by Trades' Associations, thus offering to those bodies the advantage of a Monthly Organ. Upon the subjects of Education, Poor Laws, Criminal Jurisprudence, Currency, and Taxation, 'The Commonwealth' will endeavour to keep in advance, and to act as a sound leader of popular opinion. It is our faith that the present political and social movement, if carried out in a spirit of calm determination and kindly feeling, through legal and constitutional means, must end in a more equitable allotment of the good provided for all men. We come into the field humbly, but firmly, to aid in promoting that object.

The lighter graces of literature will not be forgotten, so far as they do not interfere with the working-out of the important objects enumerated.

The Editorial Management has been entrusted to a gentleman who has taken an active part in all the great movements of the last twenty years, and who will be assisted by contributors equally conversant with the past efforts of the Poltical and Social Reformers of this country.

Communications for the Editor, Books for Review, &c., to be forwarded to the Office, 16, Great Windmill Street, Haymarket.

To be had of all Booksellers in Town and Country.

London: — Printed by A. Holyoake, 54, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

Wednesday, January 24, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 140.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

THE REV. MR. CLOSE, OBSCENE SERMONS, AND THEATRICAL BALLS.

The following correspondence has appeared in the *Times* touching our old friend of Cheltenham. On the 10th, a writer, taking for his topic the heading 'Questionable Texts,' addressed this letter to the editor of the *Times*:—

'Sir,—I beseech your aid to expose an evil, which is the more to be deplored owing to the false halo of sanctity which surrounds it.

'On Sunday last I attended the parish church of Cheltenham, and Mr. Close, the rector, performed the evening service on the occasion. The principal subject of his discourse was the extraordinary phenomenon of Abraham's wife, Sarah, giving birth to a child at nearly 100 years of age, and of the circumcision of Abraham's son. I assure you, sir, the rev. gentleman dilated upon the Hebrew rite with a precision, and I could almost say, disgusting minutiæ, which almost made me burn with indignation; and I can truly declare, that had a daughter, wife, or sister of mine been with me at the time, I should have taken her from church on the instant.

'With every feeling of veneration for the sacred character of the Scriptures, may I ask, sir, why the loathsome ceremonies of a peculiar people should be descanted upon on a Sunday evening before a congregation composed principally of young and delicate women? Is it not, sir, the holiest desire of every man to keep concealed the acts of poor human nature which depress his spiritual part and exalt the brutal? Is it not the sacred desire of men to preserve the bloom of woman's delicacy and innocence? And yet, sir, from the pulpit we find delicacy outraged by coarse allusion to those parts of scriptural history which have nothing whatever to do with its spiritual portions. I grieve to say, that the rector of the parish church of Cheltenham, shrouded, as it were, by the approval of those who mistake coarse eloquence for spiritual instruction, has more than once—aye, more times than I can enumerate—grossly violated delicacy and decency, and made the better part of his congregation desire that his discourse had been addressed to a male auditory with closed doors.

'For your satisfaction I enclose my name and address, and I beg to add that, being myself a member of the Church of England, with a brother in holy orders, I am influenced by no feeling save an unmitigated disgust that religion should be made the pretext to Sunday discourses, revolting alike to modesty and decorum.

'January 10. C. T. D.'

This letter is immediately followed by a second, adding another item to the list of 'questionable' performances on the part of the reverend orator:—

Sir,—On Saturday last you published under the above head an admirable letter; and though I have not the most remote idea who the writer is, yet I can fully confirm his statements, as a few months ago I heard the same reverend gentleman preach from the 3rd chapter of Genesis, and the 16th verse, and so fully did he enter into the sufferings of a woman with child and the pangs of delivery, that his discourse was much more adapted to the lecture room of a hospital than to an overflowing congregation, more than two-thirds of whom were females. I am a

worst and most unmerciful men are those on whose goodness they most depend. In this situation men not only shrink from the frowns of a stern magistrate, but are obliged to fly from their very species. The seeds of destruction are sown in civil intercourse and in social habitudes. The blood of wholesome kindred is infected, the tables and beds are surrounded by snares; all the means given to make life safe and comfortable are perverted into instruments of terror and torment. This species of universal subserviency, that makes the very servant who waits behind your chair the arbiter of your life and fortune, has such a tendency to debase and degrade mankind, and to deprive them of that assured and liberal state of mind which alone can make us what we out to be, that I vow I would sooner bring myself to sentence a man to immediate death for opinions I disliked, and so get rid of the man and of his opinions at once, than to fret him with a feverish being tainted with the gaol distemper of a contagious servitude, and to keep him above ground an animated mass of putrefaction, corrupted himself, and corrupting all around him.' It is thus that upright men feel towards the spy system—what must be their indignation of the plotting system, such as our government have lately identified themselves with? How looks it in a court of law to see our judges, who vaunt the purity of their ermine, draw on the cap of condemnation with venal or blood-stained fingers? Yet it came virtually to this when Powell and others of his genius were accepted as evidence for the crown.

For myself, let me say, that while I execrate Spies I would defy them. It seems to me that all healthy political agitation should be conducted on individual responsibility. That no man should assent to any step; relying on another to make that step safe for him. Or that if we do throw ourselves upon the hazard of such a die, it should be only when we have looked failure in the face and have manned our hearts to meet the consequences. If we agree to play a game, we should play it boldly; and, if we fail, be prepared to pay the forfeit manfully. He ought never to compete for a prize who is not prepared to lose.

But my own decided conviction is that the only strength of agitationary policy in this country, lies in all things being done openly—and that no success is to be expected from that which cannot be done openly. Men must learn to do so in politics, as they who succeed do in literature—dare the judgment of others—the politician should be in a position to dare lawyers, as writers carefully forethink their subjects, to be in a position to dare critics.

But while we contribute to the condemnation of the plotting system, a word or two may not be misplaced in behalf of some who are the victims of it. Others will find opportunity of stating the case of those best known to them. The inmates of Kirkdale gaol are those of whom I can best speak. When I was in Oldham and other northern towns in the summer, I found paragraphs creeping into the provincial press, which I foresaw were intended to be used in courts of law. I pointed out one in the *Reasoner* at the time, in which things were charged upon Mr. George White, which I believe he never said, and upon going to him and putting the case to him I found his words had been entirely perverted. Our local magistrates, who have these things done through prejudice, should remember that nothing lowers the law so much as making it the handmaid of horrible malignity.

Two persons who were some time ago walking on the platform of a railwa station on the North Midland line, waiting for the train; one, a well-coated, self important manufacturer, turned to the other, who appeared in the rougher coat c a respectable artizan, and said 'What a truly wonderful contrivance is this electri telegraph.'

'Yes,' answered Third Class, 'very wonderful, but I don't exactly see its use.'
'Not see its use!' responded First Class. 'Why, see how it catches thieves.'
'Ah!' said Third Class, 'its use is not quite perfected in that respect yet.'
'Think you so?' inquired First Class. 'In what respect could it be improved?'
'Why,' replied [illegible] Class, 'it catches the thief who robs the rich man—it would be doubly us[illegible], in my opinion, did it enable us to catch the thief who robs the poor man. If the electric telegraph were *universally* employed,' added Third Class, sarcastically, [illegible]hould find many a Manufacturer and Capitalist detected who now escape.'

First Class parte[illegible]hird Class to meet again as Magistrate and Prisoner. Third Class was ou[illegible]waggish friend George White, whose wit has many a time endangered his liberty.

In the provinces the Spy and Plotting system has often been set going, to revenge defeated pride on hungry wit. Poor Ellis, now enduring twenty-one years' transportation for an offence which it seems he never committed—can illustrate this melancholy truth.

In Kirkdale gaol lies George White, separated from his family, who are left in necessitous circumstances. Let our friends who execrate the Spy and Plotting system remember George White, Leach, and its other victims, who are now White's prison companions. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

CHARLES [illegible]WOOD, OR THE INFIDEL CONVERTED.*

[illegible]AMINED BY W. CHILTON.

THIS is a very inte[illegible]ing work, but a very unsatisfactory one; and the second title is a decided misnomer. Charles Elwood was never an atheist proper, he was merely a tem orary sceptic. His infidelity was a morbid feeling, not a rational conviction: this is clearly shown in the opening of chap. 1:—'I was surprised at my breakfast by a visit from Mr. Smith, the young clergyman I had heard preach the preceding evening. This was hardly in the ordinary course of things. I was generally regarded in the village as an infidel; and to be an infidel, that is, an open, avowed infidel—is to exclude one's self from the common courtesies of civilised life, and almost from the pale of humanity. Pious people beheld me with a most righteous horror, and not unfrequently, I have good reason to believe, made use of my name to restore quiet or preserve submission in the nursery. Of course I was generally avoided by the elect, probably lest I should cause them to become castaways. The wisdom or the policy, to say nothing of the justice, of this manner of treating the infidel, is somewhat questionable, and in my own case was decidedly bad. I had a deep yearning for communion with my kind, and was ever ready to sympathise with them in their joy or their sorrow. I was unconscious of guilt; I had a strong craving to know the truth, and I felt that I had done my best to ascertain it, and that if I was in error I was not in fault. The conduct of religious people, therefore, struck me as unjust, and could not fail to prejudice me against them; *and through them against religion itself.* Had they treated me as a man, and shown me that respect for my honest convictions which I was willing to show them for theirs, *I have no doubt that I should have been saved from* DOGMATIC *infidelity.* But they were not wise enough—*very likely not Christian enough*—for this.' That Charles Elwood was wrong, there can be no doubt. The man who would reject religion because the practices of its

* Chapman, Brothers, 121, Newgate Street; price 3s. 6d.

professors are not in accordance with its teachings, should, to be consistent, discard morals and science on the same grounds. The truths known to the world are but partially acted upon; we have them in our books and in our brains, but we make very little practical use of them either in our social or political economy. Charles Elwood is another instance of the folly and mischief of men *calling* themselves infidels, without knowing in what real infidelity consists, or what are the grounds upon which it is based. Some men embrace Christianity for precisely the same reason that Charles Elwood rejected it: they meet with, or are told of, infidels who are immoral, illiberal, and dogmatic, and they at once conclude, without examination, that such feelings and conduct are consequences of scepticism. If, by chance, they fall in with a sceptic whose conduct is the reverse of this, they are astonished, and usually express doubts of the sincerity of his unbelief.

Charles Elwood was originally a Christian; when he began to doubt he became unhappy, and continually longed for the peace of mind he enjoyed when a believer. 'Unbelief,' he says, 'has few attractions. It adds no glory to the universe, no warmth to the heart, no freshness to life. *It is a sad creed; the wise endure it, but none love it.*' 'Why then cling to it?' says his betrothed. 'Because,' he replied, 'it depends not on us what we shall believe or disbelieve; because our belief or disbelief alters not the fact. Truth or falsehood depend not on us.' Why, then, was he sad? He was an anxious inquirer after truth, and he believed he had found it in atheism—he would rather have found it in Christianity, and the disappointment made him miserable: he *endured* his convictions, because he could not avoid them. Notwithstanding his imaginary love of truth, he hated *the* truth which his inquiries had led him to. Unbelief, he says, adds no glory to the universe; what 'glory' can *involuntary* belief add to it? 'No warmth to the heart, no freshness to life'—certainly none to *his*, and he was mistaken in adopting it.

Further, and whilst still imagining himself an atheist, he says:—'Religion is life's poesy. It breathes a living soul into the universe, and gives us everywhere a bright and loving spirit with which to hold sweet and mystic communings. On every object around us it sheds a mellow light, and throws a veil over all the stern and forbidding features of reality. Bitter is the day which raises that veil, and bids that mellow light be withdrawn; when for the first time we look into the heavens, and see no spirit shining there—over the rich and flowering earth, and see no spirit blooming there—abroad over a world of silent, senseless matter, and feel that we are alone. I shall never forget that day; and I have no doubt I shall see all the objects of sense, one after another, fade away and lose themselves in the darkness of death, with far less shrinking of soul, than I saw my childhood's faith depart, and felt the terrible conviction fastening itself upon me that all must go—God, Christ, immortality—that which my fathers had believed, for which they had toiled, lived, suffered, died, which my mother had cherished and infused into my being with the milk from her breast—all, all, even to the last and dearest article, must vanish and be to me henceforth but as a dream which cannot be recalled.' Charles Elwood was evidently in the position of a man 'convinced against his will,' who remains, it is said, 'of the same opinion still.' Accident made him acquainted with a liberal and enlightened gentleman, professing Christianity—not orthodox Christianity, but German Rationalism—and, with scarcely an effort, he became what he ardently longed to be, a Christian again. This is a mere farce—he never was an infidel. All his arguments in defence of atheism at the beginning of the book are left untouched; there is no attempt made to refute them; they seem to have been introduced for no other purpose than to furnish a

reason for the use of the second title—'The Infidel Converted.' The real object of the work seems to me to be to promulgate—by means of a taking title—the new views of Christianity which have lately originated in Germany; which, as I understand them, are, that any man who desires to call himself a Christian may explain the doctrines and precepts contained in the New Testament in any way he pleases, without reference to the opinions of any other man or body of men, on the same subject, provided he accepts the divine mission, &c., of Christ. The 'great charm' of Kant's system, says the *British Review*, 'was that, in effect, it left his countrymen at liberty to create and elaborate a religion for themselves, *purely according to their ou taste.*' And this appears to me the purpose of 'Charles Elwood.'

During the period of his infidelity his mother died, which occurrence suggests the following, among other reflections:—'The immortality of the soul is *assented to rather than believed—believed rather than lived.* And withal it is something so far removed in the distant future that, till long after the spirit has left the body, we think and speak of the loved ones as no more. Rarely does the believer find that relief in the doctrine of immortality which he insists on with so much eloquence in his controversy with unbelievers. He might find it, he ought to find it, *and one day will;* but not till he learns that man *is* immortal, and not merely *is to be* immortal.' That is, I presume, he will find it, if he find it at all, *after* death, when the knowledge will be of no use to him. What is the meaning of these positive declarations, upon a matter of such vital importance, being left unanswered—standing in all their integrity—in the midst of a work professing to be the experience of a man who lived to see the error of such opinions? Further on he says:—'It was now that I really needed the hope of immortality. The world was to me one vast desert, and life was without end or aim. The hope of immortality was not needed to enable us to bear grief, to meet great calamities. These can be, as they have been, met by an atheist with a serene brow and a tranquil pulse. We need not the hope of immortality in order to meet death with composure. The manner in which we meet death depends altogether more on the state of our nerves than the nature of our hopes. But we want it when earth has lost its gloss of novelty—when our hopes have been blasted, our affections withered, and the sickness of life and the vanity of all human pursuits have come home to us and made us exclaim, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity:" we want then the hope of immortality to give to life an end, an aim. We all of us at times feel this want. The infidel feels it early in life. *He learns all too soon, what to him is a withering fact, that man does not complete his destiny on earth.* [This gratuitous assumption of the state of feeling of sceptics generally I deny. Justice required that the gentleman who wrote this work should have consulted some intelligent infidels before he committed himself to so gross a caricature of their feelings on the question of immortality.] Man never completes anything here. What then shall he do if there be no hereafter? [Ridiculous query! How can our labours in this world for the good of our fellows be perfected and brought to a happy conclusion *by us* in *another* world? Can those who believe in immortality do more than pass their lives in this world in acts tending to benefit their species? What does the parable of Dives in hell teach on this subject?] With what courage can I betake myself to my task? I may begin, but the grave lies between me and the completion. Death will come to interrupt my work, and compel me to leave it unfinished. [So will he come if you believe: 'the night cometh when no man can work,' and 'there is no repentance in the grave,' '*work, then, while it is yet day.*'] This is more terrible to me than the thought of ceasing

to be. I could *almost*—at least, I think I could—consent to be no more after I had finished my work, achieved my destiny; but to die before my work is completed, while that destiny is but begun—this is the death which comes to me indeed as a "king of terrors." ' Charles Elwood was evidently the victim of the 'terror of the threshhold,' whom I warned would-be atheists to beware of in my paper on 'Zanoni.'

After his mother's death he became a Reformer, but got no thanks for his trouble. 'I had not then learned,' he says, 'that the reformer is powerless, save as he appeals to men's sense of duty. Show the people that they are bound by the eternal sanctions of duty to effect your reforms—make them feel that the God within commands them—and you may count on them to the last to go with you to the battle-field, the dungeon, the scaffold, or the cross. But this I learned not till long afterwards.' A very discouraging prospect this, if true, for the Aliquises Thorntons, and Holyoakes of the atheistic school, who have no such 'eternal sanctions' with which to accomplish *their* reforms. Charles Elwood then fell ill, and his illness was ultimately the means of effecting his re-conversion, through the instrumentality of a Mr. Howard, who, on his return home from travelling on the continent, 'had been informed by his family that there was a man making some noise in the neighbouring city about a radical change in society, who was labouring to introduce a state of absolute social equality; but, they added, it is said he is an atheist, and a very dangerous man in the community..... "That man of whom you speak," said he, "if what you tell me be correct, *is no atheist.* God is love, and *no man who sincerely loves his brother can be a disbeliever in God.*" ' The inference from this impertinent assertion is easily disposed of. If it be true that the man who sincerely loves his brethren must, as a necessary consequence, believe in a God—because God is love, why, the converse of the proposition should be true also, and the man who sincerely believes in a God must, per force, love his brethren, for the same reason. Does any one believe that the author of 'Charles Elwood' is prepared to defend this position, which flows from his own reasoning? Love for our fellows and disbelief in the existence of a God rest upon entirely independent bases: the one is a consequence of constitution and temperament, the other a matter of opinion. But, granting that a belief in a God of love necessarily produces a love for his creatures, what effect ought we to expect from a belief in a God of hate, such as the devil of the Christians? If Mr. Howard's argument were worth anything, we should not have to look far or very long to find ample illustration, in the conduct of Christians, of their pernicious belief in a God of hate, their faith in whom would appear to have considerably more influence over their opinions and actions than their faith in a God of love. I protest, however, against the use of such language, uncontradicted and unquestioned, in a work professing to give both sides of the dispute, as between the Christian and atheist. It is the language of ignorant insolence and vapid declamation, and should have been carefully avoided by a generally candid and talented writer like the author of 'Charles Elwood.' The fact that it is the only instance in the book in which the atheist has occasion for complaint of gross misrepresentation, is no excuse; it only shows how easily this one instance might have been avoided. Charles Elwood must have *known* it to be false, and, as an honest writer, he ought to have denied it; for, at the very time when those words were uttered, he, being, as he imagined, an atheist—however much against his wish—was suffering from severe indisposition induced through his anxieties and exertions in the cause of humanity. If he thinks it true now, he could not have held the opinion at the time when he describes Mr. Howard as making the assertion, for some time

after, in a conversation with that gentleman, he says, 'I have not as yet advanced far enough to admit even the existence of a God;' justice, then, towards those whose opinions he undertook to expound demanded that he should have challenged a charge so notoriously untrue.

In the following definition of what constitutes a Christian, it will be seen that Robert Owen is a second Christ. Mr. Howard says, 'Christ is not a dogma to be believed, but a spirit to be cultivated and obeyed. Whoever loves truth and goodness, and is willing to die for their honour and the redemption of man, as Jesus did, I hold to be a Christian in the only worthy sense of the term. He may not indeed have the "letter" which "killeth," but that is no great loss, so long as he has the "spirit" which "giveth life."' Here is a margin wide enough, in all conscience; but how few 'professing' Christians of times past, or of the present time, would be embraced by it! 'Christianity,' says Mr. Howard, 'is not a creed, *but a life.* He who has the spirit of Christ is a Christian, *be his speculative belief what it may.*' This doctrine, if consistently carried out, would reduce Christ to a mere moralist; but such is not the aim of the author of 'Charles Elwood,' who contends for Christ's divinity and special inspiration, just as other and more orthodox Christians do. One would suppose from the above extracts that the 'love of truth and goodness' had no existence on the earth before the Christian era, for upon no other ground can the term 'Christian' be justified as belonging to those who have such love. Truth and goodness are but relative terms, depending for their value on the amount of knowledge possessed by mankind. Absolute truth has never been in the possession of any age; nor ever will be, if man be a progressive being. But men loved truth and goodness ages before Christ is said to have existed, so that, according to the opinion of Mr. Howard, of what constitutes a Christian, there were Christians in existence before Christ, and his mission, as a consequence, so far as the inculcation of a love for truth and goodness is concerned, was a work of supererrogation. The most valuable of all Christ's asserted teachings is that of 'love for our neighbour,' yet this great moral precept, as stated by Mr. Cooper, in his lecture on Christ, was taught by Confucius 500 years before the appearance of the Nazarene; 'but neither,' says Mr. Cooper, 'was that an inspired discovery of the Chinese sage: the heart had uttered it, and, doubtless, thousands of tongues had proclaimed it ages before Confucius lived.' Why, then, should Christ have the honour rather than Confucius? Why should men who practice the precept be called Christ-ians rather than Confuci-ans?

A man may be a Christian, says the author of 'Charles Elwood,' 'be his speculative belief what it may'—even though he disbelieve—and for very good reasons—the existence of Christ, who is declared to be 'one with the Father,' the Creator of the universe, whose existence he may also question! This is an abuse of terms and an insult to common sense. It is asserted that 'no man who sincerely loves his brother can be a disbeliever in a God,' whilst, in the same work, it is also asserted that a man may be a Christian 'be his speculative belief what it may'—Christ, the author and founder of Christianity, being declared to be *one with God!*

Hear Mr. Howard further on Christianity: 'Christianity is the name I give to the law of man's perfection. The design of Jesus was to make us perfect men. He did not propose to perfect us by changing our natures, converting us into a different sort of being; but by developing our nature, by calling forth in their legitimate order, and stimulating to their highest activity, all the faculties with which we were endowed by our Creator. If the religious and ethical system he has proposed to this end, be narrower than human nature, if it leave out of its account any one element of that nature, it cannot secure the perfection contem-

[illegible] could it then be proved that Christianity neglects or prohibits the exercise of the philosophical element, I would discard it as quickly as if it neglected the religious element, properly so called. Christianity addresses itself to me as a being endowed with reason. It presupposes me capable of knowing and comprehending it makes its appeal, not to my senses, but to my reason. If then it should begin by denying my right to exercise my reason, which is virtually denying the reason itself, it would leave no reason to respond to its appeal. It is the reason that must pronounce upon its truth or falsity; but if we deny both the right and the competency of the reason to do this, we can never have any grounds for believing Christianity true or false; consequently no reason whatever for feeling ourselves obliged to obey it. Religion can dispense with reason no better than philosophy can, for reason is its only interpreter and voucher.' To this Charles Elwood replies: 'The Bible, I have supposed, *commands us not to reason*, but to believe, and assures us that we shall be damned if we do not.' 'The Bible,' says Mr. Howard, 'never threatens damnation as the punishment of belief, *as such*.' There is no *proof* adduced from the Bible in support of the above assertion, so that I am not required to quote any of the many proofs which might be furnished tending to directly negative them. Those who read the *Reasoner* are, I should hope, sufficiently well acquainted with the contents of the Bible to be able to form a just estimate of the value of Mr. Howard's opinions. With respect, however, to the assertion that 'the Bible'—(that is, I presume, the portion called the 'New Testament')—'*never* threatens damnation as the punishment of belief, as such,' I have carefully examined the passages referring to 'belief,' with the context in each case, and must say that it is beyond *my* 'belief' that a fair and liberal reading of the Gospels will justify the statement. Let my readers examine for themselves the following examples:—Mark xvi. 16, John iii. 15-18, and 36, v. 24, xi. 24-26, xii. 46-50.

[To be continued.]

Thomas Cooper's Orations.

HISTORIC GREECE: THE FINAL OVERTHROW OF THE PERSIAN INVADERS.

An Oration by Thomas Cooper, (author of the 'Purgatory of Suicides,') delivered at the Hall of Science, City Road, on Sunday evening, Jan. 28, 1849.

The true philanthropist often rises in melancholy mood from his survey of human history. 'What is it all,' he asks, 'but a record of quarrels, of the perpetration of injustice and wrong, with now and then a short-lived struggle for equity and right? When will it begin to be a narrative of friendships, of fraternal union for the perfection of human happiness?' Alas, that day, it is to be feared, is yet distant! The last struggle for justice and right is not yet at hand. And our stern duty is to nerve ourselves, not for that struggle only, but for all the struggles which must precede it, by imbibing the spirit of the glorious strugglers who have gone before us.

We are all disciples of peace, here. We long for the establishment of the world-wide peace of liberty; but we covet not the peace of slavery—nor would we brook to be taught its lessons. On the other hand, we love not the lessons of war, when they are merely the lessons of conquest, urged on by pride and cruelty and the mere thirst for power. We have no sympathy with the Alexanders and Cæsars and Napoleons. War for the mere winning of the 'wreath of glory,' as it is perniciously called, has none of our admiration; but we should be false to

humanity, traitors to justice and right, if we felt no throb of the pulse, no quickening of the blood, no beating of the hearts within us, when the peril of life for liberty is named.

Every enlightened man turns with a sense of disgust and sickening from the proudest records of offensive war; but it cannot be always so with him when he pursues the theme of wars defensive. He looks, with the vision full of faith, for the time when 'nations shall not learn war any more;' but he knows that time will not come till they have learned to put down oppression, and to keep it down. To teach forgiveness of wrong is the best preaching—and to practice it is the best religion. But the sermon must not be delivered as if men had no heads on their shoulders, and no hearts within their bosoms. The lesson itself supposes that men have brains to perceive wrong, and hearts to feel it. It concludes that there *is* wrong, or there could be no need for forgiveness. And it teaches forgiveness as the true cure for the evil, not a means of perpetuating it. Thus the sympathies even of the most peaceful man must be with him who seeks to prevent wrong—not with him who resolves to perpetrate it.

The lover of peace yearns for its reign, urges its lessons, asks, and asks rationally, why men cannot arbitrate their differences nationally as well as individually. But there have been overgrown tyrants and wholesale slaughterers who would have laughed the doctrine of arbitration to scorn, had it been proposed to them. Would it not have been thus with the Persian despot, if the Greeks had proposed arbitration to him? Arbitration! what, from a mere handful of people who had dared to resist—ay, and to defeat too—his hundreds of thousands of armed warriors? Arbitration! and what would have been the only terms he would have accepted? Why, that every Grecian state should abandon its democratic freedom, should submit to be called his subjects and slaves, should be taxed at his will, and admit his soldiers and satraps into their cities and garrisons to lord it over the people who had broken the fetters of their own kings, and abolished the very name!

What man of peace can be base and slavish enough to wish that they had thus submitted? What true brother of his race but must rejoice that the golden page of history has been written, and that it has been preserved to us, which records that the glorious children of Hellas rose to repel the tyrant—that, even when their homes were burnt, they did not despair, but combatted still, and finally conquered?

Oh no, the lesson is not vain! It will teach us that—

> 'Freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft, is surely won!'

It will inspire us with the unshaken trust that, though the hosts of the oppressor be a thousand-fold more numerous than the tiny bands of the oppressed, the sense of right gives one arm the strength of a thousand, and renders the persevering combatant for liberty invincible. To all who are disposed to droop and grow faint-hearted, and to forbode evil, at the condition of Europe, even at the present moment, these pictures of the heroic struggles of the brave Greeks are filled with encouragement. The old bad heart of despotism may gather strength for a while and essay another effort, but its very success may but precede its more fearful overthrow. Even in our every-day life, these lessons are useful. We have each our enemies. We often wonder why we have, it may be; but people will fall out with us, and try to oppress us. We succeed in resisting their oppression, and by a manly, though not a vindictive, course we put it down.

But often uprises the tyrant again, and he plots and schemes and prepares such a phalanx of hostility against us that we fear he *will* ruin us this time. The old Greeks had none of that fear. Let us look again at the magnificent lesson they have left us.

We saw, at the conclusion of our last brief survey, that they had overthrown the generals of Darius and their boastful array at Marathon—although but 10,000 Athenians and Platœans were opposed to twenty times that number, at least, of Persian slaves. We saw the relics of the despot's army, after wandering about in the regions north of Greece, at length destroyed or driven across the Hellespont into Asia. The poor Athenians—but they were rich in heroic virtue and independence—had no dreams of revenging themselves upon Darius. They knew they had not strength and means for it; and they were but too happy to be left free and unconquered. Their success had not corrupted their severe taste for democratic freedom. Even Miltiades, who lead them on at Marathon, had been suspected of a wish to play the despot—though the suspicion was false—and he had died in prison. Aristides, who partook also in that great victory, had been banished; and the Athenians were returned, with tenfold vigour, to the work of perfecting their democracy.

It was not so with Darius, the son of Hystaspes. He was exasperated by his defeat, says the venerable Herodotus, and resolving to be revenged, gave orders for men, horses, corn, and ships, to be prepared far outnumbering all former preparations; and Asia was thrown into an agitation for three years, by the collecting of men, and the completion of his new array for invasion. He died, however; for Death is mightier than the proudest kings; and he who was preparing to conquer the world, was himself conquered by the want of breath.

The purpose of a tyrant father was sacred with a tyrant son; and Xerxes, whose name has become symbolical at once of pride and folly—memorable for having led forth the largest army the world ever saw, and for having sustained the most signal defeat—entered speedily upon the same nefarious design of re-invading Greece.

[The collection of the Persian army at Sardis and its march towards the Hellespont, was then narrated. The order of Xerxes, to scourge the Hellespont because its waves had broken up the first bridge, constructed with ropes of papyrus and flax, excited the laughter of the audience. The formation of the second bridge, of the same materials, but resting on boats, and the passage of the barbarian hosts, which occupied, by the testimony of Herodotus, seven days and seven nights—without any intermission, and the troops and their followers, being lashed to quicken their steps—excited breathless attention. The summing up of the army, amounting to two millions and a quarter, and their various dresses, arms, and equipments, at Doriscus, on the European side of the water, presented a forcible picture. The testimony of Herodotus, that reckoning up the sutlers and various attendants of the camp, the whole invading horde amounted to five millions and upwards, the speaker thought was doubtful; but observed, that the statement of the same venerable historian respecting the exhaustion of several small rivers, on their march, was a proof that some very extraordinary number must have formed Xerxes' army of invasion.

The most striking picture was that presented by the death of Leonidas and his Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ. The audience sympathised with the deed of heroism; and no one who witnessed the effect produced could fail to wish that such pictures of self-sacrifice were often presented. The march on Athens, the burning of the city, the sea-fight of Salamis, and the overthrow of his navy, and

flight of Xerxes, swelled the interest of the theme. And the final victory of Platœa, with that of Mycale, in Ionian Asia, on the same day, and the complete self-deliverance of the Greeks, concluded a magnificent picture for which only the history of glorious Hellas can supply the transcendent materials.]

LUXURY *VERSUS* ART.

BY PANTHEA.

MR. EDITOR,—Though I am not an infidel, I have many sympathies with that class of 'considerers,' and look with hope and interest on their progress. This prompts me to offer a few remarks on some passages in last *Reasoner*. At the end of an article on 'Sceptical Progress,' by J. W. L., you say 'I am quite of his opinion, that the appliances of elegance and art are much needed to attain higher adhesion. In No. 100 of the *Reasoner* he will see that I have anxiously pleaded this point.' And on referring thereunto, I find the following—'The hard benches and bare walls of Ebenezer and Bethel neither engage the feelings nor the fancy. Intellectual conceptions never permanently influence the understanding until symbolised in forms and realised in practice. The senses must minister to the imagination, the real must rise to the ideal.'

Amen. But now hear J. W. L. 'Accustomed to judge of the place rather than of the preacher, the audience rather than the matter—a handsome and commodious edifice, with a genteel and well-dressed congregation, will prove the prime incentives to a large attendance.' 'Few well-dressed, or rather finely-dressed ladies will be found among them' [the present audiences] 'and this—with the absence of cushioned seats, "silken-cloaked orators," the solemn and majestic peals of the organ, and all the paraphernalia which characterise the temples of Christianity—forms the great stumbling-block to Sceptical Progress.'

This is not 'raising the real to the ideal,' but sinking it to the conventional.

Luxury may be defined as the ministering of wealth to the senses: Art, as 'the ministering of the senses to the imagination.' Art, therefore, may be considered as a species of luxury: but luxury is not necessarily artistic—it has not, of itself, an elevating and unfolding influence.

I have no quarrel with luxury *per se*. If we were thoroughly pure and strong, it could do us no harm. But it is useless to begin with enacting laws for 'Man as he ought to be'—our present business is with man as he is (the intelligent pursuit of which is the best way to *approach* what 'ought to be'); and it is an undoubted fact, that men are too prone to indolence. They have more need of a stimulus than a cushion. Therefore let us beware how far we carry the desire for ease. The senses are excellent servants, but ruinous masters. Let freethinkers have 'commodious edifices,' and 'solemn organs,' and welcome—but only that they may the more worthily do homage to Truth. If that central reason for art and comfort be lost sight of, if men lean on luxury, and count on their orators gaining an audience, not for their intellect and virtue, but for the sake of their silken cloaks, then be sure that in some quarter of the land, there will be suffering which they will not be able to assist, and chains which they will forget to strike off. Reformers should not be piling up pillows, while there is so much work yet to be done—yet to be begun, even.

Still less should we cultivate luxury for the sake of currying favour with the conventional. The world is not to be improved by 'answering it according to its folly,' but by showing the practicability of something wiser.

Let us manifest good taste in our arrangements by all means, but let it be because 'whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well'—not for the sake of attracting fashionables. People who would come for the sake of looking at 'genteel dresses' had better go to Swan and Edgar's direct.

I cannot conclude without expressing my respect for many things in the article of J. W. L. The suggestion that the halls should be 'preserved sacred to the purposes of instruction and intellectual progress,' and the dancing rooms provided separately—is one I cordially respond to, and am glad to hear expressed.

JENNY LIND—MR. MIALL.

A PARAGRAPH will be observed in this number concerning Jenny Lind, who is likely to abandon theatrical music. Viewed as an act of religious asceticism, the Bishop of Norwich is the last Bishop whom I should have expected to use his influence for such purpose. It is considered by some musicians that Jenny Lind will never do anything for art while she is with Mr. Lumley—while, by devoting herself to sacred music, she may exalt and advance art. If she be about to devote herself to Sacred music, I hope this is the intent. Jenny Lind is the Consuelo of our Opera, and she may have found in the Bishop of Norwich a Porpora. Let us hope for the best. Allied as Jenny Lind is by friendship, if not by marriage, to the Grotes, it is not likely that her fine nature has been left succeptible to the narrowness of mere fanaticism.

Mr. Miall, who is regarded suspiciously by the Dissenters generally, who are reproached by his liberality and surpassed by his practical talents, has finished in the last number of the *Nonconformist* (168) his consideration of the much discussed question, the 'Working Classes and Religious Institutions.' Mr. Miall advises three things for the reclamation of the Working Classes to the Church of Christ, which, on the whole, do credit to his discrimination, but which, we fear, are too advanced to be followed by his brethren. He says:—'The working men may be approached by those interested in winning them to religion in several ways, of which we select as the most likely to conduct to happy results

'1. We may get at them, and gradually secure their good-will, by means of the *press*. But, in order to do this, we must go to work *very differently from what we have done*. [Hear, hear.]

'2. We may enlist the sympathies of working men by evincing a wise solicitude for their *worldly* comfort. [Well conceived.]

'3. The working classes might be improved and softened by more frequent and confiding intercourse with them. They are left to prowling demagogues and lecturers on infidelity. Why do none mingle with them in their Sunday assemblies, and meet the overweening dogmatism of smattering, or the graver allegations of clever, lecturers?'

This is said like a priest. For the respect we bear Mr. Miall we would fain believe that he writes this for his pulpit readers rather than from himself. Cannot he see that these '*prowling* demagogues' may be no less earnest or sincere (though, it may be less, enlightened) than himself? 'Confiding intercourse' with the working classes we as much desire to see established as Mr. Miall; but we put it to him whether it is the best possible spirit to bring it about in, to associate or confound 'lectures on infidelity' with 'prowling demagogues,' and accuse them wholesale of 'overweening dogmatism?'

G. J. H.

Illustrative Notices.

THE last number of the *Church and State Gazette* contains the following advertisement :—'To the Clergy. The discourses of an eminent clergyman, of some station in the church, and the alternate colleague of several celebrated preachers, are to be disposed of. Address, X. Y., Post-office, Abingdon, Berks.' Mr. Noel says in his essay, 'A friend of mine lately heard a sermon of Robert Hall's, interlarded with a few high-church expressions, preached in the parish church of Hithe. I am acquainted with a person who not long ago told me that he was getting his livelihood by writing sermons weekly for clerical correspondents. A clergyman with whom I am acquainted, once told me that he had never written a sermon, and could not write one. I counted lately 150 volumes of second-rate and third-rate sermons in a clergyman's library, containing altogether bout 300 volumes.'

Mr. Brindley has been lecturing in Burnley upon Education, on behalf of the Church of England Literary Institution. The admission to non-members was 6d.

A short time ago, a well-known political opponent of Mr. O'Connor recited to me, in company, two satires, of his own composition, on the Land Company. 'Now, Holyoake,' said he on concluding, 'you publish many things in the *Reasoner*, you dare not publish these.' 'I would not publish the second of them,' I answered, 'as it has not wit enough to make its malevolence palatable. But if you furnish me with a fair copy of the first, I will insert that; as Mr. O'Connor is too genuine an Irishman not to relish a little humorous badinage, even though it be at his own expense. Besides, if it be otherwise, the Land Plan, if based on equity, is not to be laughed down in Hudibrastic lines.' When I came to receive the lines, 'Don't give my name,' said the writer—and he exacted from me a promise not to do it; but I might give it if demanded by Mr. O'Connor. The following are the lines :—

When A lends cash to B, the world supposes
B gets the cash, and A some note that shows it.
When Feargus lends, the loan's another thing—
Which ends where it begins, just like a ring,
There's no receipt to show; and, still more funny,
The lender, not the borrow'r, forks the money.
At all events, the cash is ne'er in sight—
Save when it leaves his left hand for his right;
For be the debt of law, or one of honour,
'Tis only Feargus lending to O'Connor.
'Thus far,' you ll say, 'he speculates not rash;
But then whence comes this interest on his cash?'
Hold, hold! good sir, your unsuspecting heart
But little kens O'Connor's lending art;
Know then, when he accommodates his friends,
He holds of theirs twelve times the sum he lends.
Here is an ample fund, you needs must own,
To yield a fat per centage on his loan.
Should they not pay what interest may accrue,
He writes down *you owe me* for *I O U*—
Which does for them what they neglect to do;
And doing so, *does* the defaulters too—
So nicely he translates the verb *To do*.
'Surely his debtors won't per centage pay
On loans they never saw, nor ever may.'

The religion of Exeter Hall and Miss Mayne is thus described in the new novel of Lucille Belmont:—'There was a Miss Mayne, a near relation of hers, who had entered soon after, and talked enough for all. She was very gaunt, fidgetty, and nervous, and, I afterwards learned, had lately been a regular attendant at Exeter Hall. Within the last three years she had joined a Dissenting congregation in her neighbourhood. Like most Dissenting ladies, she devoted her time to the preparations for, or her purse for purchases at, bazaars. She founded Dorcas societies, and had prayer meetings in the vestries. She was sufficiently versed in the cant of her sect, to find it of service on the present occasion. Turning from Lady Belmont, Dudley remarked to Miss Mayne how deeply Henry was lamented at Christ Church, even by the lowest servants.

'"Oh, Mr. Dudley," she replied, "ought we not rather to rejoice that he is taken from a world of sin and woe into a blessed eternity?"

'"I hope, Mr. Dudley, you will be able to assure me," she continued, "that Henry had entirely deserted that idolatrous worship in which it had pleased his father to educate him. I assure you I did all I could to lead him in the right way, and no one has more sedulously laboured for Miss Belmont's conversion. I used to send him several excellent tracts published by my friend, Mr. Proudhead: one was called 'The Negro Convert; or, Religion made Easy.' Another was 'The Proudhead Guide; or, the Travellers through the Vale of Tears' Road Book.' Beautifully written they are, and they prove, to the entire satisfaction of all those who have the blessing to know Mr. Proudhead and hear him preach (and what a privilege that is, for he is so full of grace!), they prove that all who differ from him will be punished hereafter. Oh, I hope Henry read these books, Mr. Dudley."

'Dudley became very pale and disturbed, for if there was one set of opinions he abhorred, they were those of the Low Church.'

In the *New York Tribune*, January 6, 1849, appeared the following:—'Notice. If the Lord will, there will be a meeting to-morrow (Sunday) at 285, Delancey Street, cor. of Cannon, commencing at 11 o'clock, for those who have rejected the hireling priests and love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. N. B.—Those who contend against the truth are requested to keep away.'

The *Church and State Gazette*, No.362 contains the following remarks on Bishop Trower of Glasgow's excommunication of English Churchmen:—'There appears to be some doubt whether the Rev. Mr. Trower is or is not still a beneficed clergyman in the diocese of Chichester and a rural dean in the English Church. There is *no* doubt that, whether this be the case or not, he *is* officiating as bishop of the Scotch Episcopalians at Glasgow; of which communion one of our bishops has said "that her doctrines are undeniably not the same with those of the Church of England." It has reached us that Bishop Trower is of the same opinion virtually, for that he has actually *excommunicated* the Duke of Argyle and Lord and Lady Blantyre for attending the ministrations at Glasgow of an English ordained clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Miles! We earnestly trust that this foretaste of what may be expected from Tractarians, armed with real power, may have a wholesale effect and operation; and that some clergymen of the diocese of Chichester will bring the matter to an issue, and obtain an authoritative decision whether spiritual persons can at once be members and office-bearers in two communions, which are strongly asserted to differ in doctrine, and undoubtedly differ in discipline.'

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

February 7, 1849.

THE LATE MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, AND ELIZA FLOWER.

A widowed heart still bleeds, and we mourn with it, for the loss of Sarah Flower Adams, the gifted authoress of 'Viva Perpetua,' by whom we were occasionally favoured with poetical notices and criticisms. Mrs. Adams was the younger of two sisters, daughters of Benjamin Flower; to whom, more than to any other man, we owe that liberty of political discussion which has now become identified with our national existence, but which, before his prosecution for plain speaking, in the columns of the *Cambridge Intelligencer* (1799), was known only to the public by its accompanying perils of *ex-officio* informations and constructive high treason; perils which few were then bold enough to confront.

The inspiration of the purest and noblest feelings was the inheritance of his daughters, and found in them its appropriate manifestation in the sister arts of poetry and music. Eliza Flower, in musical composition, attained a higher rank than, before her time, had been reached by any of her sex. Nor is it too much to say, that she has been excelled by no living composer in the particular order of composition to which she devoted herself. The first and as yet but partial collection of her works, entitled 'Adoration, Aspiration, and Belief,' contains strains of an originality and sublimity, combined with a felicitous expression of words, as adapted to congregational and social worship, which have never been surpassed. Another victim of consumption, she died in 1846; and the delicate constitution of her sister gave way, and finally sunk under the blow. — From the Obituary of the *Westminster & Foreign Quarterly Review.*

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 137	..	284	6
A few Miles-Platting friends	..	6	0
Do. do. (On a former occasion)*		1	0
A friend, per publisher	.. ..	5	0
J. P., Dorchester, per Mr. Watson		2	0
L. J., Wandsworth (Quarterly)	.	1	0
		299	6

* The remitter writes, 'when we last sent to your List we sent you forty-eight stamps, which you acknowledged as thirty-six.' I correct the omission as above. The letter did not mention the sum, and the stamps having been laid aside before the remittance was acknowledged, must have given rise to the error.

POETRY.

On a Picture of a very young Nun—*not* reading a devotional book, and *not* contemplating a crucifix placed beside her.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

So young—too young— consigned to cloistral shade,
Untimely wedded—wedded, yet a maid!
And hast thou left no thought, no wish behind,
No sweet employment for the wandering wind,—
Who would be proud to waft a sigh for thee,
Sweeter than aught he steals in Araby?
Thou wert immured—poor maiden—as I guess,
In the blank childhood of thy simpleness;
Too young to doubt, too pure to be ashamed,
Thou gavest to God—what God had never claimed,
And didst unweeting sign away thine all
Of earthly good,—a guiltless prodigal;
The large reversion of thine unborn love
Was sold to purchase an estate above.
Yet by thy hands upon thy bosom prest
I think indeed thou art not quite at rest;
That Christ that hangs upon the sculptured cross
Is not the Jesus to redeem thy loss;—
Nor will that book, whate'er its page contain,
Convince thee that the world is false and vain.
Even now there is a something at thy heart
That would be off,—but may not, dare not start.
Yes, yes,—thy face, thine eyes, thy closed lips prove
Thou wert created to be loved, and love.
Poor Maiden, victim of the vilest craft
At which e'er Moloch grinned or Belial laught,
May all thine aimless wishes be forgiven,
May all thy sighs be registered in Heaven,
And God his mercy and his love impart [art.
To what thou shouldst have been—and what thou

THE FORCE OF TRUTH.

The Rev. E. Bickersteth, in his speech at Exeter Hall, on the occasion of the distribution of prizes for the 'Sabbath Essays,' remarked, that 'Infidels were bold and confident. Christians must be bolder and more confident still.'

We should like to ask the rev. gentleman how it is that infidels have been more 'bold and confident' than Christians? That they have been so, in his opinion, is clearly to be inferred from the above passage.

What is it that makes us 'bold and confident' generally? Is it truth or falsehood? Is it honour or shame? Is it benevolence or oppression? Is it justice or tyranny? Is it charity or selfishness? Nothing but the strong desire for truth and justice can make us feel 'bold and confident;' and, to his honour be it spoken, it was this principle that compelled the Rev. E. Bickersteth to make the declaration, in a purely religious meeting, that 'Infidels' had been 'bold and confident.' J. H.

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

Literary Institute, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—Feb. 11, (12, a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'On Writing to Editors.' (7) Mr. R. Buchanan, 'The Year of Revolutions, 1848.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Feb. 11, (7) Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Brief Review of the Peloponnesian War.'

☞ *Editorial Communications* are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

Monthly Parts.—The *Reasoner*, in a stiff wrapper, is ready for delivery in Monthly Parts on Magazine day. The Wrapper contains Lists of all Agents of the *Reasoner*, and all News and Coffee Rooms where it is taken in.

Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

Branch and other Communications for the Officers of the Rational Society are to be addressed to 23, John Street, Fitzroy Square—and their Post-office Orders made payable at 103, Tottenham Court Road.

Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

STRAUSS'S LIFE OF JESUS.

A gentleman who has been pleased to see the excellent translation of Strauss's great work brought out by Chapman, had also expressed regret at its high price, which prevented the working classes from obtaining it. He was answered that the people had no taste for such works, and he desires to ascertain this by experiment. To this end he has left a copy of Chapman's Strauss at our publisher's, to be lent out at a nominal charge—2d. per week for a single volume. A report of the number of applications will be looked forward to with interest.

JENNY LIND.

We have been informed that, since Jenny Lind's visit to the Bishop of Norwich, a decided change has taken place in her sentiments regarding operatic performances. Worked upon by the Right Rev. Prelate, it is confidently asserted, she will henceforth confine her talents to oratorios and concerts, and eschew the stage. The result is a panic in the West End, while Mr. Lumley is in hysterics at the prospect of losing the 'Nightingale' the ensuing opera season. Within the present week, we believe, the fair *cantatrice* was waited upon to induce her to change her resolution, but without effect. We are in a position to say that the foregoing statement, in its leading particulars, is substantially correct.—*Spirit of the Age*, No. 27.

ANALOGY'S DOUBLE TEACHINGS.

Analogy teaches that contrivance precedes anything which 'appears put together for a purpose.' True. But it also teaches there can be no contrivance without previous observation of the uniform actions and properties of matter. This observation is the foundation of art and science. These so-called Laws of Nature teach us to design; and if we must infer they have a designer in order to satisfy our inquiries, we must just as plainly infer that their designer must have observed other laws to teach him to design. Paley and modern theologians preach, from analogy, that invention precedes the properties and actions of matter, whereas the same analogy as plainly teaches that these precede and suggest invention. The very argument by which they attempt to prove that mind is the lawgiver or ruler of matter, teaches, with equal force, that the phenomena of nature rule mind and suggest all its varied ideas, and forces us back on the very theory they attempt to demolish, namely, that of an everlasting succession of causes and effects.

J. S.

BIRTH-DAY OF PAINE IN IPSWICH.

At the weekly meeting of the Ipswich Utilitarian Society, held at the house of the secretary, Mr. J. Cook, Upper Orwell-street, on Sunday evening, Jan. 28, it being the eve of the anniversary of the birth-day of Paine, it was thought, in justice to his memory, that some fitting resolution approbatory of his principles should be adopted by the meeting. Therefore, Mr. Spilling, after a very able address, proposed the following resolution:—'That the members of the Ipswich Utilitarian Society desire, upon this the eve of the anniversary of the birth-day of Thomas Paine, to express their admiration of his genius and character, as having been the first in modern times to ignite the torch of freedom and raise the standard of political truth:' which was seconded by Mr. Cook, and adopted by a full meeting of friends and members.

Afterwards, Mr. Spilling delivered an excellent lecture upon the first book of Cooper's 'Purgatory of Suicides,' being the first of a course to be delivered every alternate Sunday evening, to the conclusion of the work, one book being taken at each lecture. The lecture gave general satisfaction. A lecture fund was also founded for the purpose of securing the services of some public lecturer in Ipswich.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The *Christian Advocate and Journal* says that the completion of the minutes of the annual conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for 1848, shows an increase in the membership of 7,508. This includes only the annual conferences of the northern division of the church.—*Evangelist*, as quoted in the *Nonconformist*, No. 167.

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE-HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers, accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. Walker. (The suggestion has been made before in the *Reasoner*.)—Panthea. (There is an error in the criticism.)—J. Craig (and enclosure.)—L. J., Wandsworth. (The occurrence referred to will be found in some latter number of the *People*. Mr. Watson could send it. The supposition is correct.)—F. Grant. (The M.S. will receive careful attention.)—W. N. (The article shall appear.)—T. Meehan.

RECEIVED.—*Manchester Spectator*, No. 4, from W. F.—*Spectator*, (London) No. 1072, from W. J. B.—*Potters' Examiner*.—J. A. Side.—Jam Craig.—*Ethnological Journals* for January February.—R. Causey.—J. Shepherd.—R: nish, per W. Sanderson, for Carlile Monun ls.—Christian Evidence Association.—J. W.

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The Reasoner.

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GUIZOT—COBDEN—THE 'CHRISTIAN TIMES.'

Everybody capable of disinterested judgment is aware that the worship of the Hindoo God is as sincere as the worship of the Christian God. That which we call idolatry is but worship addressed to a false object. But idolatry in itself is found to be pernicious, and therefore, whether addressed to a true or false object, is inimical to that impartiality of judgment which is necessary for the political conduct of human affairs.

Guizot, in his recent essay on Democracy, finds that the *idolatry* of this form of government is the great impediment in the way of reason triumphing. His words are:—'This fundamental idea [the Idolatry of Democracy] is to be found, explicitly or implicitly, in the language of all the leaders of the Social Republic, though all do not avow, and some are perhaps not even conscious that they entertain it. M. Proudhon appears to me the one among them who knows best what he thinks and what he wishes: he appears to show the firmest and most consistent understanding in his detestable dreams.'

By all this Guizot seems to suppose that a great deal is taken on faith instead of on political reason. The same is true of all idolatry, religious as well as political—in true as well as false worship: but we do not see the evil so plainly in a worship which we approve, as when manifested in a worship which we detest.

At the recent Manchester meeting, Mr. Cobden concluded his speech in these remarkable words:—'I don't ask, and I won't be misunderstood, I don't ask my friends to put themselves in the position to be taunted with desiring instantly to abolish all armaments, and to abandon every means of defence, I don't ask them to put themselves in that position—I don't ask if that be the position most tenable—I mean most tenable when referred to the highest of all standards, the New Testament.' It is hard to tell whether Mr. Cobden intends to cite the New Testament to the House of Commons as a rule of political action. In one sense I hope so. Not so far as political progress is concerned, but for the sake of testing the real piety of the House of Commons. A great parade of Christian sentiment is made in St. Stephen's occasionally, and when the New Testament is offered as an authority against state dicta, we shall see at what value it is estimated.

The *Christian Times*, in several recent weeks, has placed placard notices at the end of Crane Court, Fleet Street, intended to be exciting. One time quiet people were astonished by an announcement of 'Impiety of Revolutionists.' Again (in No. 18), 'Revolting Disclosures of the Atheistic Character of the German Democracy.' You rush to buy the paper, and you find all is pretension. The article has the heading you expect, but not a single fact to reward your search. In one line you read 'Blum was an atheist'—in another, 'Then as to atheism, we shudder at the disclosures of our valued German Correspondent.' But lo! an examination, till your eyes ache, reveals no single line from this 'valued Correspondent' beyond inflated rhapsodies on 'miscreant multitudes,' with 'liberty in their mouths and the foulest passions in their hearts.' A day or two ago this ingenious journal connected 'Socialism and Atheism' together, but not a syllable in justification thereof was forthcoming. Does the law afford no redress for the victims of false expectations?

George Jacob Holyoake.

CHARLES ELWOOD, OR THE INFIDEL CONVERTED.

EXAMINED BY W. CHILTON.

[Concluded from page 88.]

MR. HOWARD considers *all truths* as commands of God, and that whoever promulgates a new truth has a right to say, 'Thus saith the Lord,' (p. 101.) This is a startling and a dangerous doctrine, and the consequences which it involves are not seen at the first glance. All men believe themselves to be the possessors of truth; are they all justified, then, in virtue of such belief, in asserting their opinions to be the commands of God, and in saying, 'Thus saith the Lord?' Christianity, Mohammedanism, and Budhism are equally believed to be true by their followers, and they each say, 'Thus saith the Lord;' but we know that the assumed truths of each are denied by each. There cannot be three sorts of truth, differing with each other, and yet all and each be equally true. God can neither lie nor contradict himself: who then can say which of these truths *are* true? or whether either of them is true? But, in addition, each of these systems of theology is divided into an immense number of sects, between some of which there is as much difference as there is between the rival systems out of which they spring, yet each and every sect says, in reference to what it conceives to be true—'*Thus* saith the Lord.' The error of this and other writers lies in *assuming* that religion contains *any* truths. The end and aim of religion is to fit men for intimate association with the Diety in *another* world; the morality which is mixed up with religion has nothing whatever to do with religion, properly so called, but belongs to the science of morals or conduct, for our practice in *this* world, and solely in relation to our fellows here. If there are any truths in religion, they cannot be *realised* or proved *here*, neither can they be *disproved* here. Robert Dale Owen has said that a man may assert that there are inhabitants in the Moon who carry their heads under their arms—and who can disprove it? Nothing less than a journey to our satellite could determine the truth or falsehood of such assertion; and it is only by a journey to the *other world* that the truth or falsehood of the asserted truths of religion can be established—when all proof, either one way or the other, is valueless as respects the denizens of *this world*. A simple recital of the fundamental (assumed) truths of the Christian religion will be sufficient to show that I am justified in making the above assertion. 1. The Christian asserts that this earth was specially created to serve as a preparatory school for man. [Some—Dr. Harris, to wit—affirming, also, that the whole of the universe besides was likewise created for his entertainment and instruction.] 2. That man was created perfect, in the image of his maker; but that he blurred and marred that image by a foul crime, which rendered him liable to death eternal, unless his sin could be expiated by some foreign instrumentality. 3. That the expiation or atonement for man's sin was made by God himself, who suffered a *mortal* death in order to procure for man an *immortal* life: that is, he died in the flesh that man might be enabled to live in the spirit. 4. Which living in the spirit through eternity involves the possession by man of an immaterial, immortal soul. These four truths, as they are called, *may* be facts, but they rest solely upon faith—they can never be proved here, more particularly the last, which is the most important of all. Yet men have asserted for ages, with respect to all of them, that the Lord had proclaimed them. In the opinion of some, I know, it is not considered of any consequence whether the thing asserted be a fact or not, so long as it tends, or is supposed to tend, to the interests of morality and religion; but there are men, and I am among the number, who think that the end cannot sanctify the means,

and that a lie or a questionable truth can never securely establish or permanently benefit a cause. If none *but* truths—demonstrable or unquestionable truths—were ever put forward as the commands of God, I would not object, though a sceptic of such existence, to men saying of such truths, 'Thus says the Lord;' but we know that the most ridiculous and palpable falsehoods have been given to the world and believed in upon such authority. I have paid more attention to the matter than I otherwise should have done, because this doctrine of Mr. Howard is the reflex of a fundamental principle of German transcendentalism, as expounded by Kant and Fichte—that all ideas and all truths are subjective not objective, conceptive not perceptive: in other words, that we do not arrive at truth by an examination and comparison of external objects and circumstances, which would be to derive our knowledge objectively, but through an inherent property of the mind or subject. If this transcendental philosophy be true, science is knocked on the head forthwith; for of what value are the masses of recorded facts of astronomy and geology, if we are to be told that truth lies in man and not in nature? According to this philosophy, every individual is created an absolute judge of what is true, from whose decision there is no ultimate appeal. Had these opinions prevailed in the time of Galileo, the monks might have looked through his tube without hesitation, and even then denied the existence of the planets of which he spake. 'The initiative and great principle of the philosophy of Kant is, that all our knowledge is *subjective* not *objective*—that is, that *it does not come to the mind from without*, but is *put upon* external things, as forms belonging to the mind itself.' According to Mr. Carlyle's exposition of this philosophy, *matter exists only as a phenomenon:* 'were *we* not here, neither would matter be here!.....The tree is green and hard, *not of its own natural virtue*, but simply because my eye and my hand are fashioned so as to discern such and such appearances, under such and such conditions. "*There is, in fact* (says Fichte), *nothing there*, but only a manifestation of power from something that is *not!*"' Kant and Fichte and Schlegel declared these opinions to be 'absolute truths,' the results of 'pure reason,' and deposed all other expounders of truths who differed from them. Supposing the disciples of these men were to prefix to the above opinions, 'Thus saith the Lord,' would *that* constitute them 'commands of God?' Mr. Howard, to be consistent, would say—'Yes;' what does common sense say?

A pertinent illustration of the mischief of Mr. Howard's doctrine is furnished by Thomas De Quincy, in *Tait's Magazine*: 'Calvin, whilst amiably engaged in hunting Servetus to death, and writing daily letters to his friends, in which he expresses his hope that the executive power would not think of burning the poor man, since really justice would be quite satisfied by cutting his head off, meets with some correspondents who conceive (idiots that they were!) even that little amputation not indispensable. But Calvin soon settles *their* scruples. You don't perceive, he tells them, what this man has been about. When a writer attacks popery, it's very wrong in the Papists to cut his head off; and why? Because he has only been attacking error. But here lies the difference in this case; Servetus has been attacking the *truth*. Do you see the distinction my friends? Consider it, and I am sure you will be sensible that this quite alters the case. It is shocking, it is perfectly ridiculous, that the Bishop of Rome should touch a hair of any man's head for contradicting *him;* and why? Because, do you see? *he* is wrong. On the other hand, it is evidently agreeable to philosophy, that I, John Calvin, should shave off his hair, and, indeed, the head itself (as I heartily hope will be done in this present case) of any man presumptuous enough to contradict *me;* but then, why? For a reason that makes all the difference in the world, and which,

one would think, idiocy itself could not overlook, viz., that I, John Calvin, am right—right, through three degrees of comparison—right, righter, or more right, rightest, or most right. Calvin fancied that he could demonstrate his own impartiality.' This is a common case. Calvin fancied that the opinions which he held were truths, and he promulgated them as the commands of God; and because Servetus disputed them, he burnt him. Mr. Howard would deny Calvin's right to burn Servetus as well as the truth of Calvin's opinions; but Calvin would defend his vile act by the Bible, and his right to assert his opinions as the commands of God, upon Mr. Howard's own grounds, namely, that of whatever a man conceives to be true he is justified in saying, 'Thus saith the Lord.'

There is a chapter on 'God,' which, as a perfect marvel of non-understandable mysticism, I should have liked to have transcribed: but space in the *Reasoner* is too valuable. The God which Charles Elwood accepts to fill the void in his mind is eminently transcendental—a god of the Kant and Fichte school. The chapter concludes as follows:—'To the question, then (said Mr. Morton, the preacher, to Charles Elwood), What is God? The best answer I can give is, that he is the Unseen, Unchangeable, and Permanent Reality of this mighty apparition the which men call nature or the universe. *You may say that this answer is vague and unsatisfactory, that it defines nothing.* Be it so. I began by saying that God cannot be defined. He is indefinable because he is infinite, and infinite is that which cannot be defined. Nevertheless this answer, I think, with the remarks I have made, will help you, not to comprehend the Incomprehensible, but to apprehend it.' I must confess to my utter inability to 'apprehend' this incomprehensible. This transcendental God completely transcends my powers of comprehension and apprehension. 'God,' says Mr. Merton, 'is spirit.....spirit is *something* to be described chiefly by negatives; we can easily tell *what it is not*, but *not so easily* what it is... ..the spiritual is always the Real, the Substantial, in opposition to those who regard it as chimerical, as merely imaginary. Hence, also, that which we regard as the real, the substantial, is always the Invisible,' and the Incomprehensible. 'That which is seen, *which we examine with our senses*, is never to us, *did we but know it*, the thing itself. *It is mere appearance, shadow*, pointing to a reality back of it, *a substance* which sends it forth, but which it is not.' This is the Berkleyan philosophy as elaborated by Fichte: nothing is real but the unreal, the invisible, the intangible—spirit is substance, and substance or matter is shadow.

Following the chapter on 'God,' is one entitled 'Demonstration,' the professed purpose of which is to futher explain what Mr. Morton means by God, and to demonstrate his existence. The reasoning of both chapters is decidedly Pantheistic, and we have a very fine-drawn distinction between vulgar Pantheism and transcendental Pantheism, which Mr. Morton advocates, as far as I can understand him. He says 'Pantheism is of two sorts; one, a *low* sort of Pantheism, *identifies God with nature*—this is properly atheism: the other *sinks nature in God*, and recognises no existence but that of God—this was the Pantheism of the famous Spinoza, which some people have been foolish enough to call atheism. Spinoza was so absorbed in the idea of God, that *he* could see nothin else.' Are we to infer that there is nothing else, because Spinoza and M Morton fail to see it? With sincere respect for the opinions of many estimab individuals who espouse Pantheism, I must say that I think it a most inuti philosophy, a labyrinth of perverted reasoning, the most vicious of all viciou circles. Compare what follows upon 'Creation' with what I have quoted upo God. 'You will bear in mind (says Mr. Morton), that we have found God as

cause, not a potential cause, occasionally a cause, accidentally a cause, but absolute cause, cause in itself, always a cause, and everywhere a cause. Now, a cause that causes nothing is no cause at all. If, then, God be a cause, he must cause something, that is create. Creation then is necessary.' 'Do you mean to say (says Elwood) that God lies under the necessity of creating?' 'God lies under nothing, for he is over all, and independent of all. The necessity of which I speak is not a foreign necessity, but a necessity of his own nature. What I mean is, he cannot be what he is without creating. It would be a contradiction in terms to call him a cause, and to say that he causes nothing.' 'But out of what does God create the world? out of nothing as our old catechisms have it?' 'Not out of nothing, certainly, *but out of himself*, out of his own fulness.' We are told, first, that God is 'the unseen, *unchangeable*, and *permanent reality* of this mighty APPARITION which men call *nature*'—and then, that this seen, changeable, and 'mighty apparition' called nature, is created *out of* the 'unseen, unchangeable, and permanent reality' called God: that God is the only 'reality,' the only 'substance,' yet that nature, which is formed out of God's fulness, out of himself, is 'mere appearance, shadow,' and *not* substance—a 'mighty apparition' only. Is there no absurdity, no contradiction, here? The unseen, the unchangeable, and the permanent, creating *out of itself* the seen, the changeable, and the unreal! Verily, I cannot understand it—I write myself down ignorant.

There are chapters on Supernaturalism, the Bible, and the Church—all equally ingenious with those on God and Creation, and, at the same time, all equally fallacious and unsatisfactory. A number of other salient points in the work merit attention, had one a six-shilling review instead of a twopenny periodical to notice them in. 'Charles Elwood,' nevertheless, is a step in the right direction: it appears to be a feather thrown up to test the direction of theological opinion in the present day, and I trust its influence will be great, and that it will lead thousands to its way of thinking, though that way is not mine; for a world of Elwoods and Howards would be an Elysium compared with a world of John Angell Jameses and Dr. Campbells.

A CARD FOR THE CLERGY.

We find the following advertisement in the columns of our friend, the *Morning Post*, January 24:—

'TO THE CLERGY.—To be disposed of, some Manuscript SERMONS, never preached, written in a Plain, Practical, and Persuasive style, and in a most legible hand. Price half-a-guinea each. Apply, &c.'

It seems to us that this indicates a very excellent and convenient process. Suppose a clergyman is engaged at a pleasant party on Saturday—let us say a snug whist party. Under ordinary circumstances, he would naturally go home, and with his Cruden, Adam Clarke, Scott, and Doddridge, would get up his discourses for the sacred morrow. But the above advertisement puts him in the way of doing his duty at once to his company and his congregation. He begs his host the boy in buttons run down, in the course of the evening, to Regent Street, reference in the *Post*) and fetch him up a couple of sermons. Then, with a quil mind, he cuts for partners, and, if trumps fall kindly, by the time Augus- ready, and comes in to know whether he is 'to ask for any particular kind course,' our amiable friend will have won enough silver (between points and to avoid going on tick for his theology.

The alliterations in the advertisement are truly pleasing, and if the sermons are in the same style, they would go far to fix the authorship on our lively contemporary, the *Puppet Showman*. If they are of a jocular turn (such things are: did not Rowland Hill once address a certain congregation near the Thames, 'O, you Wapping sinners!') as the announcement implies, we should like to see a few of them. But we think the advertiser does himself injustice. Why not publish a tariff, which, like the wine card of the hotel, might hang up over the mantelpiece of every operative clergyman? Something of this kind:—

Sermon Card.

	£	s.	d.
Plain, useful Discourse, suitable to a poor flock	0	10	0
Ditto, made with moveable additions, to fit in when any distinguished member of the congregation attends	0	15	0
Ditto, with quotations, warranted, and the accents all marked, from the last gradus	0	18	6
Cotroversial discourse, warranted sound	1	0	0
Evangelical ditto (Baptist Noel pattern)	1	0	0
Puseyite ditto (Dodsworth pattern)	1	0	0
Charity Sermon, with blanks for the object	0	16	6
Ditto, with authentic accounts of the latter happy ends of several converted charity boys	0	18	0
Missionary ditto, with horrible descriptions of the savage practices of savage heathens, warranted to create sensation	1	5	0
Additional Anecdotes, and narrative of the eating, by Friendly Islanders, of the Rev. Pluffy Toughenough	0	7	6
Sermon for Lodge of Freemasons or Odd-Fellows, (with the proper signs and grimaces marked in the margin, and diagrams)	2	2	0
Sermon for a fashionable chapel (where none but subscribers for the season have *entrée*) showing the dreadful wickedness of mere professional people, and other plebians, and including a useful suggestion not to stay at the Opera (unless upon express occasions) after 12 on Saturday night	5	5	0
Ditto, for East end chapels, showing the dreadful wickedness of the aristocracy, and of the democracy, with hints against excess in the use of false weights and measures	2	2	0
Ditto, for 'miserable districts,' showing the lustrous virtue of our betters, with denunciations against every kind of vulgar vice, discontent, and idleness, and on the duty of some people's thankfulness that they are allowed to live at all. N.B.—This sermon has been approved of by the Bishop of London	0	5	0
Sermon for the Court, with intonations marked, and gestures indicated. Warranted free from the slightest vulgarism of phrase, and from any expression which can leave the slightest unfavourable impression, or any impression at all, except that of elegant words, gracefully delivered, and not many of them. In velvet cover, gilt, and with Royal arms	10	10	0

N.B.—Dissenters treated with on liberal terms. Several hundred excellent Unitarian Sermons (with extracts from radical newspapers in them) a bargain. Jumpers', Shakers', and Plymouth-Brethren's orders executed carefully. Howls in the Unknown Tongue, Sixpence each.—*Man in the Moon*, for February 1849.

M. CABET'S CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

'We will not inquire whether we ought to judge and speak with frankness and independence, or whether—because the past generation, debarred from discussion, deceived by a thousand falsehoods, dazzled by false glory, tolerated and even applauded the Empire—future generations, better acquainted with truth, ought to ratify and perpetuate undeserved applause. We should also praise, if we liked despotism and slavery; but we shall blame, because we desire progress, liberty, equality, justice, morality, the brotherhood of nations, and the regeneration of mankind. However, nobody deplores more sincerely than we the errors and faults of Napoleon; for rare are the talents and circumstances which can give to one man so powerful an influence over the fate of men. But the facts are there, irrevocable, indestructible, and it is unfortunately the facts which are Napoleon's accusers.

'A man of mind, of capacity, of imagination, of character, where can we perceive in him the movements of the *man of heart?* If he had loved mankind and desired its happiness, he would have encouraged philosophy, protected ideology, whilst directing public opinion; he would have allowed discussion, and have given to youth a real education; he would have endeavoured to better the material condition of the people, to improve their morals and intellect, to raise their dignity by restoring their rights; he would have driven away egotism and vice, and favoured devotedness and virtue. But it was pride and vanity that inspired him, the love of power and dominion; it was the passion of renown, of celebrity, of noise, of the glory of battles and conquests, of immortality like that of Alexander and Tamerlane. Deifying himself, he despised the rest of mankind, whilst desiring their superstitious idolatry; he would have flatterers, slaves, and soldiers; he chose the glory of fettering all peoples, of enslaving all kings, of founding a new dynasty, of making it the oldest in Europe by changing all the ancient ones, and of proclaiming himself universal emperor by declaring the other kings his vassals.

'Essentially unjust in its origin and aim, could this insane ambition be other than iniquitous in its means? Did any one ever make more use than he did, from first to last, of ruse, falsehood, perfidious promises, and deception? Who, more than him, employed brute force, violated all restraint, trampled on all laws? What is there impossible to a man who slanders his adversaries as he did on the 18th Brumaire, who violently deposes sixty of the most courageous representatives of the people, and causes to be carried off by soldiers, to be transported or assassinated, 130 leaders of the republican party?

'Once in possession of the supreme power, he spoke no more nor would allow others to speak of the Revolution, nor of our National Assemblies, nor of our revolutionary exploits; he would blot out all record of them for future generations; newspapers, literature, the drama, public festivals, religion, public instruction, official speeches, monuments, drawings, paintings, sculpture—everything was seized and monopolised by him; he allowed nothing to be seen and spoken of but himself; he wished to make men believe that nothing was done till he appeared, that everything proceeded from his head and from his hands, even the Civil Code drawn up in 1789; he would be the unique man, as though uniting in himself the past, the present, and the future. If he spoke of the Revolution, it was to blame, to censure, to condemn it, or rather to slander and villify it; Nation of '89, National Assemblies, generous reformers, constitutions sublime compared to the past, heroic people of '92 and '93, martyrs of liberty and humanity—all are objects of his disdain, his contempt, and his proscription. All his acts, moreover,

were war against the Revolution. He overturned all it had raised—the declaration of rights, the sovereignty of the people, the constituent rights, the national representation, the right of election, political liberty, freedom of the press, the right of meeting, the class of moral and political sciences at the institute, the republican calendar, the Pantheon, in fine the Republic and its daughters, and the fraternity of nations.

'He re-established everything it had destroyed—monarchy, the coronation by the clergy, the legitimacy of divine right, despotism, the court, the royal tombs of Saint Denis, the Pope and Catholicism, the emigrants, nobility, the aristocracy, the body-guards, insignia of knighthood, arms, liveries, privileges, monopolies, entails, feudality, the *cabinet noir* [letter-opening office], *lettres de cachet*, state-prisons, etc. In one word, fostered from the cradle by France, at first revolutionary like her, Jacobin, Montagnard, a friend of the Robespierres, taking the title of *the champion of liberal ideas*, ungrateful child of the Revolution, he repudiated, slandered, and stabbed his mother.

'And his despotism was most heavy, brutal, intolerable; it was the pretorian or military despotism, the despotism of Imperial Rome, the despotism of the sabre. The soldiers being all in all to him, he sacrificed everything to them; he abused their ignorance and confidence, corrupted them, and developed in them all the military passions, the lust of conquest and supremacy. Thus perverted, these soldiers, so patriotic under the Committee of Public Safety, no longer treated their fellow-citizens otherwise than as conquered people.....His generals being necessary to him, he tolerated their plundering, and pillage became one of the scourges of his times.....In order to maintain his usurpation, he called to his aid egotism, cupidity, and ambition; he availed himself of all the vile and anti-social passions; he demoralised and corrupted, he enriched and honoured his accomplices, his flatterers, and lackeys.

'See what he said, at St. Helena, of Talleyrand and of Fouché: "Talleyrand is a cynic—corrupt, always ready to sell himself, and everybody and everything else, to the highest bidder—who has betrayed all parties and men. The triumph of Talleyrand is the triumph of immorality.....He proposed to me to murder the Bourbons. He wanted one million a head." And this man whom he knew so well, he appointed him his minister! He made him Grand Elector, Prince of Benevento, President of the Senate!

'"Fouché never enjoyed my confidence nor esteem.....He had been a Terrorist, one of the Jacobin chiefs.....He betrayed and sacrificed his comrades and accomplices.....He was a wretch of all colours, a priest." And yet he made him his minister, senator, Duke of Otranto!

'He might have re-established Poland, and he would not. He ratified the partition, and guaranteed the shares of his father-in-law and of Alexander.

'But the labouring class, it is said, had employment and high wages. Yes, but for a time, because there were few able-bodied workmen left, but only old men, invalides, women, and girls who could not find husbands. Young men he considered as *cannon-meat*. He expended his soldiers as he did his powder, and strewed with more than five millions of corpses, French and foreigners, the fields of Italy, Egypt, Germany, Prussia, Russia, and France.

'After the peace of Amiens he was attacked because his ambition, his usurpations destroyed the equilibrium of Europe, and threatened the independence of all sovereigns and peoples.....He rendered war necessary, without consulting the senate or the nation. Returning through Grenoble, in March 1815, he said himself: "I have been too fond of warfare; I will make war no more, but leave my

neighbours quiet." He condemned himself.....He committed a crime under the pretext of saving the Republic and France; if in the morning he made conquests which raised the number of Departments to 130, he lost them again in the evening. He even lost Belgium and the Rhine frontier, acquired before he appeared; he delivered the country and the capital to the Coalition, to the Restoration, after having wrung from France, between 1805 and 1813, more than two millions of soldiers, whom he caused to be slaughtered.....When we see the fatal path he chose, instead of following the glorious career opened to him by fortune; when we see him prefer the vain glory of being the dread of the world to the ineffable delight of being the regenerator and the benefactor of nations; when we consider his faults (and no man ever committed faults so numerous and great), is it not doubtful whether posterity will call this *extraordinary* being a *man of genius*?'

PROUDHON AT VAUDEVILLE.

A MUCH noised dramatic piece, brought out at the Theâtre du Vaudeville, in Paris, in ridicule of the axiom put forth by Proudhon, that all property is robbery, had the following scene—at which Proudhon could afford to laugh as much as the wits of Paris:—

The hero, M. Bonnichon, appears; his clothes in disorder; and he recounts, with a terrified air, how he had been seized by a cabman as he was in the act of stepping into a neighbour's shop to buy two sous' worth of cord; how the cabman, insisting on his right to labour, lifts him bodily from the ground, flings him into the vehicle, and drives him, at a most rapid pace, for three hours, through the streets of Paris, and at length brings him back to the shop door which was only a few paces from his own. The only answer to his complaints is, a reference to the decree of the Republic, recognising the rights of labour. Bonnichon dismally exhibits his *ficelle* which, instead of two sous, has cost him 4f. 95c., without taking into account the injury done to his hat, the wear and tear of his nether garment, and sixty or seventy bruises he received in his struggles to free himself from abduction. But Madame Bonnichon has also her own share of the troubles, which, however, the love for finery imputed to the fair sex induces her to bear with more resignation, though they do not diminish the irritation of her husband. Five-and-twenty mantua-makers, in the exercise of the sacred right guaranteed by the Republic, insist each upon furnishing the lady with a rich dress; so that her wardrobe, which, at least since the expulsion from the garden, was well supplied, is now furnished to superfluity. The dresses are made, and the bill—the husband is forced to pay. He predicts his speedy ruin. But this is the least of his troubles. In virtue of the famous decree, hundreds of *citoyens*, of all trades and callings, flock to his house, and, without notice or leave, at once enter on the exercise of their respective professions. Upholsterers' journeymen tear down the paper from his walls, which were already in good condition. He remonstrates, but they show him the decree. When every other expostulation is unheeded, he objects to the pattern of the tapestry; but they warn him, at his peril, not to refuse or object to 'the paper of the Republic.' Slaters, in virtue of the rights of labour, remove the roof from his house, to cover it with a new one; masons demolish his walls, uild them up again; carpenters break to pieces his doors, and tear up his ; painters lavish on all sides their white, red, and blue; glaziers smash every in his windows to speedily renew them; porters insist upon removing his iture to a new house which he has never taken, and never seen; *porteurs d'eau* date his bedroom with torrents of water, and finding no other vessel to receive d, actually pour it into his boots! Bonnichon becomes exhausted, he falls

to the ground in despair, but he is soon roused by a new demand, which well-nigh drives him to frenzy. A dentist out of employment, with the decree in his hand, rushes in and claims to exercise his art on the gums of M. Bonnichon. He takes his instruments from his pocket, seizes on his victim, and insists on extracting the best tooth in his head. This is too much. The wretched proprietor of the tooth rushes forth in despair; but he is followed by his tormentor, who at length succeeds in tearing from his jaw his best *molaire*—the whitest and soundest ever given to mortal! This enforcement of the rights of labour convulsed the audience.

SPIRITUAL INTRIGUES IN BURNLEY.

SIR,—Under the head of 'A Step in the Right Direction,' the *Wesleyan Times*, of Jan. 15th ult., says:—'The leading gentlemen of the Wesleyan Society in Burnley have entered with spirit and perseverance on a project worthy of their character for Christian zeal and liberality. The society and congregation contain a number of young men who have long exhibited a strong disposition for the attainment of sound literary information, but have not heretofore been favoured with a proper and efficient organisation and other accommodations requisite for the profitable and successful prosecution of so laudable an object. The consequence is they have been under the necessity of seeking instruction from sources strongly imbued with *infidelity* and *anti-Christian principles*. In order to supply this desideratum, the above gentlemen have engaged some rooms in a central position of the town, and are now fitting them up in a way highly creditable to their taste, judgment, and generosity: and they intend supplying them with periodicals, papers, standard books, &c., for the young men of their society and the town generally. There is no doubt that it will be properly appreciated, and will render an excellent auxiliary to the society.'

Now, sir, the reason given as to why these gentlemen are compelled to open an institution of their own is not exactly true, as the only acknowledged infidel upon the Board of the Mechanics' Institution is our friend Dr. Uttley, a man who perhaps has worked harder for the Mechanics' Institution than any other man. The general opinion in the town is, that this institution is got up (like the Church of England Literary Institution) because the constitution of the Mechanics' Institute admits of the eligibility of *all* the members becoming directors. The consequence has been that there have yearly been upon the Board men of all persuasions, such as Churchmen, Wesleyans, Catholics, and Freethinkers. But it appears now that the Churchman and the Wesleyan, in the plenitude of their Christian zeal and *charity*, could not sit down by the Catholic and the Infidel: neither could they brook the idea of a man like Dr. Uttley, holding the principles he does, to possess any influence in the society. But the Mechanics' Institution is far from being as liberal as it ought to be. Therefore, we are desirous of setting the public right upon such an accusation as the *Wesleyan* lays to its charge. Party politics and religion are excluded from the Mechanics' Institution. In a library composed of more than three thousand volumes, there is not one volume of a free-thinking or of an irreligious tendency—not even such a book as the 'Vestiges of Creation.' A deputation in this town recently waited upon Mr. Hopwood, a manufacturer and a Wesleyan, and, in conversation with him, they informed him that a number of young men had applied to the Directors of the Mechanics' Institute, wishing them to change one of Chambers's class books and substitute for it the Bible—but that the directors sternly refused. This the directors state to be a fabrication—that there never was such an application made to them.

G. EDWARDS.

CHARTIST ADVOCACY.

DEAR GEORGE,—An embargo has been laid on your *Reasoner* for somewhat about a fortnight, under a supposition that it was solely devoted to the advocacy of the views of Robert Owen; but as it has been ascertained that it is devoted to the development of truth in general, it has at length been admitted, and I am now in possession of No. 138—which I have read with much pleasure. It is high time that the small portion of the genus Homo who have received that modicum of education, either from men or books, to enable them to form an opinion, should look upon things as they are, and exchange ideas without uncharitableness, prejudice, or dogmatism. It would be well if all social and political reformers would adopt such as their rule of action, and that all propositions were taken at their instric value, in the same manner as a marketable commodity. If such were the case generally we Chartists might perhaps escape from some of the indirect censures cast upon us. You should consider that the Chartists are subject to the same feelings as other men, and that however you may feel it necessary to repudiate the *acts* of some of them, they have the same defence, and a vast deal more of reason on their side, than the educated and wealthy who oppose them. The actions of the one result from strong feelings of injustice to which they are subjected, and which they have endeavoured to make known as far as their powers would admit; whereas the other parties never condescend to show cause why those grievances should exist, but entrench themselves behind those barriers which the prejudices of mankind and the fears of the possessors of wealth so abundantly supply. I have been led to those remarks by a statement in your thirty-fourth page—you say: 'There must be a number of persons connected with Socialism in France who are in Communism, what the Chartists recently were in politics among us—and these the press lay hold of and report to the discredit of the whole scheme of industrial advocacy.'

All thinking men will doubtless be led to attribute the late proceedings, which have been unjustly laid to the charge of the Chartists, to their proper origin. The disaffection and discontent which then manifested itself was the loud and unmistakeable protest of suffering humanity and a veritable arraignment of the present order of things. If the tone, temper, and mode of advocating or disseminating opinion which pervades the columns of the *Reasoner* could be generally adopted, a recurrence of such scenes might be avoided; but if those who claim to possess a larger amount of intelligence persist in endeavouring to stifle those opinions which they may deem detrimental to their interests, they may expect a repetition of the same so long as human nature remains as it is. No men have struggled harder than the Chartists to establish the empire of reason in all things appertaining to human welfare, or been more willing to abide by the principles of free discussion. I therefore trust that your little *Reasoner* will not make the mistake of representing us in the same light as the organs of 'things as they are'—and that a better understanding may take place among the friends of progression.

GEORGE WHITE.

rkdale Gaol.

is hardly necessary to say that I estimate as leniently as Mr. White the s to which he alludes. But that is not the point. Are we for ever to be sing and never improving ourselves? Is it the part of wise men who suffer go on complaining in that way which only postpones redress?—ED.]

SUFFERINGS OF NONCONFORMISTS.

THE sufferings of the Nonconformists in 1685 are thus described by Macaulay in his 'History of England:'—

'Never, not even under the tyranny of Laud, had the condition of the Puritans been so deplorable as at that time. Never had spies been so actively employed in detecting congregations. Never had magistrates, grand jurors, rectors, and churchwardens been so much on the alert. Many dissenters were cited before the ecclesiastical courts. Others found it necessary to purchase the connivance of the agents of the government by presents of hogsheads of wine, and of gloves stuffed with guineas. It was impossible for all the sectaries to pray together without precautions such as are employed by coiners and receivers of stolen goods. The places of meeting were frequently changed. Worship was performed sometimes just before break of day, and sometimes at dead of night. Round the building where the little flock was gathered together, sentinels were posted to give the alarm if a stranger drew near. The minister, in disguise, was introduced through the garden and the back yard. In some houses there were trap doors, through which, in case of danger, he might descend. Where nonconformists lived next door to each other, the walls were often broken open, and secret passages were made from dwelling to dwelling. No psalm was sung, and many contrivances were made to prevent the voice of the preacher, in his moments of fervour, from being heard beyond the walls. Yet, with all this care, it was often found impossible to elude the vigilance of informers.

'In the suburbs of London, especially, the law was enforced with the utmost rigour. Several opulent gentlemen were accused of holding conventicles. Their houses were strictly searched, and distresses were levied to the amount of many thousands of pounds. The fiercer and bolder sectaries, thus driven from the shelter of roofs, met in the open air, and determined to repel force by force. A Middlesex justice, who had learned that a nightly prayer meeting was held in a gravel pit about two miles from London, took with him a strong body of constables, broke in upon the assembly, and seized the preacher. But the congregation, which consisted of about 200 men, soon rescued their pastor, and put the magistrate and his officers to flight. This, however, was no ordinary occurrence. In general, the Puritan spirit seemed to be more effectually cowed at this conjuncture than at any moment before or since. The tory pamphleteers boasted that not one fanatic dared to move tongue or pen in defence of his religious opinions. Dissenting ministers, however blameless in life, however eminent for learning and abilities, could not venture to walk the streets for fear of outrages, which were not only not repressed, but encouraged, by those whose duty it was to preserve the peace. Some divines of great fame were in prison. Among these was Richard Baxter. Others, who had, during a quarter of a century, borne up against oppression, now lost heart, and quitted the kingdom. Among these was John Howe. Great numbers of persons who had been accustomed to frequent conventicles repaired to the parish churches. It was remarked that the schismatics who had been terrified into this show of conformity might easily be distinguished by the difficulty they had in finding out the collect, and by the awkward manner in which they bowed at the name of Jesus.'

Illustrative Notices.

[Passages in their reproduction are commonly so varied that the original author often does not know his own production again. To avoid thus misleading, and to cultivate habits of accuracy on the part of our young readers, the source is stated whence every passage quoted is derived, so that when second-hand the reader knows how to trace it or how to trust it.]

THE *Birmingham Mercury*, in its first number, writes these valiant and liberal words —more specific and practical than any newspaper has before used among us, so far as I am aware:—'We should also avoid that cant of spiritualism which thinks political reform useless, and which tries to satisfy the demand for political justice by the offer of churches, soup tickets, and ragged schools. It is an insult to ask the people if they had a belly-full would they care for reform? If they would not, they ought to do. The middle classes have demanded many things not necessary to physical well-being. There is a sense of justice and a sense of hunger—let both be cared for. Religious freedom we love in its widest sense: we ask freedom for religion from state bondage—freedom for all from political disqualification on account of belief—freedom from persecution of every kind. When we speak of religious liberty, we do not mean exaltation of chapel over church, or orthodoxy over heresy; but the utter cessation of punishment, political or social, for religious opinion. We will not do as some who cry out loudly against state-church persecution, make eloquent speeches about civil and religious liberty—but in private forget them, and, in social matters, even violate them. By religious freedom we mean absolute, unconditional liberty of religious opinion and action. Every case of persecution that comes to our knowledge we will record.'

The first lecture by the Rev. Newnham Travers, given February 11, at South Place, was considered deeply interesting—and Pantheistic in tendency.

The Bishop of Calcutta, in a letter to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton (February 15, 1844) writes:—'The great Arbiter is prospering our arms, and thus extending our influence. Central India is settled, (though thinking people don't like it). China is settled, and nothing remains disquieted but the Punjaub.' Sir T. F. Buxton replied to the above part of the Bishop's letter thus:—'I am far more of a quaker than you as to these Indian wars. I know every one of them may be called defensive; but the principles and root of all are aggression and conquest. I cannot conceive how our missions are ever to prevail against the arguments of our cannon. Six thousand heathens slain at Gwalior are a terrible set off against our converts.'

From the 'Spirit of the French Press,' in the *Spirit of the Age*, No. 25, we extract the following:—'When the citizens of Gaillac sent a deputation with an address to Louis Philippe, in 1830, they received for answer the celebrated words —we shall endeavour to hold our course in the just medium (Juste Milieu). Upon this famous reply, the creed of vaunted moderation, the *Peuple* remarks:—"Juste Milieu! the promise of all governments which commence—the error of all governments which finish. Juste Milieu! the first illusion of timid and honest hearts—the first hypocrisy of perverse and ambitious souls. Juste Milieu! impossible conciliation—impossible satisfaction—which has never conciliated anything, and never satisfied anybody. Juste Milieu! still more chimerical and Utopian than all the dreams of all the Socialists."'

A correspondent writes:—'I see by the papers that between thirty and forty thousand copies of the "Analogy" have just been sold amongst the workmen in one of our manufacturing districts.' By what papers?

A review notice in a journal, whose name and number I forget, lately had this paragraph on J. D. Morell's new work on the 'Philosophy of Religion:'—'Mr. Morell's preceding work, on the 'Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century,' caused much controversy; which is not likely to be diminished by the views he has put forth in this new volume. The object to consider religion as a purely philosophical and rational question, is at once to provoke the most determined hostility, amounting, indeed, with many sects, to a reprobation. He is deeply imbued with the doctrines of the German Rationalists; and Schleiermacher seems to be a particular favourite with him. He acknowledges that Germany has put forth much that is subversive of all genuine faith in God and true Christianity; but contends that this has arisen more from a desire to spiritualise too much, than from such materialist and grovelling utilitarian sapping as Chistianity has received in our own country. The gist of all is, that reason must be satisfied in order to establish religious belief; and a host of subtle and metaphysical argument is adduced, to show that if those who profess it have, as they pretend, the perfect conception of Christianity in them, they make a lamentably bad use of their knowledge, and therefore it is necessary to go much farther into the development of that conception.'

Coleridge relates, in his Table Talk, that 'A Turk was, by a Romish priest, prevailed on to turn Christian, having been promised plenty of wine in this life, and a paradise of eternal delights in the next. He was regularly instructed in the doctrines of the Church of Rome, and, after a time, the sacrament of the eucharist was administered to him. The next day, when his instructor was interrogating him, he asked him how many Gods there were? "None at all," said Mustapha. "How! none at all?" said the priest. "No," replied the sincere believer; "you have always taught me there was only one God, and yesterday I eat him."'

A public meeting was recently held in the Middle Parish Church, to consider the propriety of establishing Ragged or Industrial Schools in Greenock. Amongst those present on the occasion was his Grace the Duke of Argyle. His Grace said —'I perfectly agree with Dr. M'Farlan, that the education to be given to the children in these schools ought to be pre-eminently a religious education (Cheers.) I agree further with Dr. M'Farlan, that that religious education ought not to be separated either as to time or place from the general education of the school (Cheers.) For, gentlemen, with one of the greatest and most enlightened men of modern times—for such I hold Dr. Arnold to be—I believe, that it is a mistake to separate Christian instruction from what is called secular education. It was his great maxim, which he followed out most admirably in teaching and writing —that nothing ought to be done, written, or said by a Christian except in a Christian spirit. Whether poetry or history, or any other branch of what is vulgarly called secular instruction, he insisted it should and ought to be written with a Christian purpose.' [Was fanaticism ever more unblushingly expressed? What would be said to the atheist should he display a tithe of this intolerance?]

The *Christian Times*, of December 15, congratulated itself on a 'fact communicated in an Irish paper, that within the last few weeks *nineteen paupers* in the Dingle workhouse had publicly *abandoned Popery*, and embraced the truth as it is in Jesus. The whole of the cases were investigated by the Board of Guardians (all Roman Catholics), but they were unable to elicit a single fact justifying a doubt as to the sincerity of the converts.' [We suspect that pauper conversions are as suspicious as death-bed conversions. In the pauper case the evidence of the baker and butcher would go farther than the evidence of the Fathers.]

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

February 14, 1849.

NEW MOVEMENT IN THE CHURCH.

The *Morning Chronicle* reports 'an important movement in connection with the restoration and preservation of church principles' commenced by the holding of a numerous meeting of London incumbents and beneficed clergymen of various dioceses, together with many influential laymen, at Mr. Lumley's rooms, Chancery Lane. One great design of the new movement would be to effect (when it could be done securely) the extinction of all church societies; measures being taken, by means of offerings, to enable the church to do her own work without such external aid. They had, it was stated, to charge upon the existing societies that they had prevented the Bishop of London from carrying out, to its legitimate extent, the principle of 'offerings' in the metropolitan diocese. The energies of churchmen being concentrated, the church might provide for her own extension, the education of the people, missions to the heathen, &c., without the intervention of irresponsible societies. The desirableness of publishing a series of papers—similar in character to, but taking higher ground than, the Oxford tracts—was brought under consideration, and the question was unanimously decided in the affirmative. These papers are to strive for the development of the parochial system in all its integrity; to treat occasionally on subjects connected with *dogmatic theology;* to contend for the restoration of ancient discipline; and to discuss such other matters as might be demanded by the necessities of the church. The subjects for the first nine papers were agreed upon. In answer to a question, the gentleman who was appointed general editor of the papers stated that those who formed the society need be under no apprehension with respect to any animadversion which might be cast upon the proposed tracts. A resolution was proposed constituting the society, and providing for the contemplated objects. Two London clergymen, and a beneficed clergymen from a neighbouring diocese, were appointed a committee to conduct the preliminary proceedings, and a layman was elected honorary secretary. The meeting was then adjourned for a month.

IPSWICH.

The Ipswich Utilitarian Society is progressing favourably. Five or six books, chiefly of a philosophic character, have been added to the library. Three members have been added to the society, and the discussions have been characterised by an improving spirit. Since the last report, a discussion has been held on 'What has been the Effects of Religion on Society?' Mr. Fairweather, who opened the question, proposed 'that it is the opinion of this meeting that religion exercises a moral influence on society.' Mr. Spilling proposed, as an amendment, 'that religion has exercised, and continues to exercise, a baneful influence on society,' which was carried by a large majority. J. C.

'TAIT' ON THE ADDRESS TO COBDEN BY THE CHARTER UNION.

Tait's Magazine for February takes notice of the address of the People's-Charter Union to Mr. Cobden, and, after giving Mr. Cobden's reply, which promises it his 'best consideration,' *Tait* thus comments:—'We hope Mr. Cobden can have no difficulty on the subject. It requires little consideration. The "people are ignorant" as asserted, and should have knowledge at the cheapest rate. In Mr. M'Gregor's letter to the citizens of Glasgow, we believe that originally the stamp duty on newspapers was omitted. The omission was pointed out, and Mr. M'Gregor at once replied that the tax was most objectionable. He has included it in his pamphlet, reserving we believe, a penny postage on newspapers sent by post, which is perfectly just.'

ACCIDENT TO MR. OWEN.

About a fortnight ago Mr. Owen had the misfortune to fall down in the Strand, and hurt a knee. Dr. Ashburner feared that he would be long confined to his bed. But he is recovering more rapidly than was expected. He has resumed his writing.

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 141 ..	299	6
James Shepherd, jun., Portsmouth	10	0
George Bird (annual)	10	0
J. M. C. (half-yearly)	10	0
Mr. Walker, Watford (per W. Cooper)	1	0
Mr. Spilling (per J. C., Ipswich)	1	0
	331	6

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—Feb. 18, (12, a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'George Sand's Consuelo.' (7) Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'The Philosophy of the Heart.'

FINSBURY HALL, Bunhill Row.—Feb. 19, (8¼) Mr. George Hooper, 'Continental Democracy.'

☞ *Editorial Communications* are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

Monthly Parts.—The *Reasoner*, in a stiff wrapper, is ready for delivery in Monthly Parts on Magazine day. The Wrapper contains Lists of all Agents of the *Reasoner*, and all News and Coffee Rooms where it is taken in.

Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

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Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

OATH TAKING A BAR TO SCEPTICAL PROGRESS.

SIR,—No great number of persons will ever let it be publicly known that they are infidels so long as such a course will virtually outlaw them. Let it become known that a man is an infidel or atheist, and his evidence will never be received in a court of justice. In you note to an article, in No. 139 of the *Reasoner*, by J. W. L., you say 'that sceptical progress is more wide spread than J. W. L. is aware.' Your are right. But sceptical progress depends on the progress of the Anti-Oath Association. You will never find many persons avow themselves infidels, or even attend infidel meetings or lectures of any kind, however commodious or unique the college or lecture hall may be. I mean no great number of the middle or upper classes—those who have any comforts at all to lose. When a man happens to be in a position wherein he obtains more than a bare subsistence—especially if he have a wife and family to support and educate, and to keep from sinking into the pauper or proletarian class—he will not risk it by letting it be known that he is an infidel. An infidel is an outlaw. He cannot obtain justice, because he cannot take an oath. He may be insulted, robbed, or almost murdered—but without being able to obtain redress, his evidence not being admissable. A master may be robbed by his servant, but no redress—he cannot swear. A servant might have to go into court for his master's interest—but, if infidel, he could not take an oath. Of course such a servant would not suit a master, and must be dismissed. Infidels cannot become members of parliament, or mayors, or magistrates. But I need not enlarge: you can apply cases. As long as this suffering attaches to infidelity, rely upon it very few will let it be known they are infidels. A law should be made allowing affirmation instead of swearing, subject to the law as perjury.

With acknowledgments for the pleasure I have weekly derived from the perusal of the *Reasoner* (which I have taken from the commencement), I remain

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE REASONER FUND.

MATERIALITY OF MIND.

It is curious to reflect on the double office of the BRAIN. It is, indeed, the organ of the mind; but it is likewise the officina (workshop) whence the nervous spirit, required for the various functions of the body, is supplied. It is the organ of the thinking soul, the *animus*. It is the organ, also, of the bodily spirit or soul—the *anima*—which acts, nourishes, and invigorates the frame through the brain. This anima works most efficiently during sleep.

The *common* usage of the brain by both powers, the animus and the anima, is shown in the hungry man about to dine. Suddenly he receives the news of some catastrophe in which he is personally interested—battle, murder, or sudden death. So suddenly doth his appetite vanish; his thinking soul alone occupying the brain, which just before had been put into requisition by the anima corporis for the process of digestion.

Even if the dinner were now mechanically thrust into his stomach, it would lie there undigested and oppressing. No spiritus nervosus would be despatched from the brain to effect digestion. The miserable animus hath taken sole possession.

Thus we think and digest with the same organ: solve a problem in Euclid, or dissolve a mutton chop.

This digestion has been proved by direct experiment. A hungry animal has been allowed to fill his stomach with food: digestion has commenced. Now the anatomist divides the eighth pair of nerves, which wander from the brain. The communication of the stomach with the brain thus cut off, the animal is opened by the physiological assassin, and it is found that digestion hath ceased from the moment of the division of the eighth pair.

Doth the spectator doubt? The physiologist applies to the stomachic portions of the cut nerves a galvanic apparatus, and digestion is visibly restored and completed by a continuous stream of galvanic aura. *Thus we digest with our brains*; and the agent employed, if not the galvanic somewhat, must be somewhat similar to galvanism.—'On Determination of Blood to the Head,' by Robert Hull, M.D., Physician to the Norwich Hospital: 1842. P. 17.

NOTE TO 'MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE.'

From a reference, in a recent number of the *Athenæum*, to 'Eckert's opera of William of Orange,' I conclude that the information which led me to speak of it as an *Oratorio* was incorrect. But it may yet be an heroic opera, in which case my remarks thereon will be still appropriate.

PANTHEA.

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers, accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—Report of the Lancashire Public School Association, from W. Malleiieu.—*Spectators*, Nos. 1073-75, from W. J. B.—Panthea. (In the criticisms on J. Taylor.)—*Odd-Fellow Chronicle*, No. 63.—J. W. L. (His plan next week.)

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Wednesday, February 14, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 143.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

THE REPUBLICAN EXILES.

Last week a few persons met to dine and spend the evening with MM. Louis Blanc and Caussidiere. During the evening several persons left the room, and went into company where paragraph-makers for the *Times* were present—and some one of them gathering the fact of the dinner, took the liberty of transferring it to the pages of that not over-scrupulous journal; and on Wednesday morning, amid its veracious chronicles, it was read that 'Yesterday evening the friends and political admirers of those distinguished members (Blanc and Caussidiere) of the French National Assembly honoured them with an entertainment at the Whittington Club-rooms, Strand. The company present embraced the names of all the well-known Republicans, Communists, and Socialists, both of the metropolis and of the provinces. After laudatory addresses, in which the speakers enunciated their peculiar views, and expressed their anticipations of seeing, and assisting to bring to pass, a state of "greater freedom" in mind and morals—a revolution in society which would ever be associated with the names of their distinguished guests—M. Louis Blanc and M. Caussidiere responded. The company separated mutually pleased with each other.'

This paragraph is very well for the *Times*, as its four sentences contain only eight things which are not true.

1. The dinner was given by one gentleman who invited others whose presence he thought would make up a small party intelligent, agreeable, and convivial.

2. These persons were not all 'political' admirers of Blanc and Caussidiere. Those who were not were content, in the words of the chairman, 'to do honour to the intellect, and the might, and the honesty, of the republic—which they believed to be represented by the distinguished exiles present.'

3. Not a single public man from the 'provinces' was present, and the representation with respect to the 'metropolis' is very untrue.

4. Nothing whatever 'laudatory' was said. None of the usual fulsome adulation of dinner parties was fallen into.

5. No allusions whatever were made to 'bringing to pass' a 'revolution,' either here or elsewhere, associated with the names of the chief guests present. The 'addresses' more resembled dissertations on abstract principles. The speech by one from whom the *Times* would most expect ultra things, was pronounced by a friend to be 'frightfully moderé.'

6. Neither Blanc nor Caussidiere 'responded' to anything, as the *Times* puts it. For not knowing English, they could not know well what to respond to. They simply acknowledged the sentiment of their 'health.' Caussidiere spoke chiefly in praise of the English police, who appear to have struck him with admiration.

The last sentence of the paragraph is not true in the sense in which the *es* intends it, for several were of opinion that the speaking on the English though impromptu, was hardly equal to the occasion, or worthy of the on.

The paragraph contains an imputation of political partisanship on the part of Whittington Club, which is no less untrue than the allegations noticed. Upon

this point, Mr. Berlyn, the secretary of the Whittington Club, sent the following letter to the *Times*, which, be it said, it honourably inserted:—

'Sir,—A paragragh appeared in your impression of this day, stating that a dinner was given yesterday at the Whittington Club to MM. Louis Blanc and Marc Caussidiere by their friends and admirers, "embracing the names of all the well-known Republicans, Communists, and Socialists, both of the metropolis and of the provinces." The origin of this notice is that a dinner was given, at which MM. Louis Blanc and Caussidiere, and twenty-four other persons, were present; but it was given by a single member of the club, in his individual capacity, in a private room, and was, to all intents and purposes, a private party, to which publicity ought never to have been given. The Whittington Club is in no respect a political institution; and when, according to the usage of other similar institutions, its rooms are let to the public, or occupied by private parties of its members, the club holds itself entirely free from any participation in the opinions expressed or represented at such meetings. The managing committee—feeling that the paragraph, unless contradicted, is calculated to do the institution *most serious injury*—earnestly request the insertion of this declaimer, assuring you that the institution does not identify itself with any party, and is most anxious to avoid the imputation of any such character.'

All this is very proper, except the supposition that such a paragraph can do the Club 'most serious injury.' Is the *Times* the Upas of the press, and does it infect all on whom it blows its breath? It is this gratuitous magnifying of the power of the *Times* which has given it such influence for evil as it has. Surely the Whittington Club—founded under popular auspices, supported by large numbers, and directed by good sense—is not at the mercy of a penny-a-liner? *It* is enough to answer the *Times*, and leave it. It will find the level of all who neither respect privacy nor truth.

Marc Caussidiere is a colossal man. He might pass for one of those loyal giants, Gog or Magog, at Guildhall. He sang the Marsellaise imposingly. His speaking is spontaneous and manly. In stature Louis Blanc and Citizen Caussidiere are the antipodes of each other. Louis Blanc's oratory is as brilliant and unique as his writing. It has energy, fulness, and strength. It is not like the usual French speaking—gesticulation. His manner is elegant, earnest, and striking. Instead of display you have power, and for passion fire.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

BISHOP BUTLER ON REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS IN A FUTURE LIFE.

BY FRANK GRANT.

IN a former article we endeavoured to show that the argument drawn by Bishop Butler from what he calls the 'Analogy of Nature,' in support of the doctrine of a future life, was weak and untenable. It will be remembered that his reasoning stood thus:—We pass through various 'degrees of life,' from our first conception in the womb to the period of maturest age, without suffering death—and, *therefore*, after death in this world, we shall exist in another. The want of consequence in such logic is apparent. It is almost too absurd to merit notice: and had not the bishop's book obtained so much celebrity amongst orthodox Christians, it might well have been left to rest in peace. But the 'Analogy' has

been planted as a standard of irrefutability on the Hill of Zion; and, from its prominent station, invites attack.

Let us, then, now offer a few remarks on the second chapter of this extraordinary work—a chapter which forms a sort of corollary to the preceding: the government of God by rewards and punishments, as they relate to our condition in the 'Future Life,' being the question handled. It will be found that on this point the Right Rev. Analogist has been no more successful than he was on the other.

The proposition laid down by the bishop is 'that our happiness and misery hereafter depend upon our actions here.' And how does he proceed to the demonstration? Thus:—It is admitted on all sides that our happiness and comfort in this life in a great measure, if not entirely, depend upon our obedience to the moral, physical, and organic laws of nature, and that disobedience to those laws results in inconvenience and unhappiness—and, *therefore*, our condition hereafter, in *another* form of existence, also depends upon the like obedience to the same laws. Well has it been said that *nullum simile quatuor pedibus currit*—no simile runs upon four feet, or is applicable throughout—for this simile, or 'analogy,' or whatever his lordship may please to call it, certainly hops only on one leg, and that a very lame limb. The analogy is false and good for nothing. Let it be granted that the moral and physical government of God in this world is conducted on a regular system of cause and effect, or what we should term natural law—that our bodily health depends upon the observance of one set of laws—that security from danger by land and sea mainly depends upon the observance of another set of laws—that to preserve, in short, *mens sana in corpore sano* we must cultivate and feed both the one and the other: what has all this to do with our happiness and misery, our rewards and punishments, in a state of being absolutely different from the present?

If we put the argument abstractedly the fallacy is manifest in a moment. Our life in A is governed by A—*ergo* (says Butler) our life in B will be governed by A. We reply—not so, good bishop; the strict analogical reasoning is, if our life in A is governed by A, then our life in B will be governed by B, or by its own independent laws like every other department of nature. In this sublunary world we are surrounded by circumstances which render it incumbent on us to observe the laws of our being if we would provide for our welfare; and, therefore, if there be a 'future state,' and if it would insure happiness therein, it will be necessary for us to conform our spiritualised existence to whatever may be the code of laws laid down for our guidance in that 'world to come.' That there are such laws we may infer if it be a true story that the angel Lucifer was expelled from heaven for sedition—for conspiring against the Almighty King of Eternity. His punishment was the consequence of crime committed there, in heaven itself, showing that, according to Christian theology, heaven has its laws as well as earth.

And this view of the subject seems in harmony with an admitted uniformity and consistency of scheme in the moral action of God and Nature. It does not contradict the infinite oneness of purpose which beams forth upon us from every corner of the universe. The idea of unity is as well satisfied by supposing that the ills which now afflict us for misconduct here, are the final penalties annexed to our present condition—that death, as it removes us from the operation of every physical law, concludes our liability to punishment for crimes perpetrated while living in this particular circle of things; *as it is* by supposing a continual visitation of the divine wrath for those crimes when we shall be translated to an entirely

different condition, when the soul unfettered has left its clog of clay and ranges—*where?* No idea of unity, we repeat, is satisfied if in a 'future life' there be neither reward or punishments for evil deeds done in the body, and if we believe that on entering that 'hereafter' we become amenable to a new and distinct series of laws, peculiarly adapted to our changed circumstances, and perhaps in themselves of a more perfect nature. And placing the question thus, brings out the argument from 'analogy' in its true colours and just proportions—while contemplated through Bishop Butler's theological medium it appears confused and disjointed.

But some may probably say that we have misrepresented the bishop—that his design was not to *prove* the actuality of future rewards and punishments, but merely to show that the doctrine of eternal retribution was credible because we perceive here the government of God carried on on the same principle—and that consequently the presumption is directly in favour of the doctrine. The sophism so artfully incorporated with this reasoning we have, however, attempted to show in what has been said above. The whole gist of the matter rests upon 'analogy,' and this corner-stone has sand only for its foundation.

But further: suppose the bishop's theory were true; suppose we are to be punished in the next world for our evil deeds on earth, according to the doctrine enunciated in the 'Analogy,' we might well ask what advantage we derive from the knowledge of the fact? Does our moral character profit by the creed? *Is* our life rendered happier, and are our aspirations more purified and exalted? Will it make us less selfish, and widen our sympathies for humanity? Shall we adore the Deity with deeper fervency of soul, and fulfil our duties with increased alacrity? Shall we necessarily become BETTER MEN by adopting the orthodox faith? If we turn to the reddened page of Church History and seek an answer there, we shall find an emphatic *No* written in the biography of Christian priestcraft. Those who have fought the hardest for this creed have not been the greatest benefactors of mankind. Many have proved the world's direst enemies. But supposing the dread of eternal damnation did cause men to abstain from evil, of what value is that virtue which is the result of an excitement of the lowest propensities—the result of an appeal to fear? The honesty of a man who does not defraud his neighbour because he is afraid of discovery and punishment is rather equivocal. That the fear of hell acts upon many and keeps them *negatively* virtuous is very possible. To wish to enter heaven simply to escape the devil is a very bad compliment to the Almighty, to say the least of it.

Butler's 'Analogy,' then, as far as we have hitherto considered the work, is a palpable fallacy, and the chapter now under notice a 'much ado about nothing.' For if his lordship meant to show nothing more than that the *same laws* by which we are governed in this life, and under which we suffer certain penalties for sin, are continued in the 'life to come'—that the system of cause and effect which obtains *here* is carried on *there*, being as it were the continuation of one long chain stretched through time into eternity—then we must confess he gave himself a vast deal of needless trouble when he sat down to write his 'celebrated' 'Analogy.' And that his reasoning amounts to no more is evident. To tell men that if they disobey the laws of Nature punishment will follow, was only to tell them what they knew previously. To tell them that the same thing would happen in the next world, was acquainting them with what was about as important as if he had explained the kind of being we should be when transformed into angels, and whether we should then 'hunger and thirst after righteousness' as we now do after beef and beer.

BIGOTRY AND INTOLERANCE AT WEDNESBURY.

[THE *Birmingham Mercury*, true to its profession to record cases of persecution, has presented its readers with the following article—which, for the sake of the interest taken in that which relates to Mr. Dawson by readers in distant towns, I transcribe from the *Mercury*.]

Small towns, like duck-ponds, are apt to get stagnant—to give them a little wholesome agitation is a charity—which should be bestowed, spite of any temporary stink that may arise. The quiet town of Wednesbury has been disturbed—the rise and progress of this small stir may soon be told. As in most towns is now happily the case, Wednesbury has a Mechanics' Institution—which, as unhappily too often occurs, is not overburdened with funds. To raise some money, to pay for enlarged accommodation plans, were devised, and amongst them was one to write to Mr. Dawson, of Birmingham, to come and lecture. The invitation was given through the Rev. J. Millsom, the Independent minister, and was at once accepted, Mr. Dawson promising to give a gratuitous lecture. The lecture was announced, and Wednesbury was startled by the appearance of the following strange bill:—

'OUTSIDE-OF-OUT-ARIANISM.

'THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON.

'As when a Minister of a particular sect appears in the character of a public lecturer, it is to be feared he should covertly endeavour to proselytize, this placard is issued with the view of preventing *deception*, by making the inhabitants of Wednesbury acquainted with the principles propounded by Mr. Dawson, at his 'Church of the Saviour,' in Birmingham. For a long time Mr. D. refrained from stating any positive opinions on the subject of religion; and he still confines his leading sentimental peculiarities to his own congregation—judging that the public mind is not yet ripe for their reception. Until within the last few months, no one has been able to generalise Mr. D.'s sentiments. He has generally appeared in the light of a

'ONE-THING-TO-DAY-AND-ANOTHER-THING-TO-MORROW-ARIAN.

Sometimes he has seemed an *everything-arian*, though his true character all the time has obviously been a *nothing-arian*. Of late, however, he has endeavoured to frame a system, if a system it can be called. The following outline contains the substance of two of his sermons, of which notes were taken a few weeks ago by an intelligent traveller. From the words in *italics* (which are verbatim those of Mr. Dawson, and which no one who has heard him will mistake for the phraseology of any other person), and from the general strain, the reader will not be able to resist the impression that Mr. Dawson's system is mainly Socialism, with an appendage of Christianity, and a slight admixture of Swedenborgianism, Mahometanism, and Rousseau-ism. His object hitherto has been to get as far as possible without the Church; and he is now struggling to get *outside of out*—so that the most appropriate name for his religion is one partly of his own coining, namely,

'OUTSIDE-OF-OUT-ARIANISM.

eligious congregations (said Mr. Dawson in the two sermons above-mentioned) mainly *failed* in attempting to unite men by a *creed*, or by a belief in certain *es* and *doctrines*. Hence the usual style of preaching and worshipping has ne so *tiresome*, that *we dislike it as much as we did the Bible when we were en, and the Sabbath when we were boys.* Congregations have degenerated into ous *corporations for the protection of hypocrisy. All thinking men have been outside of them;* and the time is not far distant when all thinking men will

be found *outside of out.* First comes the Church of England, which we have *asked for bread,* but which has given us a *stone.* Then come the Nonconformists and Puritans, who conform to nothing but their own *shabby* sectarianism and zeal, and have not even the recommendation of being *established.* Our object is to get rid of all the learning which *theological writers have brooked(!) around the Bible*—to get rid of *articles thirty-nine, and creeds three*—of *the continual squabble-on* as to the nature of the *atonement*—as to *where Christ was before he was born, and what effect his death had on the mind of the Father*—*as to what part we had in Adam's sin, or how we came into our present state*—as to *what God is in himself*—in short, as to Trinities, unities, pre-existencies, and apostacies. These we now regard as old troublesome perplexities, and I confess my *mind is of too hot and hasty a nature* to study them. We can know nothing of God excepting through Christ, for *God glories in concealing himself;* and *natural theology,* as a science, contains no reality. We therefore wish to *begin afresh*—to unite men by their *hearts,* leaving their *heads* to think as they please—to frame a system of *hero worship,* the hero of which is Christ—to follow Christ simply after *a personal fashion,* not allowing our thoughts to range beyond the periods of his birth and death, or beyond Bethlehem and Olivet—and to regard the apostles (such as Peter and Paul, who *disputed whether faith should be absolute, or needed the swaddling bands of Jewish law)* merely as commentators on Christ. In fine, we want to return, with Rousseau, to a state of simplicity, or *wholesome barbarism.* My definition of a "Christian" (said Mr. Dawson, in conclusion) is this:—*The man who lives a life different from what he did before he understood Christ is a Christian, and shall, without doubt, gain an entrance into the kingdom of heaven.*—After prayer the congregation dismissed.—*Abridged from the Public Journals.*'

This truly *outlandish* thing our readers cannot understand without a little explanation. Alter the last words, 'abridged from the public journals,' into abridged from the *Nottingham Journal,* and it will be nearer the truth. The editor of the *Nottingham Journal* (to the surprise of such of his readers as like gentlemanliness and fair play) admitted an article from some person whose name was not given. This 'anonymous' related how he had visited the 'Church of the Saviour,' in Birmingham, on December 24th, and gave what he called an 'impartial epitome of the views expressed by Mr. Dawson in this sermon.' If we give our readers the two first paragraphs of this history, they can judge of the spirit, ability, ruling passion, and probable line of business of this 'intelligent traveller.'

'On Sunday morning, Dec. 24th, 1848, I attended the "Church of the Saviour," as Mr. Dawson calls his oration-house, at the Parade, Birmingham. Mr. Dawson came out stronger than usual on the subject of Christian Union. The congregation was large, and to all appearance very fashionable. It is worthy of remark, that notwithstanding Mr. Dawson endeavours to abolish the show and luxury of the age, we saw more signs of artificial display in his chapel, than in any place of worship we have yet visited.

'Had his trite observation, that "much finery without betokens much foolery within," been followed by the remark that *much bulkiness without betokens much emptiness within,* it would have been very applicable to the numerous horsehair skirts with which the gorgeously-cushioned seats were covered.'

The epitome is full of blunders, misunderstandings, and mis-statements. He mistakes *St.* Samuel for *Sir* Samuel; and instead of outside of *all,* he puts outside of *out.* We might suggest that he was either *out* of his senses or *out* of truth. This was followed, in the same paper, by a 'communicated' history of the 'young gentleman,' as Mr. D. is smartly called, full of errors and of cant. To these, two

thoroughly refuting answers appeared next week; but of these the Wednesbury anonymous scribbler says nothing. Now, perhaps, the outlandish bill can be understood—it is the cold hash of a hash.

To the joy of the printers, bill followed bill (five are on our table, and we are bidden to expect more), and all Wednesbury was in a state of excitement. The evening for the lecture came: the lecturer, unfrightened, appeared; and the Wednesbury folks, spite of the zealous warnings, attended. The lecture was delivered in the Town Hall, the chair was taken by Benjamin Round, Esq., and the thanks of the meeting given to the lecturer, on the proposition of Sampson Lloyd, Esq., seconded by the Rev. J. B. Millsom.

This invocation of bigotry failed—and a decided rebuke was given to the practice of suffering difference of theological creeds to interfere in secular matters. In Mr. Dawson's case, this experiment has been tried in Manchester, Cheltenham, Brighton, &c., and in every case, the public has indignantly shown its determination not to suffer social persecution to take the place of that legal punishment from which we are now delivered.

If these Wednesbury writers wish attention to be paid to their effusions, let them put their names to them. Of all sneaking tricks, anonymous slander is the worst. To be a liar is bad, but to be an anonymous liar is worse.

We have omitted to say that the Wesleyans promised their school-room for the lecturer in question, and afterwards refused it, without assigning a reason Let them explain this, or we shall be compelled to say that they shuffled out of the performance of their promise.

An exposure of Mr. Dawson's lecture has appeared, but it is but another change on the same bells.

Seldom does anything so apparently unpleasant end so much to the satisfaction of all parties as this affair has done. The anonymous bill-writers have had the pleasure of seeing themselves in print, the bill-stickers have had a job, printers some work, Wednesbury a lecture and an excitement, the Mechanics' Institution has gained some funds, and the good cause of freedom of opinion a triumph: and now if this number of the *Mercury*, in which is recorded this history of a storm in a tea-cup, should have a large extra sale, we may cry '*Exeunt omnes*' '*triumphantes*.'

FICHTE'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

The following outline of this celebrated metaphysician's ideas on the history of society is taken from the 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' by Mr. G. H. Lewes, forming four of Mr. Knight's shilling volumes, and a work as recommendable for excellence as for cheapness:—

'The historian only accomplishes half of the required task. He narrates the events of an epoch, in their order of occurrence, and in the form of their occurrence; but he cannot be assured that he has not omitted some of these events, or at he has given them their due position and significance. The philosopher must plete this incomplete method. He must form some Idea of the epoch—an *a priori*, independent of experience. He must then exhibit this Idea always inant throughout the epoch, and manifesting itself in all the multiplicity of which are but its incarnation.

Every epoch has, therefore, its pre-existent Idea. And this Idea will be rmined by the Ideas of the epochs which have preceded it, and will determine which succeed it. Hence we conclude that the Evolution of Ideas—or the

History of the World—is accomplished on a certain *plan*. The philosopher must conceive this plan in its totality, that he may from it deduce the Ideas of the principal epochs in the history of humanity, not only as past but as future.

'The question first to be settled is this: What is the ground plan of the world? or, in other words, according to Fichte, what is the fundamental Idea which humanity has to realise?

'The answer is: The Idea of Duty. This, in its concrete expression, is: *To fix the relations of man to man in such order that the perfect liberty of each be compatible with the liberty of the whole.*

'History may thus be divided into two principal epochs. The one in which man has not established the social relations on the basis of reason. The other in which he has established them, and knows that he has done so.

'That humanity exists but for the successive and constant realistion of the dictates of reason is easily proved. But sometimes humanity has knowledge of what it performs, and why it performs it; sometimes it obeys but a blind impulse. In this case, that is to say, in the first epochs of the terrestrial existence of humanity, reason, although not manifesting itself distinctly, consciously, nevertheless exists. It manifests itself as an instinct, and appears under the form of a natural law; it manifests itself in the intelligence only as a vague and obscure sentiment. Reason, on the contrary, no sooner manifests itself as reason, than it is gifted with consciousness of itself and its acts. This constitutes the second epoch.

'But humanity does not pass at once from the first to the second epoch. At first, reason only manifests itself in a few men, the great men of their age, who thereby acquire authority. They are the instructors of their age; their mission is to elevate the masses up to themselves. Thus Instinct diminishes, and Reason supervenes. Science appears. Morality becomes a science.* The relations of man to man become more and more fixed in accordance with the dictates of reason.

'The entire life of humanity has five periods. I. The domination of instinct over reason: this is the primitive age. II. The general instinct gives place to an external dominant authority: this is the age of doctrines unable to convince, and employing force to produce a blind belief, claiming unlimited obedience; this is the period in which Evil arises. III. The authority, dominant in the preceding epoch, but constantly attacked by reason, becomes weak and wavering: this is the epoch of scepticism and licentiousness. IV. Reason becomes conscious of itself; truth makes itself known; the science of reason develops itself: this is the beginning of that perfection which humanity is destined to attain. V. The science of reason is applied; humanity fashions itself after the ideal standard of reason: this is the epoch of art; the last term in the history of our species.'

It is evident from the foregoing that Fichte's idea of social perfection, which man has to realise, is that which forms the basis of the Socialist creed, that is, a social system in which *the liberty of each shall be compatible with the liberty of the whole;* which is virtually equivalent to the utilitarian formula of *the greatest permanent happiness of all the members of society.* Thus the Socialist agrees with the philosopher in assuring, for the principles of progress, *Evolution*, or gradual development, and not *Revolution*, or hasty subversion.

It is equally evident that real Liberty, that is, *the power of developing and exercising all the faculties of body and mind,* is at present a privilege enjoyed by but a

* Morality is the science of the means invented by men, to live together in the most happy manner possible.'—*Helvetius*, On Man.
'Morality is the science of happiness.'—*Leibnitz.*

small fraction of the inhabitants of the most advanced countries, and that a great deal remains to be done before it can be extended to all. A glance at the scheme of the five stages of progress suffices to demonstrate that no nation has yet entered the last of them, in which society is to be arranged according to the standard of reason; they are all very far from this. The greatest advance hitherto made does not extend beyond the commencement of period IV., and that only in a few respects, the majority of mankind being still in stages I. and II. We may also remark that not only are nations unequally advanced in various stages of progress, but that this is the case with individuals of the same nation, some being in period I. and some near period V.* And, lastly, these differences of development show themselves even in the same individual, who is in some respects in the first period, and in other matters in some of the following ones. As long as the bulk of mankind shall stagnate in the lowest stages of progress, as long as a large portion of the most cultivated communities shall continue to vegetate in a horrible state of bodily want and still greater mental destitution—so long will liberty be a fiction, equality a senseless word, and the extinction of vice and misery a hopeless dream.

T. W. THORNTON.

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE ASSOCIATION.

SIR,—I now beg to hand you a proposal for the establishment of an Infidel Hall on a broader basis than any now existing. I would call the proposed institution the 'Christian Evidence Association.' 'Atheon' would appear to exclude deists, though a philosophical deist is virtually an atheist. Names made up of the terms infidel, materialism, and philosophy would prejudice it at once in the eyes of the masses. The above title is merely suggestive, and I should be glad to see a better one proposed.

One object should be to form a reading room and reference library. The reading room to contain such papers, periodicals, &c. as may be in keeping with the principles of the association: the library to comprise the rare and standard works on the subject of theology, as, for instance, those of Higgins, Dupuis, Maurice, Sir W. Jones, and Lardner.

Also, to provide a large, handsome, and commodious hall for the delivery of lectures. As distinctive of the nature of the association, I would propose that a course of at least eight lectures be yearly delivered, on consecutive Sunday evenings, on the subject of the 'Evidences of Christianity.' Lectures and discussions to be also arranged for the evenings of week days. The subject matter of all lectures to be advertised as extensively as the funds will permit, and the highest opposition to be courteously invited.

This hall should be situate in one of the leading thoroughfares, and its frontage ornamental. The extra expense incurred for situation would be made up by the standing advertisement it would thus become. The institution should afford to its members all the advantages of a club.

It should provide missionaries, who shall deliver lectures throughout the ovinces; and that at least yearly the society should hold a week's assembly in a

* 'The present state of society contains the representatives of all the various stages vilisation, from the most grovelling ignorance and physical destitution which has ely gained the first step in the ascent, to the highest round of enjoyment, mental d bodily, which the registered experience of ages has placed within the reach of kind.'—Charles Bray, The Philosophy of Necessity, or the Law of Consequences, as cable to Mental, Moral, and Social Science, 2 vols. 8vo., London 1841, Longman.

chief provincial town, after the manner of the British Association, and other societies. A correspondence should be established between the central institution and similar societies of foreign countries.

The funds to be obtained by members' subscriptions, by donations, and receipts of lectures. The sum of two guineas might constitute the annual subscription of a town, and one guinea of a country, member. One thousand pounds annually ought to be derived from this source.

The above will convey a general idea of the nature and object of the proposed institution, but to propose and to establish are very different undertakings. Freethinkers, as a body, are isolated and divided; and the penalty of the world's scorn being still attached to the open expression of sentiment, they are, in all probability, doomed to remain so. This isolation and division constitute the chief reasons why organisation should be attempted. How can such organisation be effected? This admits of the following answer. To establish the above-mentioned association I propose a three or six months' 'agitation' by means of a '*Reasoner* Tract Society,' on the following principles. Let there appear in the columns of the *Reasoner* every month a well-written article occupying about four pages, containing some solid reasons why our friends should bestir themselves. A number of these articles might be struck off and supplied to the readers of the *Reasoner* at a trifle per dozen. This arrangement, sir, needs your sanction, and your more practical knowledge may see impediments that I perhaps have overlooked. As yet, it appears to me to be a plan which, if sympathised with by your readers, can be made an engine of great power—one that can be wielded at a trifling cost to them. The energies of this tract system should be, in the *first* instance, unceasingly devoted to organisation. J. W. L.

[The objects indicated by J. W. L. are not to be attained that way. Himself and others might exert themselves to lay the foundation of an Institutional Fund, all subscriptions being banked for that purpose. It is necessary that a few powerful friends take the initiative. The Utilitarian Society has some property in books and framed pictures, which will be available. I quite coincide with J. W. L., that the objects to be aimed at should be respectable; and we must take care that the means of reaching them which we adopt be in keeping. A week or two may throw more light on the proposal.—ED.]

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SWISS REPUBLICS.

SIXTH PERIOD, FROM 1648 TO 1789.

From the Recognition of Swiss Independence, in 1648, to the French Revolution, in 1789.

'Thirteen staves without a girdle do not make a barrel.'—*Thomas Paine.*

THE termination of a foreign war, or the release from the fear of one, is, in all free states, the time chosen for the discussion of grievances. If the blessings of peace are not speedily felt, unreasonable complaints are made, and these are fostered by the few who profit by war, and who pretend that a state of warfare is actually a source of profit to the community. When to these sources of dissension is added a vast arrear of unredressed wrong, and the ruling powers declare the present to be an unfit time for doing right, riot and civil war are often the consequence. I say in free states—I mean in states in which freedom exists at all; in a state where the whole people should enjoy political freedom, the constitutional pressure from without would soon effect a corresponding change within. But in states called free—that is to say, where a large portion of the people is

within the pale of the constitution, and a still larger portion waits (not patiently) without—the peace of the country is at the mercy of accidents. The ignorance of those excluded is generally laid hold of as a reason for denying their just claims —and as by the very nature of the case the leaders of the excluded consist of the most violent of their party, while those in power often choose the most business-like men to lead them, the latter are able to make a great pretence of wisdom and moderation, while their conduct is substantially tyrannical and oppressive. Thus in England the comfortable classes make believe to be very moderate. Possessing almost an entire monopoly of the press, they report working class arguments and working class meetings only when these are violent and ridiculous; the suppression of the true being often accompanied by the assertion of the false. Holding in their hands a legal organisation, they can make use of it without argumentation or public debate; while the Chartists have their organisation to create and to keep up, and are obliged not only to declaim as eloquently as they can to keep their agitation alive, but to incur the responsibility of the folly of every noodle who chooses to talk nonsense on his own account. Every rash word of the Chartists is caught up and spread through the country, while the other side grasp their staves in silence and take care that their marplots shall hold their tongues. I have heard such violent and sanguinary sentiments uttered by special constables, as would suffice, if uttered on Clerkenwell Green, or in Farringdon Hall, to secure the incendiary who spoke them a year's oakum picking in the House of Correction.

The peasant war of 1653 in Switzerland was a movement of the unenfranchised to obtain something like the political freedom of their more fortunate brethren. I have taken some pains to inquire into the particulars of the grievances under which the peasants suffered, but have not been able to learn anything more than is recorded by my two principal authorities. Mallet, in his history written in French, gives us to understand that the insurgents were ignorant fellows, who did not know when they were well off, who rebelled, and were put down. The documents necessary for forming an accurate judgment probably exist, but it is doubtful if they are to be found in this country, and they are most likely in German, and therefore inaccessible to me.

During the thirty years' war the Swiss cantons were put to continual expense by the necessity of keeping up armies to prevent the violation of their territory. A little before the peace of Westphalia they imposed a property tax of ten per cent. in order to clear off this expense. The inhabitants took fright, and resisted the tax by force of arms, but without success. The current coin, both of Switzerland and Germany, had been adulterated during the war: at the peace, the cantons ordered the nominal value of the base coin to be reduced, directing that for a certain time it should be received by the government at its old enhanced value. The Swiss historians intimate that the governments took care to prevent this measure from operating unjustly, and that the outcry against it is to be attributed to the ignorance of the people. That the Swiss peasants did not understand the principles of currency is highly probable; but there is evidence

show that the government were too ignorant themselves to have a right to mplain of the ignorance of others. It seems tolerably clear that they believed at a decree of the state could alter the value of money—a fallacy which is not thout its defenders in these days. The demand of the peasants to pay their es in produce appears to have been neither foolish nor unreasonable. In the sence of any statistical account, it is impossible to form a precise judgment; t it seems most probable that the governments, by their ignorance of political omy, threw the whole trading body into confusion.

The demand for payments in coin is, in certain cases, a way of screwing money unfairly from tenants. Thus, in Ireland, when gold was very scarce, the agents and middlemen used to insist on having all rent paid in guineas; the same guineas being bought and sold over and over again in one day, and a considerable profit made by the agent, who, of course, kept this source of revenue in his own hands.* When we recollect that the Swiss bailiffs were a class somewhat akin to the Irish middlemen and agents, it is not too much to suppose that some grievance of this kind pressed hard upon the people at this period.

The government monopolised the sale of salt and gunpowder; a proceeding justified on the ground that private dealers were not to be depended on—a reason (if true) for inducing government to engage in the manufacture, but no reason for enforcing a monopoly, as they would naturally have the best sale for their goods if they produced the best article. As regards the salt, there seems to have been no excuse for the smallest government interference: with regard to the gunpowder, it was probably desirable that the governments should manufacture for themselves, but their monopoly must have been either mischievous or a dead letter.

Duties, too, were put on the exportation of corn and cattle, and an excise was placed on wine—in short, the English system of taxation, which consists in taking money on every possible occasion without discrimination or regard to proportion, was set up everywhere: and the peasants, in their 'ignorant impatience of taxation,' did not see where it would end. Besides having to bear these new burdens, it must be remembered that the right to engage in manufactures was, for the most part, an exclusive privilege of the cities, so that the peasants had little chance of paying these imposts by increased industry. The authority of the bailiffs, too, was frequently abused; and there was no appeal except to the class from which bailiffs were made, and who all expected to be bailiffs themselves in due time, and were therefore unwilling to curtail the authority of that office or to punish those who exceeded it. J. Dobson Collet.

CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION PAPERS.

We are glad (says *Punch*, No. 396) to see a very practical character apparent in the last batch of Cambridge Examination Papers. In one we find the question—'II. On what principle is the guilt of a crime committed by a drunken person to be estimated? Suppose a man *half-drunk*, and show on this principle in what degree he is responsible.' The answers to the question have delighted the Examiners, from the thorough knowledge they display of the nice degrees which divide the stages of intoxication—'sprung,' 'slued,' 'left to yourself,' 'glorious, 'roaring-drunk,' 'blazing-drunk,' and so round again to 'sick,' 'seedy,' and 'soda-waterish.' One of the youthful Examinees takes this very profound view of the subject, in his answer to the question:—'Much depends on the "lush." Gin, brandy, and rum produce a spirituous excitement, and are likely to lead to heresies in matters spiritual; many "goes" will lead a man great lengths in matters of opinion; and a man beside himself with "hot with" may become a New-man, though he can hardly be a Rationalist. Under these circumstances a man's private judgment is suspended, and he is not responsible for his belief. On the other hand, a man half-drunk with "bishop" is likely to be more than usually orthodox; and indulgence in this episcopal beverage, as it strengthens his attachment to the Established Church, is likely to diminish the chances of his getting into the station-house.'

* See Miss Edgeworth's Absentee.

Illustrative Notices.

[Passages in their reproduction are commonly so varied that the original author often does not know his own production again. To avoid thus misleading, and to cultivate habits of accuracy on the part of our young readers, the source is stated whence every passage quoted is derived, so that when second-hand the reader knows how to trace it or how to trust it.]

When the *Standard of Freedom* made its profession of principles, it alluded to religious liberty in these dubious words:—'As the champion of religious liberty, the *Standard of Freedom* will occupy high and unmistakeable ground. It will contend for the inalienable right of every human being to form, to express, *to advance every opinion which does not encroach upon the rights of others.* It will claim for religion, in all her forms and complexions, more than the privilege to be heard. Her rights exist not by suffrance or toleration—they are superior to man's control.' The limitation I have marked in *italics* makes the vaunt of no avail, since any coercion of infidel propagandism may be assumed to 'encroach on the rights of others.'

A recent number of the *Christian Times* remarks—'Our press teems with a kind of literature addressed to and designed for our youths, which they devour greedily. Of this kind are such works as Combe's Constitution of Man, which, from their apparent candour and plausibility, are apt to find their way—and do find their way—into the hands of thousands of our studious working lads, to the destruction of every religious principle and precept. Our societies for the repression of prevalent errors have done much to furnish antidotes to the insidious poison which is distilled for these works. Such productions as Kennedy's Reply to Combe, and Bogue on the Inspiration of the New Testament, have gone a great way in counteracting the efforts of the infidel press.'

Mr. Charles Lane has published a pamphlet on 'Dietetics, an endeavour to ascertain the Law of Human Nutriment,' illustrated by a few neat plates. Mr. Lane is the most intelligible writer of the mystic school to which he belongs, and his agreeable pages are the most readable of any extant upon the subject of vegetarianism.

Mr. Fleming's *Commonwealth* promises to be a more varied and practical magazine than the *Labourer*, of which it is the successor.

The *Ethnological Journal* occupies a position of considerable value. The most influential confirmations of Biblical story are derived from historical research. No other journal exists in which these pretensions are analysed with boldness and impartiality. From the February number it appears that unless the friends of that journal promptly interfere, its discontinuance will be inevitable.

The *Truth-Seeker*, (No. 7 of the New Series) edited by Dr. Lee, still sustains its character as the illustrator of every species of progress—typographical, orthographical, and catholic. The lecture by James Hole, on 'Social Science,' manifests the usual strength and weakness of Socialism. The notice of Emerson pictures him as 'poor and incomplete in human sympathies,' which misapprehension is founded on a misconception of the relation of common sympathy to a genius like merson's. In other respects the notice is able.

It will be seen, from our week's list of lectures, that the Rev. Newnham Travers tures again next Sunday, at South Place—probably on the Church of England, continuation; but this not being announced, we cannot re-announce it. He ntinues to interest greatly.

In the 'Life of Michael Servetus,' p. 376, occurs the following passage:—'In a note, page 30, we read an instructive fact, shewing how far Calvin was from being a gospel or evangelical preacher; and, consequently, how little his conduct can have been influenced by the sermon of Christ on the Mount. "Calvin, in his time, preached 1924 sermons, and not one of them from either of the four Gospels!" In a letter to Farrel, written by Calvin, seven years before Servetus was burnt by his influence, he writes—"Servetus has lately written to me, and sent me, at the same time, a large book stuffed with idle fancies and full of arrogance. He says I shall find in it admirable things, and such as have hitherto been unheard of. He offers to come hither, if I like it; but I will not engage my word; for if he come, and any regard be had to my authority, he shall never escape with his life!" Thus long premeditated was this horrid murder.'

Mrs. Child, in her 'Letters from New York,' speaking of Julia Pell, of Philadelphia, a coloured woman, who went about preaching, says—'So powerful was her rude eloquence, that it continually impressed me with grandeur, and once only excited a smile; that was when she described a saint striving to rise at the judgment day, "buried perhaps twenty feet deep, with three or four sinners a top of him," reminding me of a verse in Dr. Nettleton's Hymn Book:—

'Oh how the resurrection light
Will *clarify* believers' sight;
How joyful will the saints arise
And *rub* the *dust* from out their eyes.'

Mrs. Child also relates the following in her 'Letters from New York:'—'The bronze image of St. Peter at Rome, whose toe has been kissed away by devotees, was once a statue of Jupiter. An English traveller took off his hat to it as Jupiter, and asked him, if he ever recovered his power, to reward the only individual that ever bowed to him in his adversity.'

A correspondent at Osmotherley desires me, for the satisfaction of friends there, to notice a paper published by Mr. Joseph Barker on 'Human Governments,' &c., written by Mr. G. Sunter, jun. I have a particular disinclination to criticise every thing which Mr. Barker may choose to publish: the truth of any thing I might point out would come to be disregarded, if it shall be supposed that I criticise with any pertinacious or partizan feeling. Besides, I have given my opinion of this performance in another publication.

The discussion on the Prize Lectures of Mr. Holyoake has closed in the *Odd-Fellows' Chronicle*. On the friendly side the controversy was very flattering, on the opposing side courteous.

The *Eastern Counties Herald*, No. 553, says:—'A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his hearers observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change? He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed the people; but when I grew wiser I discovered that it was the lightning—so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future."'

The *Northern Star*, No. 591, has the following:—'Mamma,' said a girl, 'Solomon must have been very poor.' 'Why?' said her mamma. 'Because it says in the Bible Solomon slept with his fathers, and if he had been rich he would have had a bed to himself.'

The Reasoner.

February 21, 1849.

CARLILE'S MONUMENT.

The friends in Ashton-under-Lyne met last Sunday evening, and formed a committee to promote the Carlile Monument Fund in this neighbourhood. They agreed to meet again at the Commercial Hotel, Staleybridge, on Sunday evening, Feb. 25, at 6 o'clock. [One or two gentlemen in London have promised subscriptions for this fund, but wait to see what the friends of Carlile in general will do. On this account we are glad to hear of this meeting of which Mr. Hindle informs us.]

THE WHIGS AND THE CLERGY.

'No moderation of views, no caution in their measures, no suavity of manner, no eminence of virtue, can save Whig statesmen from having the Clergy for their foes.' So says Baptist Noel; so says experience; and why? 'They are for progress against privilege; and that alone is cause enough to make every privileged class eager for their downfall. But 16,000 clergymen, spread over the whole country, and animated with inextinguishable jealousy and dislike, are formidable opponents.' *Certes*, they are, and so the Whigs have repeatedly found to their cost. They have been tripped up by the Bishops more than once in our own days, to say nothing of the canvassing power of the parsonry, which must be worth half a million in bribes at a general election. It is vain for the Whigs to attempt to liberalise the Church. You may vaccinate it with Maltbys and Hampdens, but the gentle infection will not take; there is a stronger virus in the blood, and the small-pox of intolerance and privilege will break out again in all its virulence. The cathedral spire may be surmounted by a weathercock, but not by a Whig. Nor is there compensation in the support of the antagonist churches—the Catholics and Dissenters. They are outraged and alienated by the inevitable concessions of a Whig Government to the Church—concessions which repel the one class without attracting the other. Baptist Noel reads the doom of Whiggery plain as the handwriting on the wall. 'No amount of talent, no administrative skill, no brilliancy in debate, no amount of services to the country, can perpetuate their popularity. Too liberal for the aristocracy, and too conservative for the unprivileged mass, they are unable to conciliate their enemies, or to retain their friends. Successive votes slip away from their majorities, their friends out of doors grow cold and sullen, and the reins of power drop from their hands.'—*Publicola.*

APPEAL TO PRIEST, POET, AND PHILANTHROPIST.

O Priest! who preachest rich and poor are one—
O Poet! dreaming of a golden age—
O stedfast man! whom thoughts of rack and cage
Scare, as thou sittest by thy hearth alone—
Rise each—rise all!—the armour to put on
Of Courage, prompt with giant Wrong to engage,
Of Truth, unbought by gold, unbent by rage,
Of Love, that toils from dawn till set of sun.
Proclaim aloud—that ne'er should base desire
With those who boast their liberty have place,
That patience even to valour giveth grace,
That self-devotion feeds no demon fire:
They who to conquest's loftiest heights aspire
Nor gilt nor crimsoned paths of fraud or rapine trace.

Athenæum. H. F. C.

MR. OWEN'S HEALTH.

In each of two letters which I have received from Mr. Owen, since the last notice, he speaks of his speedy recovery—which seems to be fortunately past all doubt.

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

Literary Institute, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—Feb. 25, (12, a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'What do Modern Divines know of Infidelity?' (7) Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'The Philosophy of the Intellect.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—Feb. 25, (7) Mr. Walter Cooper, 'Modern Infidel Philosophy.'

Political and Social Institute, 1, George Street, Sloane Square—Feb. 28, (8½) Mr. Thomas Dexter, 'The Eye and its Appendages.'

Finsbury Hall, Bunhill Row.—Feb. 26, (8¼) Mr. C. R. Carter, 'Elocution.'

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 142 ..	331	6
T. W. Thornton, Paris ..	10	0
R. M., Berwick	2	6
Mr. Yabsley, Limehouse, (per Publisher)	2	6
James Gray, per do.	1	0
J. A. B., per do.	1	0
Emma Louisa Dyer	1	0
Arthur Trevelyan *	40	0
	389	6

[* This subscription from our generous friend, Mr. Trevelyan, was accompanied by these words:—'I send you a Post Office order for £3, 40s. of which pray accept for the *Reasoner* Fund, and £1 for the widow of a member of the Utilitarian Society [which has been forwarded], mentioned in that publication—to read which gives more satisfaction to my intellectual and moral organs than any other periodical which comes under my notice. I have a complete set of it, and now subscribe for two monthly parts—and often get several single numbers for distribution when any very useful article occurs—such as your defence (and a really admirable one to) of the Odd-Fellows' Committee.']

☞ *Editorial Communications* are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

Monthly Parts.—The *Reasoner*, in a stiff wrapper, is ready for delivery in Monthly Parts on Magazine day. The Wrapper contains Lists of all Agents of the *Reasoner*, and all News and Coffee Rooms where it is taken in.

Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

Branch and other Communications for the Officers of the Rational Society are to be addressed to 23, John Street, Fitzroy Square—and their Post-office Orders made payable at 103, Tottenham Court Road.

Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

PROSPECTS OF THE 'REASONER.'

Sir,—Being about to leave the country, I am anxious to send a small trifle to the 'Shilling List' [acknowledged No. 139.] It may be long ere I have the pleasure of again reading the *Reasoner*. It has been a greater pleasure to me than the glass to a liquor drinker, or the 'weed' to a smoker; and these gratifications, their votaries tell us, are inexpressible. I trust it may live to a good old age, and be gathered to its fathers with honour and praise. I am sure it is secure now—at least it must have an increasing circle of readers, for, to my knowledge, many of the old readers are now inhabitants of the new world. But if it is not supported send it across the Atlantic, and there shall be life in it still. You may depend upon a more respectable 'Shilling List' at the end of another year. The generality of freethinkers are beginning to understand that 'the happiness of each is the happiness of all' is something more than mere words. The influence which erroneous principles practised by others exert over the weal or woe of those who may think and act justly themselves, is now more clearly seen. Self-love will therefore point to a vigorous propagandism. To give you some sketch of the prospects of the *Reasoner*, Mr. Cox, one of the most thriving of Southampton booksellers, is a good friend to it. Some time ago he exposed one in his window: and now he has, I believe, about nine weekly subscribers. He always keeps one fully exposed to window readers. He is a man of some influence in the town, being an Odd-Fellow of some importance, and a splendid lecturer. T. M.

THE WEEKLY & MONTHLY ORTHODOX.

This is a new Catholic Journal of Correspondence and Literature. The first part is just issued, and contains a goodly variety of matter of interest to the class for which it is more peculiarly intended. The work is cleverly conducted, and gives a striking example of the energy and spirit which, at the present time, particularly animate the movements and proceedings of the Roman Catholic body. It is illustrated by wood engravings; the subjects in the current part including a likeness of the Pope (with an interesting biographical notice), views of the recently built St. George's Church, Southwark, and of Gaeta and its harbour (the present abiding place of Pius IX.) &c.—*Morning Advertiser*, No. 17,930.

HAND BILLS OF THE 'REASONER.'

In accordance with a suggestion of Mr. Edwards of Burnley, a large quantity of small Bills have been prepared for circulation. The contents of them and other particulars will be made known next week with a view to obtain the co-operation of our friends.

THE WHITE QUAKERS.

Mr. H. Burston, of Chelsea, who lately left his home to join the White Quakers near Dublin, has somewhat prematurely returned, and has left with me a letter upon the matter. He seems not to have been able to understand them before going, and when he handed to Joshua Jacob a copy of the *Reasoner* with Theodore's letter in, which had misled him, (so he avers) Mr. Jacob threw the *Reasoner* away with an air of dramatic scorn, saying 'Oh! we want no Reasoners here.' If I find opportunity I will correspond with the principals of the establishment, and if I can learn both sides of the case I may make the result public.

THE IRVINGITES.

The body of religionists in London popularly known as Irvingites (a title, however, which they indignantly repudiate, although they revere the memory of Edward Irving), are at this moment very active. Within the bounds of the metropolis they have seven churches—a sort of imitation of the seven apocalyptic churches; and Newman-street, where Mr. Irving used to preach, is a sort of Jerusalem. Here, once a month, representatives from these seven churches assemble; and although the reputation of the party is associated with ideas of fanaticism and absurdity, the proceedings of the managers and leaders are characterised by much shrewdness and worldly wisdom. Mr. Drummond, formerly of the banking firm of Drummond and Co., but now a country gentleman, and one of the members for West Surrey, is understood to be still connected with the body, which is actively endeavouring to increase its influence by the accession of other names of repute.—*Northern Star*, No. 590.

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers, accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received.—R. M. (Mr. Watson has published, as far as it goes, the only 'Life of Robespierre' among us. A new one is just out, from the pen of Mr. Lewis.) *Manchester Spectator*, No. 5, from W. F.—*Odd-Fellows' Chronicle*, No. 67.—Robert Ross.—'Philosophy of Gold,' 'The Child at Play,' etc., by J. H.—'Analysis of Gillespie's Argument,' by W. Chilton.—W. Willson.—*Preston Guardian*, No. 282, from G. Edwards.—E. L. Dyer, 1s. for Carlile Monument.—Panthea. (The several communications received.)—W. Willson, Chester. (Who is your bookseller? Chester ought to have facilities for getting the *Reasoner*. The kind of books alluded to are in contemplation.)—W. H. W.—*Staffordshire Advertiser*, No. 1795.

London: — Printed by A. Holyoake, 54, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

Wednesday, February 21, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 144.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

THE PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS WHICH IS NEVER INTENDED TO BE GIVEN.

Some time ago a work was published on 'Universal Immaterialism,' for the refutation of which a prize of £100 is offered by the author. It will be said if no Materialist answers the book, that a great triumph has been gained over the advocates of materialism: that though they announce their willingness to debate, they are not to be induced to do so when an opponent really appears—not even when offered so handsome a prize as £100 to enter the lists.

This pretended prize, for such I take it to be, seems only an unworthy attempt to sell a book which otherwise nobody might buy. By the provision of 'W. J. B.' I am enabled to explain the matter to the readers of the *Reasoner*.

Before this prize can be won, you must catch 'twelve Professors of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the principal Universities of Great Britain and Ireland,' and no little trouble it will be to select and then prevail upon such persons to be adjudicators. If there are many candidates the professors will be plagued to death. Who ever shall undertake the task of adjudicating on so vexed a subject, and read what should first be read, would deserve a fee of ten guineas, and be but moderately compensated then. What obscure candidate could hope to obtain the requisite adjudicators? He must supplicate for them, and be under an obligation, which I would not incur for the whole prize. Then if the offerer of the prize happens not to approve of the selection, the humiliation and anxiety have to be gone over again.

It is worthy of remark, too, that the competitors for this prize—if they prove Materialists, (and such seem to be addressed by the author)—will labour under the disadvantage of expecting accredited *religious* professors to award the judgment of *irrefutability* to an atheistical argument which may subvert the whole fabric of theology. 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

The purchase of twelve copies at 10s. each—the price of 'Universal Immaterialism'—will be £6. Now before an adjudicator can know what he is to decide upon, he must be furnished with the books; and if he declines, one could not well ask for a return of the books presented. At least, I would not do it; and if not offered back again, new expense must be incurred. Besides, there are books on 'both sides' to be supplied, which at least would be £6 more, as I understand the requirement. After all the unhappy competitor must 'publish' his reply, which might cost £100, and would cost more if done in the style and at the length at which 'Universal Immaterialism' is produced, which the reply is to confute.

After the confutory Essay is published, twelve months are to elapse before the author can, if successful, obtain the prize which is to pay him for his trouble and repay him for his pecuniary outlay. The unfortunate writer who is seduced into competing for this pretended prize, will incur £100 expense, and more than £100 worth of anxiety and humiliation. It will cost him £200 for the chance of obtaining £100. Nobody can profit; and, from all appearances, nobody is intended to profit, save the proposer of the prize—who takes this undignified course to sell

his book. He sinks himself to the level of the lottery people at a fair, who turn a wheel to decoy the simple—and offer a prize by which he will inevitably lose who wins it.

When this prize was first made public it was modestly provided that whoever would know the conditions must buy the book. This not answering, a new advertisement appears—promising a sight of the conditions gratuitously, at Churchill's, Prince's Street, and at a publishers in Edinburgh. But as the conditions are long, it is necessary to buy the book to make use of them.

'W. J. B.' generously placed at my disposal the means of procuring all the books necessary for the competition if I, Mr. Chilton, or other of our friends, choosed to compete for it. It is therefore that I have purchased the book—and herewith I reprint and make known gratuitously the conditions on which the 'proposer of the prize' proposes to part with his money—*and his Books*.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

The conditions are as follow:—

A PROSPECTUS OF THE TERMS UPON WHICH A PRIZE OF £100 IS OFFERED FOR A CONCLUSIVE DISPROOF OF IMMATERIALISM.

For the purpose of more clearly showing how little can be advanced in opposition to the doctrine of *universal immaterialism*, and of thus more fully establishing the truth of that doctrine, a prize of one hundred pounds is hereby offered to the *first* person who shall, within *twelve* calendar months from the date hereof, *publish* such arguments in refutation of the said doctrine as shall be declared conclusive, and in accordance with sound logical principles, by *any* twelve gentlemen *publicly known* as men of scientific or philosophical attainments, *including* the Professors of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the principal Universities of Great Britain and Ireland.

The said twelve Approvers to be *chosen* by the Candidate himself, by him *supplied* with copies of the arguments *on both sides*, and *applied to* by him for their opinion. If any gentleman, when selected and applied to by the Candidate, shall, from any cause, refuse to pronounce a favourable judgment upon the arguments of the said Candidate, the latter has the option of referring *successively to any number of gentlemen he thinks proper*, until he obtains the testimony of the required number, provided always that the gentlemen so referred to be in all cases such as above described, and be recognised as such by the Proposer of the Prize, either prior or subsequently, to their being referred to by the Candidate; and the utmost facility and promptitude shall be uniformly afforded in obtaining the Proposer's approval of any list or name submitted to him.

As there may be occasion for a reply to the arguments adduced by the Candidate, *not less than twelve* calendar months are to intervene, nor *more than eighteen* between *the day* on which the aforesaid arguments of the Candidate are made public, and *the dates* of the attestations given by the twelve gentlemen whom the Candidate shall ultimately succeed in prevailing upon to recognise the validity of his arguments.

The Candidate who, *twelve* months after the publication of his arguments, shall *first* send in (directed to the Publisher of this work) the *unequivocal* and *autograph* declarations of *any* twelve such gentlemen, stating, individually, that they had perused the arguments on both sides, and that the Candidate's arguments upon the three points prescribed below appeared to them *incontrovertibly conclusive*, together with the *permission* of these gentlemen that their declarations should be made public, such Candidate shall be considered entitled to the Prize of One Hundred Pounds, and shall be forthwith paid it.

The Prize is not offered for the *best* refutation of the doctrine, but for the *first* that is declared incontrovertible. And the opinions required of twelve Adjudicators are not as to whether *the doctrine* is (in their own opinions) true or false, but as to whether *the arguments* brought forward by the Candidate are or are not, upon sound logical and scientific principles, conclusive arguments against the doctrine, *and such as would be admitted to be so on any other question of science, philosophy, or practical life.* It is necessary, also, that the separate *grounds* of *each* Adjudicator's opinion be distinctly stated; and that the name of each, as well as that of the Candidate, be given.

The arguments brought forward by the Candidate are to be as follow:—

I. A clear disproof of Berkeley's Demonstration, either in its premises, or in its conclusion.

II. A clear disproof of the new Demonstrations contained in this volume ['Universal Immaterialism.']

III. Any one conclusive proof that there is a Material Substance in the Material World.

And, since there is a kind of matter that is denied, and another that is not denied, *great explicitness* as to the *particular kind of thing in dispute* (under the name of matter) is indispensable *throughout*, both in the arguments of the Candidate, and in the autograph opinions of those who arbitrate.

A copy of whatever pamphlet is published, containing the arguments of the Candidate, must be sent in to the publisher of this work as soon as such pamphlet issues from the press.

London, December 1848.

LOT'S WIFE.

Some of the newspapers are very merry over Lieut. Lynch's report of his exploring expedition to the Dead Sea, saying that he pretends to have brought home some specimens of the salt into which Lot's wife was turned at the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The Lieutenant has brought home some specimens from a large rock of salt, near the Dead Sea, which some editors have called Lot's wife. That's all. And what if he had said that his specimens were pieces of the identical pillar of salt into which Mrs. Lot was transmuted? We defy any body to prove the contrary, and therefore regard the Lieutenant's statement as good as any adverse testimony. All Christians and Jews and Mahommedans admit that Mrs. Lot was changed into a pillar of salt as a punishment for her impertinent curiosity, and so changed in the sight of Sodom and Gomorrah, which occupied the present site of the Dead Sea, and could be seen at the bottom of it if the water were clear enough. And several travellers, including Pococke, Maundrell, and Volney, say that plenty of fossil salt is to be found in that region. The Arabs directed Maundrell to a block which they pronunced Lot's wife—an assertion that he could not contradict, because he could not ascertain from any other testimony whether it was the lady or not. So he let the story pass, wisely concluding that these Arabs knew as much about it as anybody else. And why should they not? They were on the ground, in the very place where the thing happened. Volney says that the Arabs pointed to several large blocks as the remains of Mrs. Lot, Mr. Lot, and the two young ladies.

How Mr. and the two Misses Lot became thus *preserved* we know not, for ancient history is silent on the subject. But as all three cut some very queer capers together soon after the fire, the old gentleman getting *corned*, and the young ladies getting into a *pretty pickle*, the whole family must have been rather *hardened*, and certainly ought to have *gone together;* and therefore we do not

wonder at their reaching posterty in a state of *preservation*, as pointed out to Volney by the Arabs. And Volney did not contradict them, for he considered all this quite as credible as anything else which the Arabs told him about the Lots, and the cities at the bottom of the Dead Sea. With all this testimony, how can we laugh at Lieut. Lynch for discovering a large block of fossil salt near the Dead Sea, or at any of the editors for insisting upon its being Lot's wife? If it be not Lot's wife, whose wife is it? Can you answer this, Messrs. Sceptic? If you cannot, you must admit that it is Lot's wife, for one story is always good till another is told.

The whole difficulty about Lot's wife originated in the ignorance of natural science of those who translated the Bible in the reign of James I. They were learned grammarians and theologians, profoundly skilled in Hebrew roots and Greek particles, and in the metaphysical theology of the fathers, and the learned commentaries of the monks. But of natural science, or of the social condition of antiquity, they knew about as much as the New Hollanders.

They have twisted an allegorical account of a volcanic eruption, and the destruction of cities by it, into the history of a single family; and they have mistaken for human beings the figurative personifications of natural causes and consequences, by the Hebrew writer. All the writings of oriental antiquity abound in metaphor and allegory. The middle and southern Asiatics of the earliest ages were precisely like their descendants at the present day—and indeed like all tribes in a primitive condition, highly poetical. Whoever doubts this, can read the Psalms, and listen to the tales of the modern Arabs. Both are figurative, metaphorical, allegorical—and the Psalms sublimely so.

Now let us go to philology. Lot is the son of Haran. Lot means rosin, or myrrh, or bitterness of the sea, and also covered, concealed; and Haran means a mountain. All this means that rosin, or bitumen, is concealed or covered by the mountains, and causes the bitterness of the sea. This is a tolerably correct geological description of the Dead Sea and its surrounding country. But what is Lot's wife? The lady's name is not given in Genesis nor Josephus, and we can borrow no light from etymology. But her relation with Lot may aid in the solution of this salt. Marriage means union, connection, association, and this pillar of salt is Lot's wife. In constituting a characteristic of the Dead Sea and the surrounding country, salt is joined, united, connected, associated with rosin or bitumen. Rosin flows from the mountains, salt is united with it, and both cause the bitterness of the sea. In a volcanic eruption, the signs of which are indubitable in that region, fossil salt was thrown *up from* the plains, or *out of* the mountains, in a fluid condition, and flowed onward until it stopped by cooling; and once stopped, it would serve as a foundation upon which more of the melted current would be cooled, and form a pillar, column, or mound. The Dead Sea might be produced by the sinking of a portion of the earth's crust, a volcanic phenomena of which abundant evidence is found in several parts of the earth. In the conflagration, Lot fled to Zoah; and Zoah means little, small, a small place. The bitumen flowed from the mountains to the bed or cavity of the lake, a small place in comparison with the surrounding country. Sodom means cement, and probably means that the citizens of the plain used bitumen as cement for their houses, a purpose to which it is still applied. Gomorrah means rebellious; and as Josephus says that the cities of the plain were conquered by the Assyrians, the name probably signifies that they were regarded by their conquerors as rebels. If this explanation do not sufficiently elucidate the story of Lot and his wife, we will thank any body for a better.—*Boston Investigator*, No. 36., vol. 18.

CIRCULATION OF THE 'REASONER'—A NEW ASSAULT ON MOSES.

A CORRESPONDENT at Warwick inquires this week in what way he could aid the *Reasoner*. These inquiries have been frequent of late. A mode can now be suggested whereby generous interest can find exercise.

Mr. Edwards, urnley, lately proposed that 20,000 small bills, containing a few descriptive sentences, should be prepared for circulation, offering at the same time to subscribe 5s. towards the expense, and intimating that one or two others in the same neighbourhood would do the same.

Reflecting on the suggestion, I found that the statistics as to the effect of different modes of advertising accessible to me were very indefinite. Whether Advertisements, or ans, or Bills were most efficacious, did not appear. Finding it would be instruc..ve to put it to experiment, I have resolved to try the effect of a given number o nall bills. The one I have drawn up is addressed chiefly to Christians, and i as follows:—

HE REASONER:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL,

At ..drian, Republican, & Communist.

EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE.

THE *easoner* is not written meraly 'to sell,' but to be serviceable.

It ppeals not to force to sustain politics, nor to religion to enforce morality. It relies on reason in all things, and seeks no victory which reason will not win.

It applies the test of Utility to theology as well as to all thing else.

It aims, not only to extend reforms, but to create Reformers: and hence it criticises its friends for their improvement, as well as its enemies for their correction.

Th *Reasoner* particularly addresses itself to Christians. It is the ole publication in which forbidden questions in theology are argued and both sides heard.

No converts are worth having, save those who have examined both ides. None others can be relied upon.

Th disbeliever—the weakness of whose cause every pulpit proclaims—braves inquiry: shall the Christian do less whose faith is said to repose on the 'rock of ages?'

WORKS BY THE EDITOR.

PRACTICAL GRAMMAR. Third Thousand	1 6
HAND-BOOK OF GRADUATED GRAMMATICAL EXERCISES ..	1 0
MATHEMATICS NO MYSTERY: or the Beauties and Uses of Euclid. Illustrated by 8 copper-plates, containing 147 diagrams. Second Thousand.	2 6
HINTS TOWARDS A LOGIC OF FACTS..	1 6
PALEY REFUTED IN HIS OWN WORDS. Third Thousand. Dedicated to William and Robert Chambers	0 6
RATIONALISM: the Theory of English Communism. 2nd Thousand	0 6
THE REASONER (every Wednesday morning)	0 2
Vol. I., 4s.; Vols. III., IV., and V., 5s.	

☞ To obtain the REASONER order it of a Bookseller, and *repeat* the order till it is delivered—as there is always difficulty in procuring a publication not generally known. Copies on thin paper can be obtained from the Office *(post-free)* at 3d. each, or 3s. 3d. per Quarter. Address:—

J. WATSON, 3, QUEEN'S-HD. PASSAGE, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

My intention is to get 200,000 of these bills executed neatly, and circulated within the year. I will endeavour to send them to any one who will undertake to

see such quantity, few or many, as he may ask for, put, as far as possible, into *new* hands, where they are likely to be useful. If they can be distributed to the congregation at each church and chapel door in the kingdom, and sent to all clergymen and ministers, good will come of them.

The proposal lately made by a correspondent, to erect a Public College and Lecture Hall, is not likely to be realized till we have extended greatly the circle of those whom we weekly address. The distribution of 200,000 small bills within a year, will furnish definite data, in its results, as to the effect of that mode of advertising. As our circulation has been some months stationary, this is a good time to begin. A portion of the bills is now ready.

Genesis is again at default. The Fall of Man is pronounced blasphemous by the *Times*. Moses will lose his reputation as a discreet writer, as he seems to have related occurrences to be read by the Fire-side and discoursed upon from Pulpits, in the presence of Sunday-school children, which nevertheless are unfit for the adult public eye.

The following letter, by one 'Decency,' appeared in last week's *Times*:—

'Sir,—The attention of the public was lately directed, through your journal, [we noticed the circumstance] to a most disgraceful scene enacted at the St. James's Theatre. Allow me, through the same channel, to draw public attention to an exhibition of a much more disgraceful and blasphemous nature exhibited nightly in the Haymarket, under the title of the 'Poses Plastiques,' in which the whole history of the Temptation is performed, from the first scene with the serpent to the final expulsion from the garden, with an accuracy which would be applauded by a Parisian audience, but which ought to disgust an English and Christian public. The serpent is actually represented offering the apple, and the angel with a flaming sword is really and truly performed by a half-naked woman. Surely this ought not to be allowed, nor will it be if attention be drawn to it through your valuable paper. I may add that there is no secresy or disguise about the matter, any one may see the bills outside the doors of the exhibition informing the public that it may see the performance for 1s.'

G. J. H.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

[Not being sure of Mr. Thornton's address, or whether or not he had fallen in the Parisian commotions, a Polish gentleman returning to Paris took for me a letter, with the view to its reaching Mr. Thornton. I insert the reply, as many readers will be glad to hear from Mr. Thornton.]

Dear Sir,—You inquire whether you may hope to hear from me again. In answer I have to say that I was going to write in the course of the week, to ask you whether you would like to insert in the *Reasoner* a short article in favour of the spelling and printing reform,* called *Phonography* and *Phonotypy*—of which, especially the latter, I have a favourable opinion. I believe the *Spirit of the Age* has spoken of that reform with approbation, but have not seen the article. If so I should wish to see it, as well as the numbers containing 'Ion's' articles. I am not a subscriber, but have read most of the numbers, which are lent me by a Captain Price, a Paris friend of Mr. Owen, with whom he staid while here. I like the paper very well, though no great friend to *spirits* of any kind.

The *Reasoner* I receive regularly. Four numbers now are due. I get them

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Yes, readily.—Ed.

monthly. The fund does not progress so well as might be desired. I will send you a mite of 10s.

The reason that I have not written to you is that I had nothing I thought worth saying, and have been very idle since I came here. I have felt no inclination or ability to turn to any subject requiring thought or research, and I know you have generally 'enty of matter, besides a small stock I left you, and which you have used. As olitics, the situation has changed daily for the last twelve months. To de ɜ it would have been like painting the chamæleon's evanescent hues. I su ɔpose by the time a year shall have expired from the date of the last revolution (Feb. '48) we shall be pretty much as we were previously, with a heavy bill to pa for breakage and alterations. Things seem going back into the old course. Th change was too great to be lasting, and I never felt so sanguine as some folks, b t I did not think they would make such a mess of it. However, something good will no doubt remain, something better than the mere name Republic and the title of President. Whether universal suffrage be so great an advantage as some persons expect, experience only can decide. At any rate, it will not be realised for many years to come. Whether the President will serve his time, or turn into an emperor, or whether Henry V. will be on the throne six months hence, n o one here ventures to conjecture. But nearly all agree that the French are not fit for a republican system, and that the best government for the country is a ıg one, that is *metallic*, or of which the main ingredients are lead and steel. nfess I think they know their own case better than any one. Society, when d dered, seems, like individuals, to have an instinctive knowledge of that which is best for it; and certain it is that the body politic of France —especially the ' ead, Paris—has been and is still wofully deranged, too much so to allow the pati full liberty of action at present. Somebody says the French never *stop* at fre n but always go *through it*, and fall back into despotism. But what is freedom? A big word conveying an indistinct or erroneous conception to most men. Fre dom from what, and for what? For the few, or for all? Is it political freedon which is but the means, or social freedom, the end? How different! Now, the freedom of the few is the slavery of the many. Will it ever be so? We trust not. But thus it must be till men shall be made more equal, or rather less unequal. What is the use of crying equality when there is no equality? liberty when it is but a name?

Ne parlez pas de liberté,
La pauvreté c'est l'esclavage.
Talk not of liberty, poverty is slavery.

3, Petite-rue V erte, Paris. Feb. 11, 1849. T. W. Thornton.

MAHOMET.

Mahomet, after all that can be said about him, was not a sensual man. We shall err widely if we consider this man as a common voluptuary, intent mainly on base enjoyments—say on enjoyment of any kind. His household was of the frugallest, his common diet barley bread and water; sometimes for months there was not a fire once lighted on his hearth. They record, with just pride, that he would mend his own shoes, patch his own cloak. A poor, hard-toiling, ill-provided man, careless of what vulgar men toil for. Not a bad man, I should say; something better in him than hunger of any sort, or these wild Arab men, fighting and jostling three and twenty years at his hand, in close contact with him always, would not have reverenced him so! They were wild men, bursting ever and anon into quarrel, into all kinds of fierce sincerity: without right, worth, and

manhood no man could have commanded them. Why call him prophet? you say. Why, he stood there face to face with them; bare, not enshrined in any mystery, visibly clouting his own cloak, cobbling his own shoes; fighting, couselling, ordering in the midst of them: they must have seen what kind of man he was, let him be called what you like. No emperor with his tiaras was obeyed as this man in a cloak of his own clouting. During three and twenty years of rough actual trial, I find something of a hero necessary for that of itself.

His last words were a prayer—broken ejaculations of the heart, struggling up in trembling hope towards his Maker. We cannot say that his religion made him worse: it made him better—good, not bad. Generous things are recorded of him. When he lost his daughter, the thing he answers is, in his own dialect, every way sincere, and yet equivalent to that of Christians: 'The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.'

Withal, I like Mahomet for his total freedom from cant. He is a rough, self-helping son of the wilderness—does not pretend to be what he is not. There is no ostentatious pride in him, neither does he go much upon humility; he is there as he can be in cloak and shoes of his own clouting; speaks plainly of all manner of Persian kings, Greek emperors, what it is they are bound to do; knows well enough about himself, 'the respect due unto thee.'—*Carlyle.*

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SWISS REPUBLICS.

Sixth Period, continued from page 124.

From all this it will easily be perceived that the Swiss peasants in 1653 were low fellows who deserved to have 'nothing to do with the laws but to obey them;' their subsequent conduct will remove all donbt on this head from the minds of the 'friends of order.' They began to talk about abstract rights; and, recollecting that the herdsmen of the Waldstatten were their own masters, they resolved to emulate them. They got up an anti-bailiff league, assembled a general convention of the oppressed classes, and drew up a people's charter, of which the principal point was the independence of the rural districts and an equitable scheme of taxation on the principles of free-trade. Alas, they knew not that it to maintain a place in the commonwealth requires art, the gaining such a place is a matter requiring not only art but science. The confederates of the Waldstatten had never been slaves: the peasants of Western Switzerland had never been free. Gesler and Landenberg were innovators, and the men of Grutli merely conservators of their ancient rights: but the bailiffs of Berne and Lucerne were the inheritors of an old and long recognised authority. The universal suffrage of the Waldstatten included the whole community: but the universal suffrage of a band of insurgents includes only the most energetic, among whom the ignorant and the turbulent are sure to abound. All the vagabonds in the country hang on the skirts of a popular movement, and every crime perpetrated by an individual weakens the body and strengthens the enemy; for the innocent, having no power to punish the crime, can only abjure connection with criminals by renouncing the party to which these latter stick like briers. Add to these generalities that, in the present case, the peasants were poor, the burghers were rich—that the burghers were always united, and the peasants rarely so—and we shall not wonder that these failed to obtain a place within the pale of the constitution.

Their example is a warning to us that we ought to study, with the utmost pains, the science of obtaining new rights, and not to rely on our numbers, on brute force, or even on the justice of our cause. The old fable of the bundle of sticks must be remembered, not merely that we may remain united, but that we

may untie the girdle which guards the weapons of the enemy. We should seek out every hole and cranny of the constitution, and endeavour to worm our way in. An astute clergyman is reported to have said 'Let boys squabble about parliament, give me the parish.' He was right; if every ratepayer had a vote in his parish, we should soon find the House of Commons give way. But, like the Swiss, we keep battering at the doors of that House from time to time, and with about as much effect as Xerxes produced on the sea by flogging it. Let those, too, who resist popular rights, remember that, though the Swiss peasants did not succeed, their failure was the cause of the French invasion 146 years afterwards; and that it is only owing to the triumph of republicanism at a subsequent period that Switzerland owes its present position as the quietest country in Europe—those next in stability being Holland, Belgium, and England, where monarchy is kept at a premium only so far as it discounts the drafts made on it by republicanism. If the grievances of the peasants are to some extent shrouded in darkness, their actions are not so, as the events of this war are clearly and truly recorded by all Swiss historians.

'When, in the month of August, 1652, the government of Berne, with a view of ameliorating the coinage of their canton, prohibited the circulation of the small money of the others, and reduced the standard of their own batzen to one half of its former value, a general feeling of dissatisfaction prevailed amongst the people; for those who thought themselves worth ten batzen possessed but five, hence the poor were much greater sufferers than the rich. The people assembled in the villages, every one adding to the general grievance his own particular one. One had to complain of the governor, another of the doorkeeper—some of the price of salt, others of that of powder. Other complaints were raised against the tax on the exportation of corn, and the injustice of incorporated trades, the oppressiveness of bond service, and the infringement of their ancient rights. The more the people discussed their grievances, the more their minds were inflamed. The government of Berne having, in like manner, diminished the value of the batzen, the communes of Entlibuch sent deputies to the town, requesting that they would either leave the coinage at its original standard, or receive, instead of payments in money, the produce of the soil. They were, however, so ill received, that they soon retraced their steps homewards, full of sadness and humiliation. This proceeding highly incensed the people, who vented their indignation by attacking the bailiffs and loading them with insults whenever they presented themselves in the discharge of their duties. On this, the president Dulliker repaired in person to Entlibuch (February 1653), accompanied by the principal members of the government and the church, to remonstrate with the more reflecting part of the inhabitants on the impropriety of their proceedings. The people now collected together from every village, armed with pikes and clubs, and advanced in martial array, preceded by a white banner followed by three young men blowing the Alpine horn; then came the chief men of the commune, who were succeeded by three others in the ancient Swiss costume, as representatives of the heroes of Grutli; and, lastly, the entire armed force, consisting of 1400 men. In this order they reached the village, where the deputies from the town were assembled. Tumultuous cries were now uttered against the lowering the standard of value in the coinage, against the toll established at Wollhausen, against the high interest of money, against the fines levied by the governors, and the arbitrary conduct of the wine gaugers, with numerous other grievances. As these complaints were accompanied by threatening and insulting language, the deputies found themselves unable to propose anything to the riotous crowd—they

therefore returned to the town. Meanwhile, the peasants held regular meetings, established picquets, searched travellers, and incited their neighbours, the Bernese, to make common cause with them; whilst the ten bailliages of the district ratified by oath an alliance which they formed at Wollhausen.

'The affair having assumed so serious an aspect, the six Catholic cantons despatched deputies to act as mediators. But when they met the deputies of ten communes at Willisau, who presented them with a paper containing twenty-seven articles of complaint, the assembled peasants renewed the tumult, made the deputies prisoners, and placed them under a guard, took possession of the principal avenues leading to the town, and threatened to attack Lucerne. Four hundred men from the small cantons were immediately marched off to garrison and protect the town; Zurich and Berne likewise made hostile preparations. This intimidated the peasantry of the ten communes: they set the deputies at liberty—nay, even begged them to intercede in their behalf; this they agreed to do, and on the 19th of March the following equitable judgment was pronounced:—The government shall preserve its sovereignty, and the subjects their rights; the rate of excise on wines shall everywhere be the same, and the president of Willisau shall be chosen only from among its own citizens; appeals from Entlibuch to the tribunals of Lucerne shall only be made in causes of above one hundred florins; the alliance of the ten bailliages of Wollhausen is to be abrogated, and all such associations shall be prohibited under severe penalties; finally, no claims are to be allowed as to an indemnification for the expenses resulting from the present contest.'—Zschokke, pp. 251-3.

But the Lucerne government was mistaken in thinking the revolt at an end. The Bernese peasants, having been summoned to fight against the insurgents, refused; and the troops of Schaffhausen and Basle, having been brought into the Aargau to act against the men of the Entlibuch, the peasants of Berne, Soleure, and Basle rose in arms and took part with their insurgent brethren. 'The tumult now reached an alarming height. General assemblies were held by the peasants at Langenthal; they besieged the castles of the governors, sent deputies to the government at Berne, and even secretly applied for foreign assistance to the French ambassador, La Barde. This step, however, was fatal to their cause, for the French ambassador having betrayed them, many of the most worthy men abandoned the cause, since they could contemplate calling foreigners into their country.* In the meantime, deputies from six reformed cantons arrived at Berne, to endeavour to settle amicably the contest between the government and its subjects. The communes also sent deputies, and it was resolved that the trade in salt should continue in the hands of the government, but that the citizens should have the right of buying what they wanted for their own use where they thought fit; that the tax on the exportation of corn, and the obligation of belonging to a fraternity or guild should be abolished; that the batz should remain at its lowered standard, but that both capitals and interest should be paid at a rate not exceeding that of 1613; that such capitals as were well invested and at good interest could not be redeemed before the expiration of six years; and, lastly, that the salary of the apparitors should be lowered. These and other difficulties being thus equitably arranged, the deputies of the communes demanded pardon, on their knees, of the council of Berne, and all appeared happily terminated. Fresh tumults, however, broke out among the country people in the canton of Lucerne, who declared they could see no crime in their alliance with

* The grammar of Zschokke's translator is in this and in many other places extremely defective.

Wollhausen, which the decision of the arbitrators went to establish. They therefore sent delegates to the people of the other cantons, inviting them to cease to be the slaves of the towns. Let us, said they, become free like the people in the small cantons. The people of Aargau and Emmenthal supported their views, and inveighed against their own deputies for having knelt before the council of Berne, and accepting the treaty thus offered. Many of the people in the cantons of Soleure and Basle also made common cause with those of Lucerne, the Emmenthal, and Aargau. On the 13th of April, 1653, they held a general assembly at Sumiswald, and elected Nicholas Leuenberger, a peasant of Schoenholz, for their head-magistrate and the chief of the confederacy of the four cantons of Lucerne, Berne, Soleure, and Basle. They promulgated laws, and established that the people and government should mutually respect the rights of each other; that no subject should take up arms against the magistracy, but that if the latter should ever send troops against the people, they might be repelled by force. They called upon the subjects of all the cantons to meet in a general assembly at Hutwyl, at which the rights and liberties of all would be canvassed, so that every Swiss might become free—an appeal by no means agreeable to the rulers of the towns. A great and decisive moment was now evidently approaching. As the counts and barons had formerly freed themselves from the emperor, and acquired the hereditary possession of their territories—and as, at a later period, the great towns of Switzerland, favoured by fortune and circumstances, had freed themselves from the power of these nobles, either by ransom or arms—so the hitherto dependent peasantry thought to shake off the authority of the towns, and to assert their right to equal freedom. They had, however, but ill calculated their means of success.

'These tumultuous mobs were no less devoid of that devoted loyalty and firm union displayed by the men of the Waldstatten, than of the prudence, strength, and reflection formerly evinced by the towns. They were, on the contrary, rude and uninstructed, inexperienced in civil polity, distrustful of each other, and occupied more with their individual interests than with the common welfare; they listened more readily to the ravings of demagogues, than to the counsels of the prudent and enlightened; all wished to command, but none were willing to obey. Hence their disunion, and a readiness to plunge into every excess. Those whose opinions differed from theirs were personally maltreated, or menaced with being burnt in their dwellings.

'In the mean time, the towns were busily engaged in mustering troops to subdue the rebels; but, with a view of gaining time, they opened negotiations with them. Berne and the diet of Baden pursued a more open course. They held several conferences with the deputation from the rebels; but the tumults which reigned among them, their incessant contradiction and tergiversation, rendered it impossible to come to any conclusion.

'After every endeavour at reconciliation had failed, Zurich, as head of the confederation, issued orders for a general march (May 11, 1653). The troops of Vaud, who, from their difference of language, had remained strangers to the cause of the German communes, were assembled by Berne, under the command of Sigismund d'Erlach: his force amounted to nearly 10,000 men. The Catholic cantons sent about 5,000 men, commanded by Colonel Zweyer; and the other confederate troops, amounting to 8,000, were commanded by the Zurich general, Wertmuller. The inhabitants of the smaller cantons remained true to the towns, and defended their cause from insurgents, no less from a love of justice and good feeling towards their neighbours, than because they themselves had bailliages under their rule: the force they sent garrisoned the town of Lucerne.'—Zschokke, pp. 254-7.

J. D. COLLET.

THE CONFESSIONAL IN SPAIN.

(From Browning's Poems.)

I.

It is a lie—their priests, their Pope,
Their saints, their....all they fear or hope
Are lies, and lies—there! through my door
And ceiling, there! and walls and floor;
There, lies, they lie, shall still be hurled,
Till spite of them I reach the world!

II.

You think priests just and holy men!
Before they put me in this den
I was a human creature too,
With flesh and blood like one of you—
A girl that laughed in beauty's pride
Like lilies in your world outside.

III.

I had a lover—shame avaunt!
This poor wrenched body, grim and gaunt,
Was kissed all over till it burned,
By lips the truest, love ere turned
His heart's own tint: one night they kissed
My soul out in a burning mist.

IV.

So, next day, when the accustomed train
Of things grew round my sense again,
'That is a sin,' I said, and slow
With downcast eyes to church I go,
And pass to the confession chair,
And tell the old mild father there.

V.

But when I falter Beltran's name,
'Ha?' quoth the father, 'much I blame
The sin: yet wherefore idly grieve?
Despair not—strenuously retrieve!
Nay, I will turn this love of thine
To lawful love, almost divine.

VI.

For he is young and led astray,
This Beltran; and he schemes, men say,
To change the laws of church and state;
So, thine shall be an angel's fate,
Who, ere the thunder breaks, should roll
Its cloud away and save his soul.

VII.

For when he lies upon thy breast,
Thou may'st demand, and be possessed
Of all his plans, and next day steal
To me, and all those plans reveal,
That I and every priest, to purge
His soul, may fast and use the scourge.'

VIII.

That father's beard was long and white,
With love and truth his brow seemed bright;
I went back, all on fire with joy,
And, that same evening, bade the boy
Tell me, as lovers should, heart-free,
Something to prove his love of me.

IX.

He told me what he would not tell
For hope of heaven or fear of hell;
And I lay listening in such pride,
And soon as he had left my side,
Tripped to the church by morning light,
To save his soul in his despite.

X.

I told the father all his schemes,
Who were his comrades, what their dreams;
'And now make haste,' I said, 'to pray
The one spot from his soul away;
To night he comes, but not the same
Will look.' At night he never came.

XI.

Nor next night. On the after morn
I went forth with a strength new born:
The church was empty; something drew
My steps into the street; I knew
It led me to the market-place—
Where, lo!—on high—the father's face!

XII.

That horrible blank scaffold drest—
The stapled block....God sink the rest!
That head strapped back—that blinding vest—
Those knotted hands and naked breast—
Till near one busy hangman pressed—
And—on the neck these arms caressed....

XIII.

No part in aught they hope or fear!
No heaven with them, no hell, and here
No earth—not so much space as pens
My body in their worst of dens,
But shall hear God and man my cry—
Lies—lies, again—and still they lie!

Illustrative Notices.

[Passages in their reproduction are commonly *so* varied that the original author often does not know his own production again. To avoid thus misleading, and to cultivate habits of accuracy on the part of our young readers, the source is stated whence every passage quoted is derived, so that when second-hand the reader knows how to trace it or how to trust it.]

A GOOD example of the charity that 'thinketh no evil' was given in a recent number of the *Church and State Gazette*, which contained the following *bijou* in the 'Notice to Correspondents:'—'Will "A Christian Democrat" give us his name in confidence?' We should like to look upon such an animal. A Christian Patriot we can understand; but a Christian Democrat is a contradiction in terms. A patriot guides the people for the universal good—a democrat *rules* them only for selfish purposes—generally the heir of nothing, *he covets all other men's possessions;* born in sin, *he lives an infidel and dies a demon:* he hates every thing above him, Heaven inclusive; and, though he probably defies, and, perhaps, denies God, yet he trembles at death and dreads annihilation. We really should like to receive a visit from "A Christian Democrat,' if it were only to endeavour to make him a *Christian* by converting him into a *loyal* patriot.'

The *New York* ..... says that it is impossible that the missionaries in California can live upon their present salaries. 'How can they (it asks) pay six dollars a day for bread?... ..they cannot dig gold.' [Why not?—for conscience's sake, or for credit sake?]

The *Patriot* says that the Rev. W. B. Thomas, of Seyton, near Milford, Pembrokeshire, on the 29th ult., sharply reproved a person attending a funeral, on a very windy day, for not taking off his hat; but that the rev. gentleman himself, 'before commencing the burial service, he quietly pulled out of his pocket a *black cap*, which he wore during the whole of the service. Considering this fact in connection with the rebuke just administered, the "crowd" declared they discovered some inconsistency "in the parson;" but, as is usual in such matters, many of the "crowd" only exhibited their ignorance by expressing such an opinion, for "*the cap was consecrated.*"'

The *Nonconformist*, No. 170, says that 'when the law requiring every person to pay something for the support of religion was repealed in Virginia many years since, an infidel statesman exultingly said, "The death-blow is given to Christianity. In fifty years from this time, there will not be a Bible in the United States." How wonderfully different has been the result.' [Who was this infidel statesman?]

The *Northern Star*, No. 591, relates the following:—'"I wish you to make for the church," said an Episcopal vestryman, one morning, to a carpenter in a neighbouring village, "two new commandment boards. We want them of free sound timber, with no knots in it." "You'd better take some of the 'nots' out of the commandments, then," replied the carpenter. "I never saw a commandment board yet that wasn't full of 'em."'

In the above named paper we read:—'Chateaubriand says: "In new colonies the Spaniards begin by building a church; the French a ball-room; and the English a tavern."'

Sir Robert Harry Inglis, in a true sense *the* representative of Tory old Oxford University, tells us that 'the Church of England goes wherever the crown of England goes.' If this be true, how much more heartily than formerly shall we desire that the crown will as quickly as possible betake itself to Paradise.

In the 'Bishop of Oxford's Charge to the Clergy of his Diocese of Oxford,' October 1848, (p. 49) occur these words:—'With our advantages we ought to have a practical insight into the social evils of our day, and be the leaders in their redress. That such social evils exist, no one can doubt. Many painful indications of their presence, and of the danger of their continuance, have called attention to them recently. How can we hope to maintain that internal peace among ourselves which is so needful for all—so specially needful for the poor—but by setting ourselves heartily to redress the real evils which press upon our brethren?' [If the clergy will act out this advice in a genial and liberal spirit, they will regain a far more enduring respect than that which they have lost.]

Punch, No. 397, gives this illustration of brotherly love in a bishop:—'"The Bishop of Hereford," says the *Cambridge Advertiser*, "has just ordained his wife's brother, now sixty years of age, and presented him with the living of Coddington." His Lordship would have all his family industrious—he evidently seems to think that a member of it cannot possibly be too old to get a living.'

There is nothing, says Coleridge, the absolute ground of which is not a mystery.

The *Isle of Man Times*, No. 109, says:—'On Sunday, a lady called to her little boy, who was shooting marbles on the pavement, to come into the house. "Don't you know you shouldn't be out there, my son? Go into the back yard, if you want to play marbles—it is Sunday." "Well, yes, but ain't it Sunday *in the back yard*, mother?"'

At the recent Burns' Anniversary, in Sheffield, a communication was read from J. S. Buckingham, in which he declares that 'unhappy indeed must be the man whom love has never deprived of his senses.' Should not this saying be reversed? Would it be anything the worse if this priest of sentiments was sensible? 'Love' has been called a 'disease.' Mr. Buckingham would justify the saying.

[Query].—In No. 38 of the *People* Mr. Barker says, 'I never trouble myself about the usual distinctions between man's *soul* and man's *body*. *I do not suppose that a man ever exists independent of a body.*' What are we to infer from this? Does Mr. Barker suppose that we take our bodies with us to the 'other world?' Or does he disbelieve the doctrine of a future existence? T. W. G.

The *Manchester Spectator* says that 'A correspondent of the *Stamford Mercury* states that in a church-yard near Spilsbury, the other day, a funeral was delayed upwards of an hour, in consequence of the rector being out shooting, and that when the deceased was dying, and wished for religious consolation, he could not have it because the same reverend gentleman was fox-hunting.'

The *Boston Investigator*, No. 37, vol. 18, gives the following account of a poor endorser:—'"A worthy, but poor minister," writes a friend from the country, "requested a few days since the loan of fifty dollars from the cashier of our bank; and in the note requesting the favour, he said if the chashier would oblige him, he would pay him in ten days on the faith of Abraham. The cashier returned word, that by the rules of the bank, the endorser of a note must reside in the State."'

The *Perth Advertiser* says:—'We understand that the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, was offered the chair of English literature in one of the new Irish Colleges, but declined to accept it, for love to his profession, and attachment to his congregation.'

The *Nonconformist*, No. 171, says that 'some time ago, Dr. Hook got himself appointed chaplain of the Leeds Workhouse, by offering to do the duty without salary. Now he has resigned, and no clergyman is to take the place without a salary of £60 a year—the wedge a little thicker.' G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

February 28, 1849.

LETTER TO MR. FINCH

[Mr. Cramp having sent the following letter to Mr. Finch, and having received no reply, he solicits its insertion in the *Reasoner*.]

DEAR SIR,—On a former occasion, when I offered you any assistance the Central Board could render towards facilitating the settlement of the Harmony business, you thanked me—replied that we could afford you none, and referred me, on anything I had to communicate, to Mr. Pare—who, you said, had your entire confidence.

At a late meeting of the Central Board Mr. Holyoake, the general secretary, informed us that, in a conversation you had with him, you stated, as the obstacle to a settlement of the Harmony business, the want of Mr. Buxton's Cash Book, or a copy of it. I am happy to say we can remove that difficulty; and if you desire it, and will express so much by letter, I will undertake to furnish you with a copy—which shall be examined and authenticated by Mr. Pare, or any one he may appoint, at his office, or any other place that may suit his convenience, where, and when he pleases. I will wait upon him with the original, and a copy, that he may compare and sign.

Awaiting your reply to this at your earliest convenience,

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

JOHN CRAMP.

69, Theobald's Road, January 14, 1849.

CHUTTUR SINGH'S CAPTIVES.

The *Bath Chronicle* says—'The prayers of the congregation at the abbey church were requested, on Sunday last, on behalf of "former members of the congregation now in captivity in a distant land." Major Lawrence and his lady, now the prisoners of Chuttur Singh, are the captives referred to. Mrs. Lawrence had only just recovered from her confinement, when she and her husband fell into the hands of Chuttur Singh.' [Won't they be effective on Chuttur Singh! Better apply to Lord Palmerston.]

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THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—March 4, (12 a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'The Scholar of Society.' (7) Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'The Philosophy of Knowledge.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—March 4, (7) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Shelley's "Queen Mab."'

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL INSTITUTE, 1, George Street, Sloane Square.—March 7, (8½) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Genius and Systems of Pestalozzi and Jacotot.'

FINSBURY HALL, Bunhill Row.—March 5, (8¾) Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Independence and Perseverance.'

SOUTH PLACE, Moorfields.—March 4, (11 a.m.) W. J. FOX, M.P., will lecture.

SOUTH LONDON WORKING MAN'S LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE, Waterloo Road, near the Obelisk.—March 4, Mr. Benny, 'Rise and Fall of the Roman Republic.'

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS, and Weekly Historical Newspaper. The Cheapest Literary and Political Periodical for the Masses. On Saturday, March the 3rd, will be Published, Price only One Penny, to be continued Weekly, uniform with *Chambers's Journal*, 16 Pages Royal 8vo., No. 1, New Series. Subscribers may also have copies delivered free per post, without extra charge.

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ple's Press will continue to deserve its generally-accorded character of excellence. Former Writers will continue their contributions, aided by others equally approved, in the various departments of Literature; their pens will seize upon the current Topics of the Day, or dig up wisdom from the Past towards the up-building of a glorious Future.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—J. C., Warwick. (The circulation of the Bills, elsewhere spoken of, will materially aid.)—*Preston Guardian*, No. 268, from G. Edwards.—*Spectators*, Nos. 1076, 1077, from W. J. B.—*Manchester Spectator*, No. 4, from W. F.—A. Trevelyan. (Thanks for his interesting letter.)—J. H., (His communications appear.)—W. Clark, (who sends 108 Toasts and Sentiments given in the United States in honour of Paine.)—W. Myddelton, Leeds.—T. J. L. (Cannot answer. The work never passed through my hands.)—*Manchester Examiner*, No. 27.

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Wednesday, February 28, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 145.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

THE PROVINCE OF INFIDELITY IN RELATION TO SOCIALISM, AS DEFINED BY THE 'DAILY NEWS.'

We labour to establish the coincidence of Religion with Morality. To this end errors of Theology are exposed. No person weighing the proper purport of the words here chosen to explain our objects could find much difficulty in perceiving or admitting the relevance of these objects. Their utility, however, is frequently doubted. It seems to me that to cut the cable by which Theology has a hold on practical affairs, and to let Theology float away to the undefined future, to which it belongs, would be of unquestionable service to the people. In every case in which a man is freed from calculations of the future, always vague, contradictory, and digressive, he is restored to the present and to himself. He looks at life with purpose, and he is wisely and resolutely bent on realising happiness for himself and others. With such a man reform is inevitable. With a society of such persons progress is inevitable.

The *Daily News* lately pointed this out specially and very forcibly. I was in Northampton when I first read the passage (it occurs in a leader in No. 741, Oct. 11, 1848). The same night I mentioned it to the audience I addressed. I was struck by the great service it was calculated to render in warranting our objects with unprejudiced observers—and though from week to week since, matters which seemed more pressing have prevented its insertion, none more important have occupied our attention. These are the words to which I refer—'We must confess [the *Daily News* is speaking] that we consider the Socialist principles *inevitable* in any *thinking country which has shaken off religious belief*. If the Christian dispensation does not rise as the great and all explaining truth before man's eyes, the philosopher cannot be contented with the inequality of human conditions, or avoid devising material plans for its removal. The more unformed [*unsophisticated*] intellect of the poor will eagerly follow in this path. And happiness being considered a compound of comforts, he will infallibly ask by what right he is excluded from his share of what the earth and industry produce, when his creed cannot enjoin the duty of patience, or point to any present or future compensation.'

This is clearly and happily expressed. I would change but one word, the one for which a substitution is given in brackets. Religion mocks you with its promises, and cheats you into the endurance of misery by its specious allurements. But it only succeeds with the *unthinking* multitude. The 'philosopher' is not to be imposed on. *He* devises '*material* plans' for the removal of the fearful 'inequalities of human condition.' The poor who are in some degree intelligent, are they alone who follow in the path of the philosopher. It cannot be those of 'unformed intellect,' for such persons never follow philosophers—for philosophers ask them to reason: the men of 'unformed intellect' are far more likely to follow the priest who only asks them to believe. It is not the instinct of the 'unformed,' but the instinct of the educated intellect (the intellect disabused of sophistry) to follow in the 'path' of philosophers.

It is a great satisfaction for us to find it admitted so unreservedly, and on respectable authority, that 'the *Socialist principles are inevitable in any thinking com-*

munity which has shaken off religious belief.' We labour to make the people 'thinking'—we labour to enable them 'to shake off religious belief.' This is our answer to those who consider our exertions not practical. This is our contribution to the currency of the Socialist principles—and that is no mean contribution which makes them '*inevitable.*' Let those who do more speak. 'I pause for a reply.'

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

THEODORE PARKER'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

WHILE the attention of the religious world has been directed towards the growth of Tractarianism and the increase of Popery, a more threatening danger has been overlooked in the quiet establishment of a religious philosophy, which, appealing to the reason and liberality of the age, is more pregnant with future mischief to Trinitarian churches than efforts to revive obsolete superstitions can ever be. The name which is borne by the followers of this persuasion, at least in England and America, is that of Unitarians; though they have not much in common with older Unitarianism, unless Mr. Newman's theory of Development be applied to a subject he never intended. Except perhaps some coteries of 'free-thinking Christians,' as they called themselves, few of the older Unitarians would have tossed aside the inspiration of the Bible with such cool assumption, or, from want of philological data, could have criticised the Scriptures in the manner of their nominal successors; as the new school possesses an unction and enthusiasm that the elder Unitarians wanted. They partook of that deadness in spiritual things which overspread all the churches of the last century; whereas some of the sect we speak of have the sentiment if not the tenderness of a Romish mystic, with the religious *feeling* as strongly developed as in the Celt, but under the control of a calmer judgment and more cultivated intellect.

How or in what way they grew up, may only perhaps be told by the future examiner, who can survey them from a longer point of sight than is possible now; but these circumstances have not been without effect. Sceptical minds are no longer excited to hostility against religious establishments, as they were during the preceding century and a half, when triumphant and persecuting Romanism had lost even the belief in its own superstitions, offering to the eyes of Voltaire and his contemporaries nothing but a mass of corrupt and ridiculous formalism, or when the deadness of Protestantism was rendered offensive even to infidels by the coarse and worldly and often immoral character of its ministers; not to omit the failure of the French Revolution in establishing the reign of reason, which induced many to pause even in mid career upon the prudence of attacking the belief of the multitude. Hence, men with a gregarious feeling, or in a country like America, where the profession of some religion is said to be necessary to a citizen, have enlisted under the Unitarian banner, who of yore would have appeared as open or perhaps hostile sceptics. The absence of abstruse dogmas in Unitarianism, with a tolerance as large as the 'unity' of Rome itself, has offered a refuge to minds puzzled by the articles of human churches, yet still retaining a reverence for Scripture. The Unitarian manner of presenting Christianity as a system of philosophy, founded in the very nature of man and the universe, might really include any one, however sceptical, unless he denied the historical authenticity of the Jewish writings, and repudiated the morality of the Gospel. A tinge of mysticism, apparently derived from the German Transcendentalists, and a little of Nonconformist zeal in the cause of 'humanity,' render the sect acceptable to the enthusiastic, from a hero-worshiper like Carlyle to the blind idolator of the

'fine man' of a conventicle. The quality of the sect, however, which appeals most directly to the fashion of the age, is its cultivated intelligence. Intellect is the deity it worships, more especially its own intellect. The great Protestant principles of the right of private judgment and the rejection of authority are not only pushed to an extreme, and expressed in a manner which, though logically maintainable, is startling for the assumption of its tone, but no authority, either human or divine, is submitted to except reason—which, of course, is finally resolvable into the reason of the writer: hence a decision, likely to become in many minds a dogmatism, as unflinching as Papal infallibility, accompanied in some cases by a certain philosophical intolerance—the bigotry of wisdom. In learned acquirements, the Unitarians lack the scholarship of the two great Western Episcopal churches—unless the German Rationalists are to be considered Unitarians; they are rather well-red than learned. Their literature, so far as we have met with it, is always respectable, and something more; the matter real and solid, the style forcible and close, without any of the rhetorical exaggeration of the platform; and frequently accompanied with a graphic power of delineating character, sometimes with a feeling almost poetical. A peculiar style, no doubt, distinguishes many of them; but it has not yet become hacknied or degenerated into mannerism.

Of course, the traits we have endeavoured to enumerate vary in different persons; since there is no authority to control an Unitarians doctrines, and nature varies in each individual. The Martineau's, we think, exhibit the harder intellectual traits in the most perfect form, as well as the intellectual dogmatism; Blanco White had most of the vague religious sentiment; Channing the largest tolerance and the widest sympathies, for even when face to face with an opponent he was rather rhetorical than controversial. We think the most complete representative of the class, in feeling, ability, and doctrines, or rather opinions, is Theodore Parker—unless his opinions should be considered a degree too liberal for many Unitarians. With this qualification, the volume before us may be considered a type of the sect, and certainly presents an idea of the opinions and mind of the more liberal Unitarians in the briefest compass and the pleasantest way.

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Theodore Parker consist of reviews, essays on subjects connected with the social condition or advancement of the people, and of papers which, let their titles be what they may, are substantially sermons. The direct reviews are on German Literature, the Life of St. Bernard, Strauss's Life of Christ, and Dorner's Christology; and though the work is frequently left for the subject, and the author delivers his opinion as an essayist rather than as a critic, yet he is more decidedly a reviewer than Macaulay and others of that school, who merely make the book a peg on which to hang a disquisition. The essays proper are on Labour and Education; chiefly addressed to the prejudices among Americans on the subject of handicrafts, and to the necessity of providing institutions for giving a better education to the people. Theodore Parker does not greatly shine as an economical essayist: he falls into the views of the French philanthropists and Godwin, as to the effects that would flow from an equal distribution of existing wealth, and leans rather too much, we think, to the ideas of modern Socialism and the perfectibility of the mass of men, if not of man under any circumstances: but the papers contain some intimations of American opinion on the subject of handicraft and trade, which show that the republicans have not yet got rid of the prejudices of feudal and aristocratic Europe: opinion in America, however, seems to place the farmer below the shopkeeper, which is scarcely the case in England now. The sermonising discourses,

except a paper on the Pharisees, are expositions of the author's views on Christianity past and present, with passing hints as to the possible future. Their titles indicate the character of their subjects—Primitive Christianity: the Transient and Permanent in Christianity; the Christianity of Christ, of the Church, and of Society.

In these productions are passing sketches both social and historical, with various subordinate views of the author on religion: they also contain his general ideas upon Christianity, somewhat vague perhaps, but this is to be expected in a sect which eschews articles and dogmas. In Theodore Parker's view, the Scriptures stand upon no other footing than any other national writings. They are Hebrew literature, neither more nor less; and differ from Greek, or Roman, or Sanscrit literature, only by the circumstance of chronology, the then characteristics of the Jewish people, and the genius of the different writers. Theodore Parker agrees with the philological criticism of the Germans, that discovers, for example, two separate sources to which the compiler of Genesis had recourse, and puts aside the authorship of writings long attributed to venerable names. He disagrees with some of the Rationalists, who allow occasional inspiration. Unless we misunderstand him, he denies that any part of the Bible is inspired in the sense of a particular communication or prompting from God; though he would admit much, if not all, of the moral and hortative portions to be inspired in a critical or poetical meaning—that is, a great mind, originally emanating from God, devoting itself to moral and religious contemplations, and, in fulness of time, pouring forth its perceptions of the moral law and the material universe as they were created by God and discovered by this poetically-inspired mind. He admits the historical authenticity of the New Testament, but does not rest the proof of Christianity upon this authenticity. The authorship might be wrongly ascribed and the chronology false without impairing its truths, which are inherent; as much founded in the nature of things as the law of gravitation and the circulation of the blood, the truth of which is quite independent of Newton and Harvey. In fine, Christianity is a moral system, founded by Christ, and differing from any other moral system only by its simplicity, its greatness, its purity, its sufficiency. Yet sometimes the orator, warming with his theme, pours forth a strain of thought which might seem to deny his colder logical conclusions. There are many passages of this kind: we will take one on 'the Word.'

'Christ says, his word shall never pass away. Yet, at first sight, nothing seems more fleeting than a word. It is an evanescent impulse of the most fickle element. It leaves no track where it went through the air. Yet to this, and this only, did Jesus entrust the truth wherewith he came laden to the earth—truth for the salvation of the world. He took no pains to perpetuate his thoughts: they were poured forth where occasion found him an audience—by the side of the lake or a well, in a cottage or the temple, in a fisher's boat or the synagogue of the Jews. He founds no institution as a monument of his words. He appoints no order of men to preserve his bright and glad relations. He only bids his friends give freely the truth they had freely received. He did not even write his words in a book. With a noble confidence, the result of his abiding faith, he scattered them broad-cast on the world, leaving the seed to its own vitality. He knew that what is of God cannot fail, for God keeps his own. He sowed his seed in the heart, and left it there to be watered and warmed by the dew and the sun which heaven sends. He felt his words were for eternity, so he trusted them to the uncertain air; and for eighteen hundred years that faithful element has held them good—distinct as when warm from his lips. Now they are translated into

every human speech, and murmured in all earth's thousand tongues, from the pine forest of the North to the palm groves of Eastern Ind. They mingle, as it were, with the roar of a populous city, and join the chime of the desert sea. On a Sabbath morn they are repeated from church to church, from isle to isle, and land to land, till their music goes round the world. These words have become the breath of the good, the hope of the wise, the joy of the pious—and that for many millions of hearts. They are the prayers of our churches—our better devotion by fireside and fieldside—the enchantment of our hearts. It is these words that still work wonders, to which the first recorded miracles were nothing in grandeur and utility. It is these which build our temples and beautify our homes. They raise our thoughts of sublimity—they purify our ideal of purity—they hallow our prayer for truth and love. They make beauteous and divine the life which plain men lead. They give wings to our aspirations. What charmers they are! Sorrow is lulled at their bidding. They take the sting out of disease, and rob adversity of his power to disappoint. They give health and wings to the pious soul, broken-hearted and shipwrecked in his voyage through life, and encourage him to tempt the perilous way once more. They make all things ours; Christ our brother, time our servant, death our ally and the witness of our triumph. They reveal to us the presence of God, which else we might not have seen so clearly, in the first wind-flower of spring, in the falling of a sparrow, in the distress of a nation, in the sorrow or the rapture of the world. Silence the voice of Christianity, and the world is well-nigh dumb; for gone is that sweet music which kept in awe the rulers and the people, which cheers the poor widow in her lonely toil, and comes like light through the windows of morning to men who sit stooping and feeble with failing eyes and a hungering heart. It is gone—all gone! only the cold bleak world left before them.'

It is not always easy to reach an Unitarian's idea of the character of Christ—that is to say, whether he looks upon him as divinely inspired in a peculiar manner, or in the way which Jews and Christians regard Moses and the Prophets, or the Mussulmen Mahomet; or whether as mere man, however highly gifted beyond all other men. This last is evidently the view of Theodore Parker, though he occasionally uses words that might seem to contradict his conclusion, were they not clearly used in a poetical sense.

Theodore Parker is a writer of considerable power and freshness, if not originality. Of the school of Carlyle, or rather, taking the same German originals for his models, Parker has a more sober style and a less theatric taste. H[illegible] also very genial feelings, which impart warmth to what would otherwise l coldness of his theology, and which temper his examinations of other churches. His composition wants the grotesque animation and richness of Carlyle; but it is vivid, strong, and frequently picturesque, with a tenderness that the great Scotchman does not possess. Parker is strongest, however, on his own ground: his theological discourses are superior to his literary criticisms, as these, in their turn, are beyond his economical or political papers.—*Spectator*, Oct. 14, 1848.

MR. DAWSON'S LECTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'NORWICH MERCURY.'

SIR,—Can you find space for a few strictures on Mr. Dawson's Lecture, as reported last week in your valuable paper? Such glaring instances of historical ignorance and argumentative incapacity, partly concealed and partly brought out in stronger relief by a vicious rhetorical style, ought not to pass unnoticed, more

particularly as the lecture was ostensibly for the benefit of a society of young men, having in view the spread of *useful* and *genuine* information.

Mr. Dawson breaks ground with a somewhat hacknied quotation from Milton, followed up by a lavish jumble of metaphorical and plain abuse directed against the writers of the time of the Restoration (of whom more hereafter); he also makes, in the same breath, the two incompatible assumptions of general ignorance prevailing as to Cromwell's real character, and general knowledge of the gigantic corruption and pigmy intellects of his various biographers; next, taking it for granted that his audience are acquainted with the main facts of Cromwell's history, he addresses himself to rebut the main charges against him. By way of preliminary, he indulges in a diatribe against nicknames in general, and that of Puritan in particular, (pilfered idea, illustration, almost the very words, from one of Foster's essays). This affords an opening for a panegyric upon Puritans, a description of their one leading idea, their self-devotedness, their many heroic qualities, true for the most part in point of fact, and true wholly in the fidelity with which it is transferred from Carlyle—who, in his turn, stole the hint from Schiller. The lecturer then introduces his hero as the type of Puritanism, the 'apex in whom all its peculiarities were summed.' All the praise therefore which, thanks to a good memory and Carlyle's stilted but striking style, Mr. Dawson had just been enabled to bestow upon abstract Puritanism, becomes Cromwell's own, as its (assumed) perfect representative in the concrete. Of course such an argument is just as valid, as for me to assume that because Cromwell played with the religious feelings of his countrymen, therefore Puritanism was an 'organised hypocrisy,' or that because Cromwell aimed at a temporal dominion, therefore the idea of a theocracy formed no part of a genuine Puritan's creed. The truth is, sir, that Cromwell, far from being the 'apex of Puritanism,' was not a Puritan at all, in any other sense than O'Connell was a patriot, or D'Israeli is a protectionist at heart, or Mr. Dawson anything more than a superficial plagiarist. Puritanism was a powerful and noble sentiment, and therefore the more liable to be abused. The enthusiasm of honest men but too often effects nothing but the aggrandisement of a rogue. So was it in England in 1646, and so has it been in France during the last sixty years. Nor is this the case in Political or Religious movements only; a thirst for information on the part of the many has often for its sole result the enriching of quacks and pretenders to knowledge, daws in peacock's feathers, whose only originality is their falsehood, which they just possess address enough to trick out with thoughts and images garbled from other writers.

But let us see how Mr. Dawson conducts his defence of Cromwell. He begins with the charge of hypocrisy, and parries it after a fashion which I would call original, were it not that *non sequiturs*, thanks to League oratory, are now the staple argument. Cromwell, says Mr. D., was not a hypocrite, because there are hundreds of 'shopkeepers who are his types,' who, good people when they talk of religion, do so in a 'sanctified and drawling tone;' these worthies may or may not be kin to the gentlemen who, in the latter portion of the harangue, figure, as 'of long prayers in the synagogue and short weights in the shop,' but surely the mere fact of their 'drawling' does not tell for Cromwell—unless it can be shown that there is such a thing as drawling sincerity. Now I much doubt the possibility of the two qualities existing together under any circumstances, but most certainly they would never combine with a third, which formed a conspicuous trait in Cromwell's character, and in alluding to which Mr. Dawson uses the convenient euphemism 'a talent for humour.' What this is meant to express is, that Crom-

well was pleased now and then to take a waggish view of Puritanism; he would make a mock of the fanaticism on which his greatness was based, and indulge in sly practical jokes at the expense of the 'Lord's chosen.' If therefore Cromwell were not a hypocrite, he was sincere in a profession which he thought a fit theme for ridicule; he extracted a sardonic mirth from the extravagancies which he yet believed would smooth his path to heaven; he united the fervour of the zealot with the jeering spirit of a Mephistophiles. Such a character would indeed be a psychological phenomenon, and diligent a ransacker of literature as Mr. Dawson must have proved himself, ere he could have ascertained the utmost pressure of ignorance and false assumption which it was capable of sustaining, I am inclined to attribute the conception of its possibility to his own, in this instance, unplagiarising genius.

So far Mr. Dawson on hypocrisy. But although I feel, sir, that I have already trespassed too far on your valuable space, the remainder of the lecture affords so much matter for comment, that instead of compressing my remarks within the narrow limits which could alone induce you to insert them this week, I trust that I may be allowed at some future time to secure them publicity through your widely circulated columns. My sole object is to call attention to the mischievous proceedings of men of the Dawson stamp; who, with nothing apostolical about them—save that they are unlearned men and locomotive in their habits—set themselves up as the regenerators of the age; men who titillate the vulgar ear with a jargon of discordant metaphors, shake up fragments of authors as children do coloured glass in kaleidescopes, quote Jesus Christ and Confucius in a breath, begin a sentence with one of Æsop's fables and end it with a verse from Isaiah, and state nothing intelligibly, profess nothing to be certain save that the Messiah has *not come yet*, or at least has not been recognised yet, but wanders from town to town, as Athenæums languish or revive, or some provincial Coryphæus of Cobdenism requires the aid of practical lungs and well worn similies to fan the embers of agitation.

Believe me, very truly yours,

Union, Oxford, February 9, 1849. W. C. O.

THE BISHOP OF HONG KONG.

Sir,—You may be assured that many friends of church missions read the following paragraph in the *Times* of yesterday with unutterable surprise, and perhaps with a slight portion of disgust. Can it possibly be true?

'Bishopric of Hong Kong.—The Rev. John Smith, M.A., of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, late a missionary in China, and author of a work of great interest on that country, has been nominated by the Queen to the Bishopric of Hong Kong.—*Standard.*'

Allow me to call your attention to the following extracts from the *Missionary Register* for 1846-47, in which the Church Missionary's Society's proceedings are contained at large.

'Hong Kong. 1844.—Messrs. Smith and M'Clatchie arrived at Hong Kong on 15th of September, 1844.'—Page 131.

hurch Missionary Society.—The Rev. George Smith, M.A., left Hong Kong ne 6th of May, and arrived at Plymouth on the 6th of October, [1846.]'—494.

ie Committee have the painful duty of announcing that while the call for &c.....one of the two, the Rev. George Smith, has been compelled to rn home by the failure of his health.'—Page 129, vol. 1847.

Thus Bishop Smith appears to have been a missionary of the experience, standing, and labour of nineteen months and eleven days exactly. His health failed; and the first announcement of that 'failure' was made to the committee by despatches dated October the 16th, 1845; *i. e.*, a little more than one year after Mr. Smith's arrival in China.—See *Missionary Register*, p. 64, vol. 1846.

After Mr. Smith reached home, it is not too much to say that among fashionable religionists he became the rage; he was the coveted 'deputation;' we find him on the platform at Exeter Hall with most truly 'good' society—the Earl of Chichester, Marquis of Cholmondeley, the present Lord Primate, the Bishop of Winchester, Sir Robert Inglis, &c. Indeed this patriarchal missionary, 'the days of the years of whose pilgrimage' had been just 576, 'addressed a few words of counsel and encouragement' to his brethren the Rev. Messrs. Cobbold, Farmer, and Russell, about to proceed to the heat and labour of the mission which he had himself relinquished; and at which Mr. M'Clatchie had been truly struggling ever since, and alone.

God help me, sir, I write with no unmissionary feeling. I have been a long time a friend to the Church Missionary Society, and am so still, and hope to continue so; but let my brethren, the committee, keep the fountain of missionary exertion clear of a spirit that savours more of carnal predilection than of godly discrimination. I know not the Rev. G. Smith; I have never seen him, nor is it probable I ever shall. I will think of him with the highest regard. But when a gentleman in the light vestment of an humble missionary cannot endure the crowd and heat of a Chinese town for more than nineteen months and eleven days, how long is he to sustain there the awful apparitore of a bishop? The title, by courtesy, of 'My Lord' will not enable us, who pay and preach for missionaries, to forget 'poor sickly Mr. Smith.'

Singular perversity! The man whom God has not endowed with a physical constitution to support the duties of a missionary in himself, is chosen to be the leader and commander of the exertions of all those who can, in one of the most extensive and trying fields of our missionary enterprise. I demand a certificate of the episcopal qualifications of the Rev. G. Smith. The untimely fruit of nineteen months and eleven days in the likeness of a book, with other more important duties either neglected or attended to, is none.

Pardon me this intrusion. I have been led to it by jealousy for the reputation and integrity of the Church Missionary Society, whose proceedings we must all regard with interest, and regret if ever we be forced to fear there are some grounds for apprehending that occasionally she departs from that godly simplicity and unbending spirituality which God so remarkably acknowledged in her fathers.

February 6, 1849. PRESTER JOHN.

(To the Editor of the *Times*, No. 20,094.)

CHARTIST TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

On the first Saturday in March (Mr. White writes) will be published No. 1 of the above tracts. They will be conducted by the Chartist prisoners in Kirkdale gaol, and are intended to form a text-book for the working classes, as to the various causes which produce the social and political degradation of the people. Although numerous writers have essayed from time to time to sympathise with the sufferings and expose the wrongs which are inflicted on the industrious classes by the present unjust state of society, their works have contained so much puerile cant and mawkish sentimentality, and displayed such total ignorance of the real

position of the parties whose cause they have undertaken to advocate, together with such an amount of misrepresentation as to their feelings and wishes—which makes their works, no matter how well intended, bear a closer resemblance to romance or pantomime than a serious statement of grave facts in which the interest of millions are concerned. We, therefore, a few working men, immured in a dungeon for the part we have taken in endeavouring to elevate our class, have resolved to speak for ourselves, in our own mode, and endeavour to exhibit the hideous deformity of the present unjust state of things to our fellow-workmen; and, at the same time, enable the other classes of society to understand our real thoughts, wants, and feelings. In these Tracts the whole machinery of misgovernment shall be laid bare, and the mode in which it operates on the social condition of our brethren; and we wish it to be understood that we shall not imitate the example of fashionable book makers, by crowding our pages with quotations of Greek or Latin—our language shall be plain and easy to be understood. We shall give our views on the errors and follies of those philosophers who style themselves political economists, and lay bare the evils which attach to the present system of land tenure, popular education, emigration, home colonisation, currency, banking, sanatory reform, enfranchisement of the people history; and also the passing events of the day will be dealt with, in order to show up the utter rottenness of the present plundering system. We therefore call upon our fellow workmen to aid us in bringing their views fairly before the public: we shall bestow the leisure which we now possess within the walls of a prison to the defence of their cause, and the elucidation of sound principles of justice between man and man. (Signed) James Leach,
John West,
George White.

PROPOSED BURNING OF THE JEWS—NEW THEORY OF PARLIAMENTARY OATHS.

The question of the removal of Jewish disabilities may be stated in a very few words. It is one on which an appeal should rather be made to public reason than to public feeling, for the parties interested, however influential by intelligence and position, are few in number. The principle of exclusion, as it is put in practice at present, is rather the enunciation of an antipathy than the expression of a conviction. If the danger apprehended from the admission of Jews to Parliament be real, then they cannot, without public danger, be admitted to exercise various municipal functions to which they are at present competent. If a Jew be not a fit person to hold a seat in the house, he is clearly unfit to influence the election of others. If he be, by virtue of his religious faith, in a natural and continuous antagonism to the other classes of the community, his fangs and talons should be pared and kept short. If he be *ex necessitate fidei* the natural enemy of the Christian, encompass him with disabilities on every side. Let him be debarred from holding property in any shape, for property will always bring influence. We should not in strictness stop short even at this point. If religious persecution be admitted as a sound rule of action, Baron Rothschild and Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid should, after a short preliminary interview with the Bishops of London and Exeter, be conducted to Smithfield on any day, not being a cattle day, and there summarily burnt. Thus we should purge away our national sin, and offer at the same time every inducement to the Jews to reconsider their position.

The question is either one of principle or consequences. If it be one of principle, we are strangely at odds with ourselves. If we are acting under a dread of the displeasure of the Almighty, it is difficult to see how Mr. Plumtree can settle matters with his conscience. The Jews are allowed to go about the public streets without so much as a distinguishing badge or gaberdine. There is no chain run up at night at the end of the Minories—not one poor Giudecca in this vast town wherein to pen up the Hebrew persuasion after sunset, and guard us from contamination. But for certain physiognomical characteristics, and a single gastronomical test, for which appliances are not always at hand, we may rub shoulders with a Jew in pretty nearly every act of our lives without being aware of our danger. Mr. Plumptree, Sir Robert Inglis, and others might answer that we are hinting at impossibilities. However desirable a crusade against the Jews might be, it would be impossible to obtain a vote from Parliament in its favour. In other words, the common sense of the public has rejected the principle of persecution as untenable, irrational, and iniquitous. The men of the principle stand condemned by public judgment, but they would still keep up the recollection of it for old times' sake. As the unconscientious indifference of modern times would forbid them to tie Alderman Solomons to a Smithfield stake, they would gently warm the soles of the worthy alderman's feet from time to time as a kind of memento of better days, when the Inquisition sate as a court of equity, and Torquemada was esteemed a blessing to his species. The position, then, that Jews should be excluded from the House of Commons while they are eligible to pretty nearly every municipal office, and in other respects placed on a level with their fellow-citizens, will not bear investigation. The First Minister appears to think it unworthy even of discussion. He has rested the argument upon 'consequences'—a much more intelligible ground.

Lord John Russell, then, on Monday night, enunciated in the following manner his theory of the oaths taken by the members of the Lower House on admission to their seats:—'These oaths are not merely a declaration of opinion; they are intended as means to an end; they are intended to secure the due performance of duties incumbent upon the members of this House. It is obviously necessary that members of this House should bear allegiance to the Sovereign, and should be ready to support the safety of the country.'—*Times.*

THE LATE JOHN FOSTER ON SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

[In the days when the London City Mission debated with Socialism, an application was made to the author of the celebrated 'Essays on Decision of Character,' to write in refutation of certain assumed theological errors. Such a man as Foster would have instructed both his opponents and his partizans, and the fruitless labouring of so powerful a mind would have shown the inherent weakness of his cause. He was too shrewd to risk this. The following is his evasion of the call. The letter is addressed to the Rev. Robert Ainslie. The existence of God must be indeed a wonderful truism, as some people pretend, if it take Foster '*months*' to state it.—Ed.]

Dear Sir,—I am truly obliged for the packet from you, forwarded to me by Mr. Wills; though I confess that no envelope, of paper or any other substance, ever brought me anything so repulsively nauseous—a perfect moral *assafœtida*. As to the object for which it is sent to me;* I did endeavour to make my answer unequivocal when you favoured me with a short visit here. To answer a polite

* Mr. Foster had been requested to write a tract on 'The Existence of God,' for the London City Mission.

and estimable man, intent purely on a benevolent purpose, whith the blunt, curl, impatient, 'No, I will not'—'say no more,' is very ungracious to the feeling of both parties. I had to plead off in such shifts of language as *intended* this meaning, without rudely *saying* it.

A man necessarily best knows what his situation is, and what are his aptitudes and abilities (rather I should say in this case, *inabilities*) for any given task.

For one thing, as to *time*. Your letter says 'a few days.' Now I have the mortification to confess to you, that to compose a short essay on the subject named would take me *months*, literally and certainly months—and not the lowest, or nearly the lowest, number in this plural term. With a mind of slower operation than any I ever knew that *could* operate at all, and with eyes that painfully recoil from such reading, and a memory that hardly retains anything that I do read, I should have (for the purpose of making a tract of say twenty pages) to go about reading, comparing, selecting, digesting, and trying to condense—with such an amount of still unsatisfactory labour, as no one can imagine for me. There would be no idle pride or vanity of doing the thing well; but without such a hard and slow labour I should have no feeling that it *was* done well. And for the labour of composition I have, and I may say always have had, a very great repugnance—often an extreme and almost invincible repugnance: whether this be a fault, I know not; but it is an obstacle, and in part a disability.

As another thing—for any small matter that I may think I can perform in the writing way, I am at present under a positive obligation, to which I am so ill responding that I am mortified and ashamed.

It strikes me that it must be a great advantage for addressing the classes in question, on any of the proposed topics, that the writer should be one of those who have the opportunity of a direct or very near acquaintance with the parties to be dealt with, in order to be aware of the *particular ways* in which their minds are perverted, of their sort of notions, feelings, and talk, the tempers they manifest, the modes of evasion, the signs they give of sincerity, (in the course sense of the word) or of insincerity. The general argument may thus have many special adaptations, according to characters and circumstances. It is obvious that this can be much better done by an observant person who is in the close neighbourhood of the parties, so as to have something approaching to an immediate knowledge of their current sayings and doings—as Mr. Giles has been in the north, and as some of your intelligent friends probably are in London.

The gross stupidity, together with the desperate, reckless impiety, manifested in some of the pieces they are circulating, seem to preclude all hope of doing them any good. The thing seems like a moral epidemic, breathed from Hell, destined to be permitted for a time to sweep a portion of the people to destruction, in defiance of all remedial interference. They are a doomed race, and their destiny will be accomplished. Still it is right that means should be tried, if it were merely that good men should evince their own fidelity to the good cause, fulfilling a duty which is such independently of any calculation of results.....Unless I had been in a condition to render the small requested contribution of aid, it will seem a cheap and thankless kind of benevolence for me to say that I greatly applaud and admire the system of operations in which you are so meritoriously concerned. It is, however, a true though valueless tribute.

I am, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

Stapleton, September 16, 1839. J. Foster.

[Extracted from the 'Life and Correspondence of John Foster,' by Ryland, Jackson, and Walford, St. Paul's Church Yard, 1846: vol. 2, p. 417.]

THE OGRE.

It was an Ogre whom the times had thrown
Out of employment. He sate there alone,
In the dark shadow of the coming days,
Chewing the cud o' the pleasant infant ways
Of his past life; and thus he idly pour'd
His troubled spirit forth, word after word
Crawling from out the slime of his dull thought.
'Alas the good old times, wherein we wrought
Our horriblest will; when Ogres, all unbaulk'd
By late philanthropy, delighted stalk'd
Through the sweet slaughter of an infant world!
O savoury steam whose grateful wreaths upcurl'd
From daily cauldrons! good old fairy time
Of delicate banqueting! O age sublime,
When little children suffer'd, and no man
Forebad the order'd course, or dared to scan
The providential laws that vested rights
In Ogres! Out on their new-fangled lights,
These modern rules that check our lusty race,
These modern theorists who give no place
To Ogre faculties! O hunger-pain!
O royallest days that shall not come again!
O curst Humanity!' And here the wretch
From out his horrid cannibal pit did fetch
A doleful sigh; and then, like some red stone
Sate, silent for some little while. Anon
He rose, as better thoughts had stir'd his brain,
And grimly laugh'd, and his red lips again
Spoke murderously. 'Well thought! I'll starve no more;
But fling, like others, the new fashion o'er
The old enormity. I too will be
A man of peace, and live respectably.'
So said he, and his blood-shot eyes he dried;
And to obtain a good name ere he died,
Or at the least to save his age from hooting,
He took him a small farm not far from Tooting.
You need but to inspect the Ogre's lair,
And question the uneaten children there,
To judge how well the reformation works;
How little of the Ogre nature lurks
Under the farmer's garb. The tenderest years
Can no more tempt his appetite; the dears
Are taken into his house, even as of old,
But now live there, as in a blessed fold,
Lambs with their Ogre shepherd; and when they
Die, as, alas! the best-nursed infants may,
They're even buried after inquest holden
Over their bones. So let opinions golden
Be heap'd in masses for good Ogre's spirit!
The children's gratitude may he inherit,
And be by the very sternest judgment prized—
An Ogre so reform'd and civilised.

SPARTACUS.

WHY THE CHAPELS ARE EMPTY.

E. SWAINE, Esq., in the 'Congregational Year Book' for 1848, gives this reason why the chapels are empty:—'I confess my own belief, and judge its avowal here to be in place, that the political condition of the unenfranchised class is the parent cause of the greater number of those more immediate causes that keep the working classes, *more* than others are kept, from the house of God; aye, and keep them, too, from light, and common air.'

Illustrative Notices.

[Passages in their reproduction are commonly so varied that the original author often does not know his own production again. To avoid thus misleading, and to cultivate habits of accuracy on the part of our young readers, the source is stated whence every passage quoted is derived, so that when second-hand the reader knows how to trace it or how to trust it.]

Mr. Dawson's 'Lecture on George Fox,' as quoted in the *Norwich Mercury*, No. 216, contains this passage:—'Very soon that phase in the inner life, which happened to most great thinkers once in their lives, happened to him. He came into difficulty and doubt, and so far did this doubting go, that, as he told them, at one time it occurred to him that all things came by chance, that there was no God. So, then, for a time Fox was an atheist. Troubled with these doubts, plagued with these difficulties, he went to the priests, inwardly hoping, from these the appointed teachers in such matters, to obtain some consolation and comfort. He stated his case to one of them, shewed him his inward life, told him his spiritual symptoms, and received as the properst recipe for the cure, a little blood letting, and a course of physic. He went to another preacher, who recommended tobacco smoking and singing of psalms. Now, George Fox was not inclined to sing psalms, and for tobacco smoking he was in no mood. He told of another clergyman to whom he went, and to whom he talked, walking up and down the garden, when Fox, taken up by the varieties of his language, accidentally put his foot upon a favourite flower bed. This disturbed his tutor's ire, and excited him to break out into so great a passion, that the conclave was at once ended.'

The October number of the *Democratic Review* (page 287) contains the following:—'It is stated on irrefragable evidence, and as illustrative of character, that the American Bible Society forwarded to the army of occupation several hundred Bibles for the use of the troops. These Bibles were by order used for cartridges and wadding. Some of the raw troops had compunctious visitings in relation to the ramming down new Bibles into their guns on going into battle; and their expressions of dissatisfaction having reached General Taylor's ears, he rode up to a regiment at Buena Vista, about to fire, and called out with an oath—"Now, then, you cowardly fools, let us see how you can spread the Gospel in Mexico."'

[Letter.]—I beg to enclose for your perusal the first three numbers of the 'Political Microcosm,' issued by the recently formed 'Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge,' and published by Strange, Paternoster Row. The object of the work is to give in each number an abstract of the theory of some distinguished politician, commencing with the French series—and it is anticipated that it will be of importance and value to debating societies and discussion halls, as it will form, when completed, a modern political text book.—On behalf of the Society, E. Davis.

The *Boston Investigator*, No. 36, vol. 18, says:—'Byron speaks of the consoling influence of rum and religion, and we imagine the owners of the Ionia must be impressed with the same opinion—for we perceive that that vessel, (bound to Smyrna) takes out five clergymen and their ladies, missionaries to the heathen, and two hundred barrels of New England rum, probably to aid the cause!'

No. 37 of the above paper relates the following:—'A lady at Dr. Welch's church, Brooklyn, N.Y., on Sunday evening, was inclined to faint, and her gentleman attendant coolly walked up into the pulpit, while the doctor was preaching, and helped himself to the tumbler of water placed there for the relief of the preacher's lips, and with its contents besprinkled the fair one, who recovered immediately on the application of the water.'

The following letter, we are informed (says the *Nonconformist*, No. 171) by 'A Constant Reader,' was lately forwarded to the editor for insertion in the *Churchman's Monthly Penny Magazine*, but, as the writer says, with inimitable simplicity, 'it has not yet appeared, and does not seem likely to appear, in that publication.' '*Meaning of what is called "The Established Church of England.*"—Sir,—I believe it is difficult to ascertain the *exact amount* of what is called "Church property," but assuming that it is nine millions sterling a year, what is commonly called "the Established Church of England" means just this:—Nine millions sterling a year (national property) at the disposal of a few rich men called patrons (no matter what the opinions or character of these same patrons), who, as might have been expected, under pretence of providing religious instructors for the people, give the money to their relations and particular friends. What a burlesque—what a mockery of scriptural Christianity! It is utterly astonishing that any man possessed of common sense should ever be gulled with such a senseless and detestable humbug! The question for the consideration of the people is this:—Shall nine millions sterling a year (national property) be set apart (as is *now* the case) for the encouragement of hypocrisy and persecution? or shall this sum be appropriated to the truly national purpose of liquidating the national debt? and shall (as it is a question between every man's conscience and God) the people be left to choose their own religious instructors, and to support them on the voluntary principle only? This is the question which is, or shortly will be, discussed throughout the country: and let every advocate of priestcraft tremble for the result.

'Ye advocates of priestcraft, stand aghast!
Your day of reck'ning is approaching fast!
No more your sophistry shall gull mankind,
For they whom priests deceive must needs be blind.

'OBSERVER.'

The *Boston Investigator*, No. 37, says:—'The first Universalist preacher in Boston, and perhaps in the United States, was the Rev. John Murray; and he was at first regarded with a kind of horror, as if he were scarcely human. One day as he was passing along the street, he encountered a woman procuring a pitcher of water at the street pump, and, feeling thirsty, he solicited the favour of a draught. This was readily accorded; and on handing him the pitcher, the woman perceived who the gentleman was. "You are Mr. Murray, sir, I believe?" "Yes, madam." "Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you one question." "Certainly, with all my heart." "Do you really and sincerely believe, Mr. Murray, that every body will be saved?" Applying the pitcher to his lips, and thoroughly quenching his thirst, he politely returned it, and then slowly and deliberately replied: "Madam, if God is willing—and *you* have no objection—I think they *will*."'

The same paper contains the following test of American piety:—'Sally, how do you like your new place? is it a religious family?' 'Well, I rather guess it is—they always have beans on Sunday!'

Mr. White, of Kirkdale gaol, writes:—'You will oblige me by acknowledging the receipt of twelve postage stamps from "A Reader of the *Reasoner*," and forty-two postage stamps from Mr. Norman, of Ventnor, Isle of Wight. I return them thanks for their kindness. As they have been sent by those who read the *Reasoner*, I think that the proper organ in which to acknowledge their receipt.'

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.
March 7, 1849.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

On Tuesday last Swansea was quite enlivened in consequence of the arrival of several waggons loaded with luggage, attended by some scores of the 'bold peasantry' of Carmarthenshire, and almost an equal number of the enhabitants of Merthyr and the surrounding districts, together with their families. The formidable party were nearly all 'Latter-day Saints,' and came to this town for the purpose of proceeding to Liverpool in the Troubadour steamer, where a ship is in readiness to transport them next week to the glittering regions of California. This goodly company is under the command of a popular saint, known as Capatin Dan Jones, a hard traveller, and a brother of the well-kown John Jones, of Llangollen, the able disputant on the subject of baptism. He arrived in the town on Tuesday evening, and seems to enjoy the respect and confidence of his faithful band. Amongst the group were many substantial farmers from the neighbourhoods of Brechfa and Llanybydder, Carmarthenshire; and, although they were well to do, they disposed of their possessions to get to California, their New Jerusalem as they deem it, where their fanaticism teaches them to believe they will escape from the general destruction and conflagration that is shortly to envelop the earth. It is their intention, we are informed, not to visit the gold regions, but the agricultural districts, where they intend, they say, by helping one another, to reside in peace and harmony, and to exemplify the truth of 'brotherly love,' not in name, but in practice. Amongst the number who came here were several aged men, varying from seventy to ninety years of age, and 'whose hoary locks' not only proclaim their 'lengthened years,' but render it very improbable they will live to see America; yet so deluded are the poor and simple 'saints,' that they believe that every one amongst them, however old and imfirm they may be, will as surely land in California safely as they started from Wales. Their faith is most extraordinary. On Wednesmorning, after being addressed by their leader, all repaired on board in admirable order and with extraordinary resignation. Their departure was witnessed by hundreds of spectators, and whilst the steamer gaily passed down the river, the saints commenced singing a favourite hymn. But on entering the piers they stopped singing, and responded to the cheering with which they were greeted.—*Cambrian.*

INTIMATIONS.

Next week will be noticed the letter of correspondent 'W. H. W.,' on Mr. Joseph Barker's remark on Mr. Owen's views, *People* No. 32.

The next number will contain 'Piques and Prejudices,' by H. L. H. An analysis of the Cosmoses of Bohn and Longman, explaining the reasons of the contested variations.

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 144 ..	434	0
J. Edwards, Burnley (for bills) ..	1	0
H. Holden, Burnley, per Mr. Edwards	2	6
Do. do. (for bills) ..	1	0
George Ashforth, per Mr. Hindle	1	0
William Wooley, do.	1	0
	440	6

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—March 11, (12 a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'The Superiority of the Church of Rome.' (7) Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'The Philosophy of Civilisation.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—March 11, (7) Mr. R. Buchanan, 'The Creation of the World and the Origin of Man.'

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL INSTITUTE, 1, George Street, Sloane Square.—March 14, (8½) Mr. C. Nicholls, 'Self-Reliance.'

FINSBURY HALL, Bunhill Row.—March 12, (8½) Mr. Edwin Robson, 'The Baleful Influence of Excessive Mental Culture.'

SOUTH LONDON WORKING MAN'S LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE, Waterloo Road, near the Obelisk.—March 11, Mr. Benny, 'Rise and Fall of the Roman Republic.'

ST. GEORGE'S COFFEE ROOM, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—March 12, (8½) Mr. E. Mantz, 'History of Humanity: Gradation of Animal Existence, &c.'

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers, accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS, and Weekly Historical Newspaper. The Cheapest Literary and Political Periodical for the Masses. On Saturday, March the 3rd, will be Published, Price only One Penny, to be continued Weekly, uniform with *Chambers's Journal*, 16 Pages Royal 8vo., No. 1, New Series. Subscribers may also have copies delivered free per post, without extra charge.

☞ *Editorial Communications* are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

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Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

Branch and other Communications for the Officers of the Rational Society are to be addressed to 23, John Street, Fitzroy Square—and their Post-office Orders made payable at 103, Tottenham Court Road.

Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

The *People's Press* has now been two years before the Public, during which time its Conductors feel that their efforts, in catering for the Amusement and Instruction of their Readers, have neither been unappreciated nor unsuccessful; and now, armed with the experience derived from the past, they have resolved, in accordance with oft-repeated requests, to make their intervals of Publication WEEKLY, instead of MONTHLY as heretofore; at the same time making a Reduction of Price, from *Three Half-pence* to ONE PENNY. The former change will enable them—while labouring with olden zeal—to lay before their Readers the Agreeable and the Useful, the Political and the Social, the Literary and the Scientific, in more constant variety than formerly; while the latter will bring the *People's Press* upon a par, in point of price, with the cheapest of the many cheap publications of the day; its character, as a Literary Organ, being in no respect below—in the majority of instances, far above—them.

As a Political Organ, the *People's Press* will be universal in its tendencies, advocating those changes which may seem best adapted to forward the good of all; not seeking to protect injustice in its privileges, nor to sacrifice justice to the cry of ignorance. Wealth will not be decried in the exercise of its true prerogatives, nor upheld in their abuse. The extension of Political Rights to the Masses will be advocated, as a step preliminary to their elevation in the social scale. The 'Labour Question' will be carefully examined, and the opinions of conviction—unprejudiced by class-interest—expressed in firm, but temperate language.

Each number will contain a concise Record of the principal Events, Domestic and Foreign, of the previous week, in a form useful for present information, and invaluable as a Tablet of Memory for the future.

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London: William Strange, 21, Paternoster-row. Isle of Man: Shirreffs and Russell; and may be procured through any Bookseller in Great Britain, Ireland, or the British Colonies.

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NEW WEEKLY PUBLICATION, devoted to Educational, Industrial, and Social Reform. On Saturday next, March 10th, will be published No. 1, Price Twopence, of the

'SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,'

a Journal of Democratic and Social Progress. This Periodical, being unstamped, will be necessarily precluded from giving Political News, nevertheless, it will not shrink from boldly and honestly expressing its sentiments on the great public questions of the day; while in its columns will be found carefully digested reports of Trades, Industrial, and Educational Intelligence, and all other matters illustrative of the progress of the great Question of the Age—'The Organisation of Labour.' The Publication will consist of Eight closely-printed Pages, of three columns each, and will be equal in execution to the first periodicals of the day. Arrangements are in progress for a Stamped edition, for the accommodation of remote parts, at Threepence; while, in order to meet the wishes of many friends, a Monthly Supplement, uniform with the paper, at the price of One Penny, will be issued, containing a carefully written digest of all the News, Foreign and Domestic, up to the time. The original article and review department will be supplied by contributions from Mr. L. Jones, Mr. R. Buchanan, Mr. G. A. Fleming, Dr. Dixon, and other well-known friends of progress.

Published by G. Vickers, Holywell-street, Strand, to whom all orders for the paper, and communications for the Editor, must be addressed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—'Journal of Progress,' I. II.—W. Sanderson. (The Rhetoric may appear soon.)—*Spectators*, from W. J. B.—J. Hindle. ('Io,' which appeared in our List, is a Greek feminine name, and is not to be confounded with 'Ion.' Even similar names have not belonged to the same persons; 'G.J.H.'—Geo. Julian Harney's initials—were mistaken for my own.)—R. Draper.—W. A.—E. L. T. (It is hard to answer. Probably not—we have never been accustomed to attach any importance or to take any notice of the 'Discrepancies of the Christian Scriptures.')—H. A. Ivory.—R. C., Wigan, and enclosure.—H. Cook. (His suggestion will receive attention.)

London: Printed by A. Holyoake, 54, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.
Wednesday, March 7, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 146.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

MR. DAWSON—MR. BARKER.

The letter concerning Mr. Dawson, quoted last week, which was addressed to the *Norwich Mercury*, was extracted because well written, and because it shows the temper of the pious in reference to such measured objections as Mr. Dawson takes. I mean not that Mr. Dawson, as a matter of conscience, could go farther than he does, but that his freedoms with the absurdities of religion (he never invalidates what he himself considers religion) are not tolerated by Christians of the popular school. The assaults made upon Mr. Dawson on all hands—the virulence which animates many of his critics, and the care they take and anxiety they display in their compositions to damage him, are very instructive. To preserve a permanent record of these things is to preserve a feature of the age, which, in future years, will have more interest than now, and illustrate results of the progress of thought not yet fully seen. The time will come when Mr. Dawson will be considered to have been *the* champion of religion, and these the days of his martyrdom.

A similar motive stimulates the extracts from the *Times* and other papers. The *Reasoner* should be (but it is hardly large enough for the purpose) a complete record of the manifestation of the Press on the matters of opinion which we discuss. I should like the reader of this paper to find reflected in its pages whatever the passing week brings forth on such subjects.

I have had by me a short time an interesting communication from 'W. H. W.,' on certain remarks by Mr. Barker, in No. 32 of the *People*, in relation to Mr. Owen's views—which views Mr. Barker explains, in his way, in the same paragraph in which he says that he does not understand them. At first I intended to use 'W. H. W.'s' strictures, but further reflection has confirmed me in the resolution before taken, not to interfere in the special criticism of Mr. Barker until he has arrived at some settled and coherent conclusions. The habit of Mr. Barker's mind is inexact, and we must wait for that discipline which comes in due season to all thinkers of any power, before any elaborate discussion can produce its proper fruit. An occasional chronicle of a notable peculiarity may be indulged in; beyond this I think to confine myself to the concluding chapter of the reply to his lectures—noticed some time ago.

Mr. Barker has just reprinted an American pamphlet on 'Amativeness.' Its full title smacks of Yankee coarseness. The pamphlet is one of O. S. Fowler's. The subject is the one which Mr. Owen and his son Dale Owen have both—the one in principle, the other in detail—drawn attention to; and for doing which, Mr. Barker once poured out on their heads the seven phials of evangelical Billingsgate. Now he reprints a pamphlet in which Hollick is quoted as an authority. Yet Dale Owen, whom Mr. Barker denounced, touched the subject with matchless delicacy; Fowler, whom Mr. Barker reprints, treats it with painful rudeness. Yet am I more disposed to honour the courage Mr. Barker displays in thus practically confessing his former error, than to censure his want of taste.

George Jacob Holyoake.

PIQUES AND PREJUDICES.

'HUMBOLT'S COSMOS' having attained an European celebrity, the enterprising publisher, Mr. H. G. Bohn, projected a translation for the English. In the meantime, whilst this translation was in hand, Messrs. Longman & Co. published an edition at twenty-four shillings. A similar edition was also issued by Mr. Baillière. Mr. Bohn consequently withheld his translation until the previous speculations had received their full chance in the public market. After delaying publication for the reason assigned, and thinking he had allowed sufficient respite to the aristocratic editions, Mr. Bohn brings out the translation by Otte, uniform with that valuable series of works which he has from time to time presented to the public, at a price which is generally compatible with the resources of the proletarian student. 'This edition,' the publisher states, 'contains many passages, some amounting to whole pages, previously omitted. It is true that several of these are of a somewhat startling character; but the publisher feels it his duty, in justice both to the author and the public, to give every translation in which he is concerned faithfully and entire, without using his own judgment to suppress a single particle.' Of course porcelain was piqued at this, and condescends to issue a fac-simile of itself in clay. In other words, Messrs. Longman bring out another edition at a price which they hope will drive their competitor out of the market. Still, however, they present the garbled passages, and omit, as before, the paragraph 'obnoxious to national prejudices.' The impeachment is likely to find public attention, and, some way or other, demands an answer.

Accordingly Sabine prefaces the new edition thus:—'The editor's attention has been called to a passage in the preface of another translation of "Cosmos," published by Mr. Bohn, wherein it is stated that in Mrs. Sabine's translation passages are omitted, "sometimes amounting to pages, simply because they might be deemed slightly obnoxious to our national prejudices." In justice to the respected author of "Cosmos," the editor feels induced to state that no passage whatever of M. de Humbolt's writing has been omitted for the reason assigned. The only intentional omission of even a single sentence of M. de Humbolt's writing is of a remark in note 143 of vol. i. (English translation), on the intermission of observations of extraordinary magnetic disturbances at the British colonial observatories, when such phenomena occur on a Sunday. Shortly after the publication of the original work, M. de Humbolt became aware that though we do indeed intermit the regular routine of hourly observation during Sundays, the intermission does not extend to extraordinary phenomena. The remark being thus erroneous in point of fact, it was, at M. de Humbolt's express desire, omitted. The whole sentence amounts to between five or six lines, part of which is, however, retained. There are two occasions in which passages introduced in the original work have been omitted in the translation; in both instances the sense and reasoning were complete without them: both omissions were known to M. de Humbolt, and one in time to receive his full sanction before the sheets were printed off. The lengths of the two passages are respectively five lines, and a page and twelve lines, of the original German work.'

Very cleverly done—explanation quite satisfactory: but wait, let us see the evidence, for we have heard of special pleading before at sundry times and in divers places. After a careful comparison of the rival editions, the results are two passages garbled and one omitted entirely. Concerning the passage referred to in Sabine's preface, it is necessary to state that Humbolt is speaking of a storm which, on the 25th of September, 1841, occasioned unusual perturbations to

the magnetic needle, and was simultaneously observed at Toronto in Canada, at the Cape of Good Hope, at Prague, and partially at Van Dieman's Land. Humbolt was the projector of the magnetic stations for the record of the variations of the needle, and was naturally somewhat vexed that a foolish prejudice should interrupt the observations which so important an occurrence demanded. The different versions of the passage in question are here given in parallel.

'The English Sunday, on which it is deemed sinful after midnight on Saturday to register an observation, and to follow out the great phenomena of creation in their perfect development, interrupted the observations in Van Dieman's Land, where, in consequence of the difference of the longitude, the magnetic storm fell on Sunday.' (Observ. pp. 14, 78. 85, and 87.)—Vol. I., note, p. 171, Otte's translation.

'The English observatories suspend their operations on Sundays, and, owing to the difference of longitude, the midnight of Saturday took place at Van Diemen Island soon after the commencement of the disturbance, of which, probably, the greater portion thus escaped observation.'—Vol. I., note 143, Sabine's translation.

The specious explanation of Sabine is apparent. Humbolt's complaint is not invalidated, for the fact remains that, owing to a prejudice, the necessary observations were not at that time recorded. The above is owned to be an intentional omission; but the two passages below were omitted, we don't know how.

'The application of botanical and zoological evidence to determine the relative age of rocks—this chronometry of the earth's surface which was already present to the lofty mind of Hooke—indicates one of the most glorious epochs of modern geognosy, which has finally, on the continent at least, been emancipated from the sway of Semitic doctrines. Palæontological investigations have imparted a vivifying breath of grace and diversity to the science of the solid structure of the earth.'—Vol. I., p. 272, Otte's translation.

'The application of botanical and zoological evidence in determining the age of rocks, and in fixing points in the chronology of the crust of the globe—which the genius and sagacity of Hooke led him to anticipate—marks one of the most brilliant eras in the progress of modern geology, into which palæontological studies have, as it were, breathed new life, investing it with fresh charms and richly varied interests.'—Vol. I., p. 260, Sabine's translation.

Strange, passing strange, how that phrase '*Semitic doctrines*' sneaked out of Sabine's translation: and though it is evidently in one of the acknowledged passages 'of five or six lines,' yet even when it was wanted for the new edition it could not be found. The editor must have been sorely puzzled, probably he thought of '*the fat boy*' in 'Pickwick:' 'damn that boy, he's asleep again.'

The remaining unintentional omission is more extraordinary. Literally only the few introductory words are '*M. de Humbolt's writing*,' the remainder is by his brother, so that a quibble *might* be raised to satisfy a guilty conscience. Humbolt, with that frankness and amiability which characterise him, has introduced in his work this paragraph by his brother, though he himself inclines to the theory of the unity of origin in the human race—not with reference to 'Semitic doctrines,' but simply on the ground of scientific inquiry.

Geographical investigations regarding the ancient *seat*, the so-called *cradle of the human race*, are not devoid of a mythical character—'We do not know,' says Wilheilm von Humbolt in an unpublished work, *on the Varieties of Languages and Nations*, 'either from history or from authentic tradition, any period of time in which the human race has not been divided into social groups. Whether the gregarious condition was original, or of subsequent occurrence, we have no historic evidence to show. The separate mythical relations found to exist independently of one another in different parts of the earth, appear to refute the first hypothesis, and concur in ascribing the generation of the whole human race to the

union of one pair. The general prevalence of this myth has caused it to be regarded as a traditionary record transmitted from the primitive man to his descendants. But this very circumstance seems rather to prove that it has no historical foundation, but has simply arisen from an identity in the mode of intellectual conception, which has everywhere led man to adopt the same conclusion regarding identical phenomena; in the same manner as many myths have doubtlessly arisen, not from any historical connection existing between them, but rather from an identity in human thought and imagination. Another evidence in favour of the purely mythical nature of this belief is afforded by the fact that the first origin of mankind—a phenomenon which is wholly beyond the sphere of experience—is explained in perfect conformity with existing views, being considered on the principle of the colonisation of some desert island, or remote mountainous valley, at a period when mankind had already existed for thousands of years. It is in vain that we direct our thoughts to the solution of the great problem of the first origin, since man is too intimately associated with his own race, and with the relations of time, to conceive of the existence of an individual, independently of a preceding generation and age. A solution of those difficult questions, which cannot be determined by inductive reasoning or by experience—whether the belief in this presumed traditional condition be actually based on historical evidence, or whether mankind inhabited the earth in gregarious associations from the origin of the race—cannot therefore be determined from philological data, and yet its elucidation ought not to be sought from other sources." '

There is not in these passages anything particularly valuable in itself, but for their indications of Humbolt's thinking in reference to religious dogmas and prejudgments they are important, and the omission of them can be attributable to no other cause than the supposition that 'they might be deemed slightly obnoxious to our national prejudices.' It is desirable to protest strongly against any such suppression in regard to translations from foreign authors, and in this particular instance the prestige is exceedingly baneful, and more lamentable still the unworthy evasion so speciously put forth after that unfairness of dealing had been publicly unveiled.

What do you think of 'Cosmos?' is a question frequently asked and most unthinkingly replied to. What we should expect from the work may be gathered from this paragraph concerning men who, like Humbolt, possess transcendent powers as observers and experimentalists—it is from the last number of Luke Burke's *Ethnological Journal*, where the topic is considered more amply: 'Nature does not and cannot bestow universal powers on man. Greatness in one department absolutely negatives greatness in certain others. The profound reasoner, and the great collector of facts are men as different in their habits as in their organisms. The one is contemplative, the other active. The former cannot, however he may desire it, engage in the ever *varied* movements of mind and body, and frequently of both, which are necessary to him who wishes to acquire a vast knowledge of details; while the other is equally incapable of those long consecutive and concentrated trains of thought which are necessary to the profound reasoner. And even if he should at any time endeavour to force himself into these, the effort would be useless, since nature has denied him the organisation which alone could confer success. Such is the inevitable contrast between these two classes of philosophers when their respective talents are in extremes.'

Humbolt has named his work 'Cosmos,' and probably injudiciously, for the title is alluring, and leads to the anticipation of more than he pretends to fulfil, or has accomplished. The work is simply 'a sketch of a physical description of

the universe,' by a man of observant nature—who has travelled with nature in nearly every clime, and brought home a rich collection of facts for the museum of science. He has chiefly directed his researches into the magnetical relations of different portions of the globe, and they will tend powerfully towards the solution of that deeply interesting problem—the physical causes of terrestrial magnetism. In consequence of this partiality the investigation of magnetic and meteorological phenomena occupies an undue importance in the work—which, throughout, fails to satisfy the philosophical student, who seeks rather a system of the universe than a sketch of its details and appearances. Of this Humbolt is fully aware, and cautions his reader frequently that such anticipation he means not to fulfil; for though himself an emperical investigator, yet with a pleasing frankness he bids look elsewhere for those speculative generalisations whose importance he fully recognises, saying 'it would be a denial of the dignity of human nature, and the relative importance of the faculties with which we are endowed, were we to condemn at one time austere reason engaged in investigating causes and their mutual connections, and at another that exercise of the imagination which prompts and excites discoveries by its creative powers.'

The student who is well read in the recent investigations of science will find but little that is new in these volumes, and for the learner there is much that requires explanation, especially in nomenclature. Mr. Bohn intends to supply this want by a volume of initiatory knowledge. The translation by Otte which he has published is far superior to other editions; the text is unabridged, the notes are conveniently arranged, and the translation exhibits a thorough mastery of the rich resources of our native tongue. The 'Cosmos' is the legacy of a great mind, which, however surpassed in profundity by another class of productions, will nevertheless be read in veneration to the author, who, in the universality of his investigations and the wide range of his experience, stands unapproachable in the world of action. H. L. H.

ADULTERERS INELIGIBLE: ON THE MOTION OF PIERRE LEROUX.

A STRANGE law—one, too, that may have very awkward consequences—seems likely, on the proposition of M. Pierre Leroux, the distinguished Socialist, to be enacted by the French National Assembly: *convicted Adulterers shall be ineligible as Members of the Legislative Assembly.*

May this law be taken as evidence of the austerity of French life? Are morals more severe there than here? Else, how awkward such a law of exclusion.

Imagine such a law on this side of the Channel! O, gentlemen of the Commons' House! leaving our own married life out of sight, did never any of the dear friends we have 'kept' happen to be husbanded—and so, alas! render us ineligible to represent our respectable constituents?

Or, going back to France, think that perhaps one of the 'chères amies' of Citizen Prince Napoleon may have, previous to her acquaintance with the Prince, contracted marriage with some less illustrious personage. It is possible. And the Prince would be no more fit for President of the Republic. He might be good enough for Emperor, but not for simple Deputy of France.

Yet it would be only moral ineligibility, not actual: for, if we are rightly informed, M. Leroux pronounces ineligible only those who may be *convicted* of adultery. The shame consists in being found out. Shame, M. Leroux!

Awkward distinction! We can but repeat that word awkward: there is no

other. Henceforth, O young men! inquire of thy occasional friend, if she has a husband. Thy political enemies will throw 'married women' in thy way; and thou, *taken* in the snare, wilt be unplaced, altogether flung out of the field of statesmanship, where the more circumspect polygamists sit so securely.

What food for the delicate appetites of party will be furnished by this necessity of conviction. Here in England we can recollect (France, perhaps, has no such shameful recollections) the hideous bestiality of those who assailed Mrs. Norton. May her noble spirit forgive us for once more bringing her fair fame in contact with that disgusting scandal. But if such was the foul usage of chivalrous, high-spirited Tories, our old noblesse, guess what might be the practice of Whigs, or Louis-Philippists, the utilitarians, and not very nice political economists, to whom anything that seems useful is therefore sweet.

But no! the virtuous tenour of M. Leroux's life, forbids us to suppose that it is only the open reproach which he would repudiate. He would not surely lend himself to the obscenity of party rancour. It is the sin he would condemn. Doubtless, on mature consideration, he will propose a clause in his law, providing that upon all Houses of Assembly, polling-booths, &c., there shall be conspicuously painted, under, or over, the republican motto—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—his own distinguished commentary—'No Adulterers need apply.' He will also prescribe an oath whereby every candidate for public service shall declare himself guiltless of any adulterous impediment.

For, of course, the legislator will be consistent. He will tell us (perhaps has told: but any such report in the French papers we have not had the fortune to obtain) what special incompatibility there is between adultery and the legislative functions. Why only ineligible as a Deputy? May an adulterer be pure enough for a Judge? Nay, he must show us why, if adulterers may not be legislators, they should be allowed to elect legislators. Adulterers, M. Leroux! must be outlawed; or your adulterous law stands convicted of vicious partiality.

And why attack only adulterers? Is theirs the only crime? Shall adulterers be excluded from your Honourable House, and ravishers be Hail-fellows, well met? Shall promiscuous intercourse, warranted unadulterated, be considered a qualification for a senator? Or shall roués and drunkards, gamblers, perjurors, thieves, and other extortioners, 'rush in' where the most angelic adulterers 'fear to tread?'

What shall be ruled to be adultery? Shall there be no extenuation? no difference between the depravity of seduction, or of ordinary vice, and the most virtuous cohabitation with the best-loved after abandonment of the evil or the unsuited? Will you continue to brand that as adultery which even in the present grotesque system of society is only 'adultery' because your laws of divorce, like the rest of your laws, do not even fulfil the purposes for which they have been invented?

Yes! pass your new law; and then most virtuous Pierre Leroux! rise up in your place and declare that the election of your sister in the faith, your friend and political associate, George Sand, is impossible; that she is not worthy to represent the moral Parisians. (Her glorious martyr life has been but too plainly laid bare; else of her, too, we would ask pardon for here invoking her name.) Doubtless your proposition will be seconded (if, as should be likely, he sits in the place of a representative) by the rascal husband who sold to her her children. He will certainly share your horror of 'adulterers.'

But we had forgotten that already women are ineligible; that the higher-natured may not under any circumstances 'legislate' for the lower. Therefore,

M. Leroux! you may be spared the pain of having struck a direct blow at her whom you must love and reverence.

Beautiful compliment of the most gallant nation. Henceforth in the eye of the French law, the most virtuous matron shall be classed with the convicted offender. Both, in that politest of languages, are ineligible: the law knows no nice distinctions. Perfect definition of 'Equality!'

Who says the Socialists would not protect property? Here a master in Socialism, asserts the right of property in its most revolting form—the right of property in woman, the right to own slaves. For on no other ground can this law be defended.

What is adultery? If a woman has the right to possess her own person, if she ought to be sovereign of herself, in virtue of her independent nature, her distinct individuality, who shall gainsay her liberty of connecting herself with whom she pleases, when and where she will? She may be careless of her own person, and go lightly esteemed; but her right remains unquestionable. Her wantonness is an offence against herself, principally also against good manners, in neither case cognisable or corrigible by statute.

Not cognisable, unless indeed all immoralities shall be made offences against the law. If you intend to make men amenable for their private actions, it is another matter. But beware how you lose sight of the distinction between vices and crimes—a distinction necessary to be considered by the lawgiver. Beware of perpetuating the old false system of penalties and exclusions. Laws will not make men virtuous. All they can do is to provide free room for virtue—which is growth.

But from how many quarters will they cry out—'What say the Scriptures?' Why, this:—'Whoso looketh on a woman to lust after her (to covet her) has already committed adultery with her in his heart.' Would you strain your law to this. Else, do not appeal to Christ, ye stone-throwers 'without sin!'

Must we fall back upon the Old Testament? We had thought that Christ had emancipated us from that formal thraldom. And nevertheless Mount Sinai bellows forth—'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife.' No, nor remove his landmarks. I answer that I will covet her who is called my neighbour's wife, if I think her worth coveting. Ay, even if she is strictly my neighbour's 'wife' in the sense (of the Decalogue) in which 'his ox' or 'his ass' or 'anything else' is his. But though I covet her—that is to say, wish for her—I will, whether for my own sake or not, consider what respect may be due to the conventions of property, or propriety, and pause ere I make attempt upon my neighbour's 'goods.' However, a human being cannot be held as property.

Only in one case will I not covet her. If she is my neighbour's in the higher and only true and holy sense, in virtue of her love for him, his by her own unrecalled and perpetual gift, then I will teach my love of Her—the Beautiful, whom I cannot help loving—to be adoration rather than desire.

So it is only in the very rare instance that I will not be at least liable to the legislative ban of M. Leroux.

Strange commentary upon the Right of Universal Suffrage! 'You shall all be electors, but you shall choose only among these.' It is necessary, then, by legislative enactment of the people's representatives, to prevent the people who chose you, from choosing malefactors. What had we said if a Guizot, instead of a Leroux, had so propounded to us the theory of democracy?

We will choose whom we think most worthy. Haply among some you stigmatise as 'adulterers' we may find truer servants than among those whom your

special wisdom pronounces to be eligible. Our free choice: we must have it. Why, rather than be so humbugged with a pretence of Universal Suffrage (for we can very well understand that, if on one side you may interfere with our choice, you may also limit it upon another) we would form associations 'for the election of adulterers.' Yes, or thieves, if we will; and thieves 'on the wrong side of the statute,' too. O, M. Leroux! how the Odillon-Barrots must chuckle at your simplicity.

Good lord! is there no adultery but that defined, or about to be defined, by M. Leroux? Does not he himself adulterate our law of Democracy? Are there no thieves but the stealers of women? none others that offend? Where can you draw a line, where consistently stop, if once you commence your limitations?

Yet it is over a true principle that M. Leroux has stumbled. He who is not virtuous in his private life is unworthy of public trust. But this is a matter, not for legal enactment, but for popular judgment.

We must have, not only all to choose, but all to choose from; and in time, and through experience, we shall learn to choose wisely. No other method is practicable. W. J. LINTON.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SWISS REPUBLICS.

Sixth Period, continued from page 139.

SEVERAL attempts of the insurgents having failed, Leuenberger proposed to Berne an amicable adjustment of the quarrel; but the insurgents refused to accept the terms offered by Berne unless the confederate army were first disbanded. Leuenberger's army being suddenly increased to 20,000 men, he attacked Mellingen and Zofingen; but having failed in both attempts, deputies were again sent to the confederates—offering submission on favourable conditions; the council, however, replied—'It is not for peasants to prescribe conditions; surrender your act of confederacy; return to your homes, and let your ringleaders await the sentence of their superiors. On these terms we are willing to grant you peace.'

On this the deputies from Berne, Soleure, and Basle, took the required oath, and part of their followers dispersed. A large body however persisted in continuing the war; and, despite their desperate resistance, were utterly routed by the Bernese under General D'Erlach, at Herzogenbuchsee, on the 28th of May, 1653. Leuenberger, Brasmer, and Galli, with several others, forfeited their lives on the scaffold.

'The rebels of the canton of Lucerne, who had seen their interests separated from those of the other cantons at Mellingen, determined on coming to terms with their government, and Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Zug undertook to act at Stanz as mediators and umpires between the government and its subjects (June 7). The rebels of Entlibuch alone refused to submit to their decision—being secretly supported by certain citizens of Lucerne, who hoped to effect a change in the government. They were soon, however, betrayed and arrested, and the people of Entlibuch were reduced to obedience by the superiority of the force sent against them.'

Thus, by the moderation and skilfulness of the burgher aristocracy, and by the disorderly and undiscriminating conduct of the oppressed peasantry, was a just cause ruined, and the foundation laid for the catastrophe which a century and a half afterwards involved burgher and peasant in one common ruin.

A bitter dispute, concerning the division of the expenses of the peasant war, arose between the cantons, but was arranged in a general diet (1654), when it was

enacted that for the future each canton should defray the expenses of the aid it might give to the others. This dispute was hardly settled when another arose to tear to pieces the disunited Swiss. The Protestant and Catholic states continued to keep up respectively a sort of separate alliance, which excited mutual suspicion. 'It is not for nothing (said the Catholics) that the people of Berne and Zurich fortify their towns and seek the alliance of Holland and England—all this can only be levelled against us. The reformists, on the other hand, said: it is not for nothing that the Catholics confirm the Borromean alliance, and renew their treaties with Savoy and the Bishop of Basle, or become so friendly with the King of Spain; they can aim at nothing but our religion in all this. Such was the state of party feeling, when six families, who resided at Arth, in the canton of Schwyz, and who belonged to the reformed religion, were compelled to seek their safety in flight, for their lives were no longer safe in Arth (1655). With tears and entreaties they applied to the council of Zurich to obtain at least protection in the removal of their property from their native home. The council, touched with commiseration, wrote to Schwyz, begging them to grant to the refugees the free permission they required. This appeal was not only disregarded, but a demand was made to have the fugitives delivered up. The reformed cantons, on this, appealed to their federal rights, but Schwyz answered: We are not accountable for the administration of our country to any except to God and ourselves. They then confiscated the property of the fugitives, imprisoned their kinsmen, who were also of the reformed faith, put them in irons or to the torture, and even condemned some of them to death.'—Zschokke, p. 263.

Zurich and Schwyz, between whom there was an old grudge respecting the Toggenburg succession, had recourse to arms; several of the other cantons joined one side or the other. At this time the Protestant cantons kept up a very indifferent discipline, and their troops committed many outrages. The Bernese were so careless as to encamp at Willmergen in the neighbourhood of an ambush of the Lucerners, without taking any sufficient precaution to prevent a surprise. The consequence was their utter rout by Colonel Pfyffer of Lucerne. 'During the combat, Colonel Pfyffer received a despatch from Lucerne, with orders not to commence the attack, as measures were in course for an amicable arrangement; but, guessing the contents of the letter, he put it, unopened, into his pocket, and continued in pursuit of the flying Bernese. Their loss amounted to about 800 men killed, besides eleven pieces of cannon. Many of the Bernese battalions, posted on the hills on both sides of the road, remained idle spectators of the disastrous flight of their countrymen because they had received no orders to act. The troops of Aargau, on the contrary, seeing the discomfiture of the Bernese, were transported with rage, and would have again rushed upon the enemy and renewed the conflict, had not the Bernese council of war forbid them; it was however with great difficulty their impetuous fury could be restrained. Such was the termination of the battle of Willmergen.' Peace was established, and every thing remained as before.

For fifty years the Swiss now enjoyed internal peace—not, however, without occasional civil broils and religious outrages. The continued persecution of the Huguenots by Louis XIV. of France, and of the Waldenses by the Duke of Savoy, threw heavy expenses on the Protestant cantons, who never failed to provide an asylum for their expatriated brethren: finding the number, however, too large for their finances, they negociated with England and with the Protestant continental states to receive a portion of them. The expenditure of the canton of Zurich alone, on their behalf, amounted to 400,000 florins.

At the time of the Reformation the greater part of the inhabitants of the Toggenburg had embraced the new doctrines, and a division of the country had been made accordingly. By the treaty of Cappel, in 1531, the Abbot of St. Gall was reinstated in his jurisdiction; the Toggenburgers, however, retained their civil rights; they continued to appoint their own magistrates, and to liberate accused persons on bail, which was an old practice with them; they were, also, allowed to retain the Protestant worship. But the abbots steadily encroached on their subjects—a proceeding in which they were countenanced by Glaris and by Schwyz, the inhabitants of which latter canton were zealous Catholics. 'At length one of these abbots, Leodegar Burgissen, fancying himself absolute ruler of the country, issued orders for the people to make and keep in repair, at their own expense, a new road through the forest of Hummelwald; and when the deputies from the people represented to him that this would be more onerous to the Toggenburgers than their former state of villainage, from which they had already twice redeemed themselves, he inflicted on them a fine of 1540 rix-dollars, required them to make a public retractation, and finally sentenced them to outlawry.

'The oppressed Toggenburgers now laid their grievances before the cantons of Schwyz and Glaris (1701). The latter heartily sympathised with their wretched condition, nor were the Schwyzers less sensible to the appeal, although the Toggenburgers were of the reformed faith. Were they even Turks and pagans (they exclaimed in the general assembly), as they are our allies and countrymen, we should help to see justice done to them. This bold language incensed the abbot so much that he became the complainant, and appealed to the confederate cantons, alleging his right to their protection as a member of the confederacy. This led to numerous meetings of the diets, year after year. Zurich and Lucerne, which were also bound in a defensive alliance with the abbot, took a part in the fatal quarrel. Many were favourable to the Toggenburgers on account of the religious persecution they had endured, while, on the other hand, the abbot had gained many enemies by his recent alliance with the house of Austria, and by his presumption in considering the county of Toggenburg merely as a fief of the emperor and the empire. The longer the contest lasted the more complicated the affair naturally became, till at length the religious animosity which formerly prevailed came to mingle its venom with it.

'For, as Schwyz and the Catholic cantons observed that Zurich and Berne supported the Toggenburgers from a spirit of religion, and encouraged them to persevere in the reclamation of their ancient rights, Schwyz espoused the cause of the Abbot of St. Gall, and declared that the recent rights of the abbot, his acts and signet, were of higher authority than the obsolete rights of the people, and that, without the previous consent of Schwyz and Glaris, no new religious worship could be established in Toggenburg. All this, however, did not in the least intimidate either Zurich or Berne, and the Toggenburgers maintained their ancient rights. The imperial ambassador now arrived with a letter from his master, in which he laid claim to the right of deciding the question, as the county of Toggenburg was incontestably an ancient fief of the empire. Zurich and Berne protested that Toggenburg was not only situated within the limits of the confederation, but that the Abbot of St. Gall had himself for many years recognised the confederates as arbitrators. The envoys from Holland, Prussia, and England, also encouraged the people of Zurich and Berne to resist the interference of the emperor.'—Zschokke, pp. 271-2.

When the Toggenburgers found themselves assisted by Berne and Zurich, they openly levied war against the abbot. Nabholz, a citizen of Zurich, who had before endeavoured to convince the abbot by peaceable arguments, now espoused their cause in the field. The convents and castles of the abbot were seized, and Zurich plundered the territory of St. Gall. The abbot, however, was befriended by the Waldstetten, Lucerne, and Zug; money was advanced from the papal treasury to the amount of 26,000 dollars, and consecrated balls and amulets were distributed to the soldiers by the priests—a policy which was also adopted in 1847, by the agents of the Sonderbund. In this contest, Soleure, Glaris, Appenzell, and the Bishop of Constance maintained a strict neutrality. The Emperor Charles VI., the father of Maria Theresa, ordered the circle of Suabia to support the abbot—a command which, however, does not appear to have had much effect. The first important event in the war was the siege of Wyl by a body of ten thousand men from Zurich and Berne, assisted by 2,000 Toggenburgers and a force from Thurgau. The town, however, was ably defended by Major Felber, till Nabholz having entered and ravaged the territories of the abbot, numbers of the besieged left the town to defend their own homes. 'The victorious banners of Zurich and Berne traversed the whole of Thurgau as far as the town of St. Gall, establishing a garrison in the abbey as well as at Korschach. The abbot, in great consternation, had already fled to Augsburg, taking the most valuable of his property with him.

'The cause of the Toggenburgers having thus triumphed, they adjudged all those of the abbot's subjects who had been traitors to them to suffer death, set aside the abbot's supremacy, annulled their alliance with Schwyz and Glaris, and proposed to the people of Gaster, Uznach, Gams, and other places, to erect themselves into a republic similar to that of the free cantons of Switzerland. They then proceeded to sketch the plan of a new constitution, which was submitted to the Helvetic diet assembled at Aarau. This project, however, was by no means acceptable to the rulers of Zurich and Berne, who preferred to see the Toggenburgers subjects rather than fellow-confederates. Even Nabholz, the zealous defender of the interests of the Toggenburgers, refused to countenance them in this demand, although they offered him considerable sums of money.'—Zschokke, p. 277.

J. D. Collet.

THE 'ZOIST:' A JOURNAL OF CEREBRAL PHYSIOLOGY AND MESMERISM; JANUARY 1849.*

This periodical is the quarterly organ of the scientific and influential supporters of Mesmerism in this country. There is no subject which has given rise to more superficial curiosity than mesmerism, and yet withal has been less a subject of popular study. We all remember the 'sensation' produced by the details, in some cases exaggerated, perhaps unintentionally, by misjudging enthusiasts, of cases of *clairvoyance*, where marvellous gifts of supernatural vision were apparently possessed by the patients whose powers were in general exhibited more for the object of exciting the wonder of the ignorantly curious than as the theme and starting note of scientific research. As with other new sciences, mesmerism struggles with disadvantages. Of these, the nature of the operations performed on the mesmeric patients may be instanced. When in the columns of works usually devoted to abstract medical inquiries, there appeared accounts of mesmeric *ceances* which, in wonder-striking detail, or in romantic interest, seemed to surpass stories

* Baillière, Regent Street.

of Eastern magic—an idle curiosity was excited among literary gossips, and would-be *savants*, which tended much to lower mesmerism in the eyes of men accustomed to look at science with the severe and searching gaze of the philosopher. But this, though it may justify caution, cannot palliate an obstinate refusal of inquiry—a course which has been pursued by many adverse to this cause.

The first article in this number of the *Zoist* is an account by Mr. Parsons, of the Royal Marine Library, Brighton, of a case of cataleptic insanity, treated mesmerically. The patient was a young lad named Walker, who had been employed as a 'pupil teacher' in a charity school at Brighton. The same intelligence and zeal for knowledge which had procured him that humble distinction, joined to a wish to relieve the poverty of his mother, led him to hope for a place as salaried tutor in the school. Being a boy of 'proud disposition and much natural refinement,' the weight of this anxiety brought on an attack of liver complaint. Shortly after an inspection of the school was to be made—which, as a pupil and a teacher, he looked forward to with great interest. 'On the day the inspector came he had been occupied closely with his class, preparing them for the examination, had left the school too late to go home for his dinner, and had gone instead to read for an hour to an invalid. He then returned home complaining of his head; but before he could take any refreshment a message arrived, requiring his presence at the school. The inspector had arrived; the boy went; at once had to undergo a harrassing examination, both of his class and of himself, and was so prostrated, by the fatigue and excitement, that he lost himself, and was unable to answer questions of the simplest kind, and which he was fully able to do at other times. The boy returned.....his mind humbled and crushed to the last degree, and his body in pain.....His mother was going out for Mr. Wilton, when she was arrested by hearing a loud scream from her son: she went up,and found him doubled up in a fit, his legs and arms contracted, and his face and hands almost black. She called to him, and he seemed somewhat to revive; but from that time he was continually either cataleptic or insane. The usual course of his attack was that he would rave of different subjects, walk about the house chiefly imagining himself in the school'.....

Whilst in this state he was visited by Mr. Parsons, mesmerism was tried, and the results which are detailed have all the interest of a painful and eventful narrative—and if these things be fictions, a new mode has been discovered of creating stories of interest which deserves to be cultivated. It is a relief from exciting suspense to find that in the end this poor lad is restored, when all medical help had failed and all hope had fled.

This number also contains a paper on the 'London College of Physicians and Mesmerists,' by Dr. Elliotson, that perfectly astonishes at the manner in which respectable physicians will sometimes lend themselves to the conventionalisms established by those who pay fees. J. S. S.

CHRISTIANITY—STILL UNEXPLAINED.

CHRISTIANITY as a system, Christianity in its evidence, in its history, in its bearings upon the progress of knowledge and social advancement, in its external variations, and, so to speak, in its intellectual phases, as well as in its antagonism to false religions, and 'oppositions of science falsely so called'—presents a wide field for investigation and illustration, almost unoccupied by the Preacher, and very imperfectly cultivated by the Press.—*Nonconformist.*

Illustrative Notices.

[Passages in their reproduction are commonly so varied that the original author often does not know his own production again. To avoid thus misleading, and to cultivate habits of accuracy on the part of our young readers, the source is stated whence every passage quoted is derived, so that when second-hand the reader knows how to trace it or how to trust it.]

THE following passage is quoted from the *Isle of Man Times*, No. 110:—'The lower order of Brazilians,' says Dr. Adam Clarke, 'entertain the following *singular* [why 'singular?'—is anything singular on this subject after the early chapters in Genesis are digested?] belief as to their original formation:—"At the time," say they, "of the creation of Adam, Satan looked on, and formed a man of clay; but every thing he touched becoming black, he determined to wash him white in the Jordan. On his approach the river retired, and he had only time to push the black man on the wet sand, which, touching the soles of his feet and the palms of his hands, accounts for the whiteness of those parts. In a rage the devil struck his creation on the nose, by which the flatness of that organ was accomplished. The negro then begged for mercy, as no blame could be attached to him; upon which the other, somewhat pacified, patted him on the head, and by the heat of his hand curled his hair in the way it is seen at the present day."'

The following (from the American *Times*) on the 'gold fever,' though intended for New York, will answer about as well for this meridian:—

'How is your health?' said we to a bilious looking friend that we met, after missing him for some time. 'Twenty-three carats fine.' 'Your health?' said we again. 'Worth sixteen dollars an ounce.' We said nothing more, but left him, perfectly well convinced that he was troubled with the 'Callyforny fever.' 'What's the price of United States stock?' said we to a celebrated Wall-street broker we jostelled against a moment after. 'Thirteen lbs. of pure gold in one lump!' 'New York Sixes?' 'Perfectly inexhaustible, and more mines discovered.' We trembled for the *few* shares we possessed, and passed on. Presently we came across a famous divine, who preached every Sunday against the greedy thirst for gold and mammon. 'That was a noble discourse of yours last Sunday, Doctor. If we remember aright, the text was—"It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God?"' 'Establish a mint, sir—establish a mint. I've already sent out two sons and four nephews; and we are to share alike!' 'The text, Doctor—the text?' 'That be—thundered! The standard value of doubloons is sixteen dollars. A doubloon is an ounce—thirteen pounds of gold make'—— We did not wait to hear the divine's answer, nor was it necessary; he had got the *yaller* fever.

The *British Quarterly Review* says that 'Carlyle, though scorned by many for his offences against literary taste, and though dreaded by others for his reckless treatment of great questions, has, nevertheless, produced a visible influence on the minds of his contemporaries; he has given a direction to their thoughts, and has suggested so much thought that he is rightfully regarded as a teacher. This fact there is no gainsaying. Think what we may of the influence, be it evil or be it good, it is there. We could name more than one distinguished ornament of the church, whose rise has been rendered impossible because of the Carlyle "taint."'

A man may study a thing till he believes in it. Creech died a Lucretian; Buckhart and Browne were Mohammedans. Sale, the translator of the Koran, was suspected of being an Islamite. [Thus Byron illustrates the force of circumstances.]

The character of Spartacus is thus described in Dr. Smith's new Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology. Dr. Smith is the man for authorities. I annex those which he subjoins to this brief notice:—'The character of Spartacus, like that of Hannibal, has been maligned by the Roman writers. Cicero compares the vilest of his contemporaries to him: Horace (*Carm.* iii., 14, 19) speaks of him as a common robber: none recognise his greatness, but the terror of his name survived to a late period of the empire (Sidon. Apollin. *Carm.* ix., 253; Themist. *Or.* ix.) Accident made Spartacus a shepherd, a freebooter, and a gladiator; nature formed him a hero. The excesses of his followers he could not always repress, and his efforts to restrain them often cost him his popularity. But he was in himself not less mild and just than he was able and valiant. He preferred his Thracian cottage and freedom to the throne of Italy. Of all contemporary characters, the mind dwells with most complacency on those of Sertorious and Spartacus. But the one, nobly born and befittingly trained, sullied his name by the murder of the Spanish hostages at Huesca; the other, a peasant by birth, a slave by compulsion, saved the lives of his captives. The most terrible guerilla chieftain recorded in history was unstained by the vices of his conquerors, and, had circumstances favoured him, would have rivalled the fame of Viriarathus and Wallace.—(Plut. *Crass.* 8—12, *Pomp.* 21, *Cat. Min.* 8; Liv. *Epit.* xcv., xcvi., xcvii.; Vell. ii., 30; Flor. iii., 20; Eutrop. vi., 7; Oross. v., 24, 35; Appian. B.C. i., 116—121, B. *Mithr.* 109; Front. *Strat.* i., 5. §§ 20—23, 7. § 6, ii., 4. § 7, 5. § 34; Sall. *Fragm. Hist.* iii., No. 167, p. 254, ed. Gerlach.; Cic. *pro Leg. Man.* ii., § 50, *Verr.* v., 2, § 5, *ad Att.* vi., 2, *Philipp.* iv., 6, *Parad.* iv. 2, *Har. Resp.* 12: Varr. *Fragm.* p. 250, Bip. ed.; Lucan. *Phars.* ii., 554; Themist. *Or.* ix.; Hor. *Carm.* ii., 14, 19, Epod. 16, 5; Augustin. C. *Dei.* iii., 26; Paneg. Vet.; Sidon. Apollin. *Carm.* ix., 253; Plin. H. N. xxxiii., 14; Diod. xxxviii., 21).'

The cruelty of sanatory reforms is thus shown by Henry Morley, the author of 'Sunrise in Italy,' (John Chapman, London), who has the following sonnet to the Cholera in that work:—

'A blessing on the breath of Pestilence
To the most squalid tenements of man
Must penetrate. No curse is in the plan
Of Providence. "Arise, let us go hence
To heavenly mansions," thro' damp hovels, dense
With subtle poison, doth the voice exclaim
Of CHOLERA. She with this mission came,
From God entrusted. "Be thou the defence
Of man, against aggression from mankind.
Through cities of the world thy passage wing—
When Poverty-polluted, thou shalt find
Pause; the wronged poor unto My Bosom bring,
And daunt the wronger with thy dragon sting,
Till Death of Duty shall his soul remind.'

If this be true, how justly may the poor be-poisoned wretches of our noisome courts and alleys pray heaven to save them from their friends, the Health of Towns Commissioners: who would keep them in a world of wretchedness and sin, when they might, if left alone, escape to the land 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest?'

A prisoner in the Inquisition earnestly besought one of the fathers to procure him the information why he was incarcerated there. 'It is not proper to give way to such curiosity,' replied the father.

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.
March 14, 1849.

COMMEMORATION OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

'Last night a very large meeting took place at the Literary Institution, John-street, Tottenham-court-road, for the purpose of celebrating the commemoration of the French Revolution of 1848, at which it was announced that Louis Blanc and Caussidiere would be present; but, when the proceedings were commenced Mr. G. J. Harney, who presided, read a letter apologising for their absence, signed by both, stating—"We should have been happy to have assisted at a manifestation designed to celebrate the establishment of the republic, the accession of which was signalised by a proclamation to forget past hatreds by the abolition of death punishments, by the glorious adoption of the immortal motto—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. But it is the misfortune of the situation in which the fury of our enemies has placed us, that we are compelled to a reserve which is a violence to our legitimate sentiments. Proscribed as we are, we cannot escape the usual sufferings of proscription, and one of the keenest of these sufferings is the restraint which compels us to send this apology." Among those who addressed the meeting were Messrs. Holyoake, Clarke, Cooper, Bronterre O'Brien, and other London Chartists.' [It is thus the *Morning Advertiser*, of Feb. 27, reported the Democratic and Social Festival, at John-street. How far this is accurate, those who were present can tell.]

BISHOP OF EXETER AND MR. SHORE.

The Bishop of Exeter has seen fit to imprison the Rev. Mr. Shore. His dissenting friends are on the move. The bishop has done an excellent thing to spread far and wide ecclesiastical dissatisfaction.

TO 'VERITAS.'

If this correspondent, whose reply to 'W. F., Poplar,' is to hand, will furnish me with the means of communicating with him, directly or indirectly, a proof of his paper shall be forwarded, to be read by ... m before appearing.

HEALTH OF MR. OWEN.

Mr. Owen left London two weeks ago on visit. He was so far recovered as to be ... to go into the country; but a gentleman who saw him a few days ago, reports he is still suffering from the effects of ... te accident.

INTIMATIONS.

Mr. Collet's Letter on Democratic Government is deferred till next week.

Mr. Holyoake's 'Life and Character of Carlile' is half through the Press, and its publication will shortly be announced.

Mr. Holyoake's new work, 'Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate: or Hints on the Application of Logic,' is also in the press. It is intended to form the Companion to the 'Logic of Facts,' and completes the series of School Books as originally designed by Mr. Holyoake eight years ago.

DOCTOR PHILPOTTS IN ELYSIUM.

There is a well-known anecdote of a party of Frenchmen amusing themselves with tales of robbers, to which Voltaire, who happened to be present, made a brief but pregnant contribution. When tales are told hereafter of the brawls and quarrels of the Church, one can conceive the cries that will greet the story-teller who begins '*Once upon a time there was a bishop called Philpotts—!*' The tongue of Philpotts will have passed into a proverb for the *foul* tongue of the Church.

The holy man has succeeded in the preliminary discussion raised in Mr. Gorham's case. In the flourishing days of Laud, as pourtrayed in the letters of his friend Strafford's reverend newsmonger, Mr. Garrard, a victim of ecclesiastical fury had to apply to the king's grace to have my lord's grace of Canterbury *taken off* him. Mr. Gorham has applied to the Arches Court to have his lordship of Exeter taken off *him*, but Sir Herbert Jenner Fust refuses relief. A number of fusty precedents are thrown in the poor man's face, and he is left to struggle as he can with his right reverend burden.—*Examiner*, No. 2143.

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 145	..	440	6
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THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—March 18, (12 a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Reason coolly and quietly Superseded.' (7) Mr. Walter Cooper, 'The Plan of Home Colonies.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—March 18, Mr. Thomas Cooper, 'Life and Character of Oliver Cromwell.'

ST. GEORGE'S COFFEE ROOM, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—March 19, (8½) Mr. E. Mantz, 'History of Humanity.'

☞ *Editorial Communications* are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

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Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

Branch and other Communications for the Officers of the Rational Society are to be addressed to 28, John Street, Fitzroy Square—and their Post-office Orders made payable at 103, Tottenham Court Road.

Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked 'private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

THE TRADE OF ARMS NOT OPPOSED TO THE TRADE OF CHRIST.

The Rev. I. Robley, of St. Philip's, Salford, preached the funeral sermon of General Arbuthnot, recently deceased. In the course of his remarks he realised the trite saying of 'knocking down two birds with one stone'—for he proved that throat-cutting and brain splitting may coexist with Christianity: thus removing all doubts of the future fate of the dead hero, at the same time that he destroyed the arguments against war said to be deduced from Christ's teaching and example. Here is the passage:—'I know there are some *weak-minded* and *fanciful* people, who imagine that the profession of arms is incompatible with religion; but it is almost erroneous opinion. If we look into the history of the lives of the most eminent military and naval commanders, we find that they were generally religious men; and who is now so regular in his attendance at early service of the church as the hero, the fame of whose military exploits fills the world?* If we consult the pages of holy writ, we find that he was a centurion who exclaimed at the foot of the cross, "Truly, this was the Son of God." Was not the centurion a religious man, who came and besought Jesus to heal his servant? The Saviour himself hath answered the question: "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Was not Cornelius, a centurion of the Italian band, a religious man? He was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway;" and to whom this comforting assurance was conveyed by one who stood before him in bright clothing: "Thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God." The profession of arms, then, is not incompatible with the religious devotion of the heart. We all deprecate war, and pray that it may please God to hasten the coming of the time (which will come, for the Spirit hath foretold it) when wars shall cease in all the earth; but, in the meanwhile, every man must do his duty in the state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call him, "rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."'

* This refers to the Iron Duke, who is reported to have said, that 'a man who is particular about religion ought not to be a soldier.'

AN EPITAPH.

Looking over an old English paper, says the *Boston Investigator*, we met with the following Epitaph on Algernon Sidney:—

Algernon Sidney lies this tomb—
An Atheist, for disclaiming Rome;
A rebel bold, for striving still
To keep the law above the will.
Crimes, damned by Church government—
Oh, whither must his ghost be sent?
Of heaven it cannot but despair,
If holy Pope be turnkey there;
And hell will ne'er it entertain,
For there is all tyrannic reign.
Where goes it then? Where't ought to go—
Where Pope nor Devil have to do.

FANATICISM.

The *Literary Gazette*, Nov. 16th, in noticing a work entitled 'The Immediate and Glorious Advent of our Lord, &c., to Establish the Kingdom of God on the Earth,' (Houlston and Stoneman) says:—We are doubtful whether we ought to notice such a publication, but it is a type of the fanaticism which is largely abroad in the midst of the boasted knowledge of the nineteenth century, and ought therefore to be mentioned among the signs of the times. The writer puts the initials J. A. P. E. (the last three letters significant!), and he quotes the prophets, &c., for his own interpretations, which are spish enough. In the end he reminds us of the Joe Miller joke, when the captain of the vessel, in a dreadful storm, answered the inquiry of the chaplain as to the likely result, "If it holds on thus, in ten minutes we shall all be in heaven"—to which the terrified functionary shouted, "God forbid!" Thus J. A. P. E., after demonstrating his "Immediate," himself tells us not to be too much alarmed, for, "to avoid misunderstanding, it may be proper to mention that the word *immediate*, in the title-page, has reference to the appearance of the Lord in the clouds to receive his saints, and not to his coming with them in glory, which will not take place for some time after their ascension." It is hardly proper to ridicule, but how else can you treat such folly?

'Of a piece with this profane and fanatical nonsense, and, with Mormonism, is the following printed hand-bill, now distributing throughout the length and breadth of London:—"Countrymen! My People! My beloved English People! The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Christ sets his blessed foot on earth to reign a king among us.—Clara, the Bride of Christ.—It is since the July of 1858, that Clara Coulthard has claimed to be the Bride of Christ. J. Carrd, Printer, 275, Strand."'

CURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, No. 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.—Veritas.—R. Ross.—E. L. T.—A. Fraser, Aberdeen. (Who offers to pay for carriage and distribution of 500 or 1000 bills.)—M. Prafer.—Hugo.

London: Printed by A. Holyoake, 54, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

Wednesday, March 14, 1860.

The Reasoner.

No. 142.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

PASSAGES FROM PUBLIC EXPERIENCE.

One hears much in society of the duty a man owes to a public cause in the respect of preferring its welfare to his own interest. Of the many disruptions which occur in public parties, the majority may be traced to personal rather than to intellectual grounds. Men have therefore agreed, as a matter of sentiment, to applaud the subordination of individual considerations when they interfere with the prosperity of a general advocacy.

Yet it may be doubted if any one ever took this course whose intentions were not disbelieved and his conduct misrepresented. Nobody seems to suspect that motive to exist which everybody agrees ought to exist, and few are prepared to treat with justice of judgment any instance of the kind.

In every association there are some places of honour and profit, and a crowd of the fit and the unfit rush forward to fill them, so anxiously, that it is hard to see the public object in the individual scramble. He who keeps aloof from the strife, and preserves an independent course, will be suspected of apathy on the one hand, or be charged with cynicism on the other.

During an observant intercourse with many Institutions—Mechanics', Literary, and Social—I have often witnessed the undercurrent of rival claims that torment the Executives. When I have happened to be one of the candidates, and my opinion has been asked, my uniform answer has been—'The Directors will do quite rightly in engaging those who attract the largest audiences. If they engage me, and the receipts prove less than they would be should another be engaged, then the Institution will be a loser. I claim to serve the Institution, not to be served by it. An Institution may if it can, or if it pleases, serve those who have laboured to serve it, but under the condition of not endangering its own existence. If a public Institution goes down through serving individuals, it becomes a question whether those individuals can compensate to the public for the loss they sustain. If not, the course of the Institution is clear: it must sustain itself and disregard individuals.' This is a verdict which has often proved fatal to my own application, but I have not therefore hesitated to pronounce it. I believe this is the right way of viewing the question, though I am not quite clear that it often meets, where one would expect, an equivalent interpretation.

Upon the Queenwood question I have uniformly taken one side; but, to make that strong, I have striven to make it pure. In my 'Visit to Harmony Hall,' I was far more just to those from whom I differed than any of them were to me. I distinguished between their intentions and their wisdom. They answered me without a single generous reservation. I have since preserved a medium of communication to facilitate the final adjustment of the question. But I have steadily refused to make the *Reasoner* the organ of an ignoble strife. I have agreed to give currency to the words of reason, but not of passion; and not even my own coadjutors in the metropolis have understood me. When in the provinces, I visited Mr. Buxton. I asked why he did not make his contribution to the discussion that had been sometime before opened. He answered that 'there was *no* medium in which he could do it.' And this he told to *me*, who had ever kept

a paper open to him, and had involved myself in a wide antagonism with my friends in his defence. The ground of this remark was that I had cancelled some portions of letters which I had published from some of his friends. But he did not know that I had also done the same by letters from those who were his opponents. Out of the letters of both parties I struck out the words of personality and passion, which weakened the force of the arguments and lowered the advocacy. The persons to whom I was opposed thanked me for the attention I had paid them—the persons who were my friends, and with whom I worked, set me down as a traitor. Thus it is that your enemies are often more just than your friends.

I cite these instances to show that mistakes are sometimes made which the parties making them do not always suspect, and that no man would long walk by any principle if he had not some surer and higher inducement (I mean self-satisfaction) than the appreciation that his conduct might meet with from those to whose approval he would naturally look up.

At public celebrations, the sentiment of the 'People' is a favourite one. One would think that it was *understood*. Let him, however, beware who shall act upon the supposition. To really address the *whole* people would be a new policy in agitation, which many who would applaud it when it was proposed, would misunderstand it when it was done. To seek to elevate the low and enlist the co-operation of the high is quite possible upon this principle. It impresses a new and consistent tone upon progressive efforts, and reduces conciliation to a science. I lately attempted this in a series of letters, with what results are sufficiently known.

This last paragraph is one of explanation due to some readers who have solicited it at my hands with more earnestness, I think, than the matter warranted. My own choice was silence, if absolute silence (after solicitation) had not looked too much like contempt, which I do not feel nor wish to feel. But I have no need to say more. 'A man,' says the wise and practical Francis Place, 'who is always running after his character, has seldom a character worth the chase;' and with as much truth it may be said, that he who is in haste to justify himself seems to doubt whether his own conduct would be its own justification. A man should be able to dare the judgment of mankind, not only by his acts and words, but also by his silence.

That which is right will explain itself in due time—if we have but the courage *to give time the opportunity*. It is better to bear unjust imputations, if need be, rather than keep before the enemies of the people a difference among the people's friends—a difference which has originated in unexampled misapprehension, and which will disappear as good sense regains its ascendancy.

G. J. Holyoake.

Eclectic Gatherings.

BY PANTHEA.

II.—GUESSES AT TRUTH.*

The civilised world may be divided into three classes: those who take their thinkings entirely upon trust; those who endeavour to work out their thinkings for themselves; and those who, accepting authority without question on some points, still, within the limits left them, vigorously exercise their powers. Among this class are men of genuine nobleness—earnest for truth, rich in talents, and

* Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. Second Series. Second Edition, 1848. Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower Street.

graced by liberal culture. Though occupying an anomalous position, they have much in them that commands respect and sympathy. They form the necessary link between the states of mental serfdom and mental liberty. Not all at once can the mind attain its majority; long years of discipline have to be gone through, and much weakness within and without has first to be outgrown. And the question to be asked of any writer is not only 'what are your thoughts?' but 'do you, to your best ability, really exercise thought?' If you do, it is well: the greatest philosopher can do no more.

The author of the following selections is one of those who really exercise thought. He evidently belongs to the Established Church, though he seems too liberal to be among its extremest members. His 'Guesses at Truth' are chiefly fragmentary, but there is an artistic fitness in the order of their arrangement which shows the author capable of dealing with wholes as well as with parts. They are on a great variety of topics, and many passages are very open to criticism, and might easily provoke very impatient rejoinders. But as the intention of the 'Eclectic Gatherings' is more affirmative than critical, none of these questionable passages have been selected. The author's theological position I should question on different grounds from those advocated by the *Reasoner*; and as to his remarks on other subjects, is it not sometimes well to leave awhile points of difference, and seek points of agreement? We should be less irritated against our opponents did we find out the things in which they are not our opponents—did we seek a common ground from which to work out fraternal relationships, instead of a battle-field on which to work out mental demolition. Let our author, then, maintain the necessary connection of 'faith' and virtue (p. 316), doubt the possibility of universal education (p. 268), say that 'a lawyer's brief will be brief before a freethinker thinks freely' (ib.), set limits to 'woman's sphere' (p. 340), and maintain that female lips have no business with logic (p. 345)—let him say all this, and much more, that it disciplines our temper to hear patiently; but let us none the less admire the really admirable things he has said of the supremacy of Truth and Duty, and the loveliness of Nature and Art. Let us heartily appreciate him: some day, perhaps—for he is neither uncandid nor ungenerous—he may appreciate us.

'In the wars of the middle ages, when the armies were lying in their camps, single knights would often sally forth to disport themselves in breaking a lance.' 'Detacht thoughts in literature, under whatsoever name they may be cast forth into the world—Maxims, Aphorisms, Essays, Resolves, Hints, Meditations, Aids to Reflection, Guesses—may be regarded as similar sallies and disportings of those who are loth to lie rusting in inaction, though they do not feel themselves called to act more regularly and in mass.'

'A dinner of fragments is said often to be the best dinner. So there are few minds but might furnish some instruction and entertainment out of their scraps, their odds and ends of thought. They who cannot weave a uniform web, may at least produce a piece of patchwork; which may be useful, and not without a charm of its own. The very sharpness and abruptness with which truths must be asserted, when they are to stand single, is not ill fitted to startle and rouse sluggish and drowsy minds.'

Pantheism answers to ochlocracy,* and leads to it: pure monotheism, to a despotic monarchy. If a type of trinitarianism is to be found in the political world, it must be a government by three estates *tria juncta in uno*.

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* Mob-government; from *ochlos*, mob, and *cratos*, government.—P.

In a controversy both parties will commonly go too far. Would you have your adversary give up his error? be beforehand with him, and give up yours. He will resist your arguments more sturdily than your example.

Even in minor matters the sword is a perilous instrument whereby to seek one's aim. Compulsion is not, and never can be conviction. They exclude each other.

'In good prose (says Frederic Schlegel) every word should be underlined.' That is, every word should be the right word; and then no word would be righter than another. There are no italics in Plato.

Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket is full prevents it keeping so.

Do, and have done. The former is far the easiest.

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.

Few minds are sun-like, sources of light in themselves and to others. Many more are moons, that shine with a derivative and reflected light. Among the tests to distinguish them is this: the former are always full, the latter only now and then, when their suns are shining full upon them.

The memory ought to be a store-room. Many turn theirs into a lumber-room. Nay, even stores grow mouldy and spoil, unless aired and used betimes: and then they too become lumber.

The praises of others may be of use, in teaching us not what we are, but what we ought to be.

Self-depreciation is not humility, though often mistaken for it. Its source is oftener mortified pride.

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate little else than the changeableness of the weather.

Discipline, like the bridle in the hand of a good rider, should exercise its influence without appearing to do so, should be ever active, both as a support and as a restraint, yet seem to lie easily in hand. It must always be ready to check or to pull up, as occasion may require; and only when the horse is a runaway, should the action of the curb be perceptible.

Crimes sometimes shock us too much; vices almost always too little.

Few persons have courage enough to appear as good as they really are.

Would you touch a nettle without being stung by it? take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances; and few things will ever annoy you.

Be what you are. This is the first step toward becoming better than you are.

*Hic Rhodus: hic salta.** Do not wait for a change of outward circumstances; but take your circumstances as they are, and make the best of them. This saying, which was meant to shame a braggart, will admit of a very different and profounder application. Goethe has changed the postulate of Archimedes, *Give me a standing-place, and I will move the world*, into the precept, *Make good thy standing-place, and move the world.* This is what he did throughout his life.

Among the numberless marvels, at which nobody marvels, few are more marvellous than the recklessness with which priceless gifts, intellectual and moral, are squandered and thrown away. Often have I gazed in wonder at the prodigality displayed by Nature in the cistus, which unfolds hundreds or thousands of its white starry blossoms morning after morning, to shine in the light of the sun for an hour or two, and then fall to the ground. But who, among the sons and daughters of men—gifted with thoughts 'which wander through eternity,' and

* Here is Rhodes; leap here.—*Old Fable.*

with powers which have the godlike privilege of working good, and giving happiness—who does not daily let thousands of these leaves drop to the ground and rot? who does not continually leave his own powers to draggle in the mould of their own leaves? The imagination can hardly conceive the hights of greatness and glory to which mankind would be raised, if all their thoughts and energies were to be animated with a living purpose—or even those of a single people, or of the educated among a single people.

How many faithful sentences are written now? that is, sentences dictated, by a pure love of truth, without any wish save that of expressing the truth fully and clearly—sentences in which there is neither a spark of light too much, nor a shade of darkness.

Heroism is active genius; genius, contemplative heroism. Heroism is the self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action.

Eloquence is speaking out—a quality few esteem and fewer aim at.

The one great source of what is vicious in literature is the want of truth, under all its forms: while the main source of what is excellent, in style as well as in matter, is the pure love and desire of truth, whether as the object of the reason and understanding, or of the imagination. He who writes with any other aim than that of giving full utterance to the truth which is teeming within him—be it with the wish of writing finely, of gaining fame, or of gaining money—is sure to write ill.

Literary dissipation is no less destructive of sympathy with the living world than sensual dissipation. Mere intellect is as hard-hearted and heart-hardening as mere sense; and the union of the two, when uncontrolled by the conscience and without the softening, purifying influences of the moral affections, is all that is requisite to produce the diabolical ideal of our nature. Nor is there any repugnance in either to coalesce with the other: witness Iago, Tiberius, Borgia.

The body, too, has its rights; and it will have them. They cannot be trampled on or slighted without peril. The body ought to be the soul's best friend, and cordial, dutiful helpmate. Many of the studious, however, have neglected to make it so; whence a large part of the miseries of authorship. Some good men have treated it as an enemy; and then it has become a fiend, and plagued them.

The balance of powers in the human constitution has been subverted by that divorce between the body and the mind, which has often ensued from the seductive influences of Civilisation. The existence of one class of society has been rendered almost wholly corporeal, that of the other almost solely intellectual—but intellectual in the lowest sense of the word, so that the intellect has been degraded into a caterer for the wants and pleasures of the body, instead of devoting itself to its rightful purposes, the pursuit, the enforcement, and the exhibition of Truth. Moreover, the pernicious, debilitating tendencies of bodily pleasure need to be counteracted by the invigorating exercises of bodily labour: whereas bodily labour without bodily pleasure converts the body into a mere machine, and brutifies the soul.

It would be a good thing, if our landed proprietors would try to remedy some the evils which the ravenous lust of property has wrought in England during e last century. It would be well, if by the side of every village two or three res were redeemed from the gripe of Mammon, and thrown open to the poor—they were taught that their betters, as we presume to call ourselves, take ought about other things, beside the most effectual method of draining the last op from the sweat of their brows. Something at least should be done to en-ve and foster the domestic affections among the lower orders, to make them

feel that they too have a home, and that a home is the dearest spot upon earth. I do not mean, by instituting prizes for those whose cottages are the neatest, or by giving rewards for good behaviour to the best husbands and wives. Such rewards do far more harm than good, by robbing virtuous conduct of its sweetness and real worth, turning it into an instrument of covetousness or vanity.

All that ought to be done, all that can be done beneficially, is to remove hindrances which obstruct good, and facilities and temptations to evil, and to afford opportunities and facilities for quiet, orderly, decorous enjoyment. When encouragement is given, it should be by immediate personal intercourse. The great Christian law of reciprocation extends to the affections also. Indeed with regard to them it is a law of Nature. We cannot gain love and respect from others, unless we treat them with love and respect.

The same reason which calls for the restoration of our village greens, calls no less imperatively in London for the throwing open of the gardens in all the squares. What bright refreshing spots would these be in the midst of our huge brick and stone labyrinth, if we saw them crowded on summer evenings with the tradespeople and mechanics from the neighbouring streets, and if the poor children, who now grow up amid the filth and impurities of the allies and courts, were allowed to run about these playgrounds, so much healthier for the body and the mind. We have them all ready: a word may open them. He who looks at the good which has been effected by the alterations in St. James's Park, he whose heart has been gladdened by the happiness derived from them by young and old, must surely think the widest extension of similar blessings most desirable: and the state of that Park shows that no mischiefs are to be apprehended.

At present the gardens in our squares are painful mementoes of aristocratic exclusiveness. They who need them the least, monopolise them. All the fences and walls by which this exclusiveness bars itself out from the sympathies of common humanity, must be cast down. If we do not remove them voluntarily, and in the spirit of love, they will be torn and trodden down ere long perforce, in the spirit of wrath.

Most men work for the present, a few for the future. The wise work for both; for the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

The business of Education is to *educe*, or bring out, that which is within —not merely, or mainly, to *instruct*, or impose a form from without. Only we are not framed to be self-sufficient, but to derive our nourishment, intellectu l and spiritual as well as bodily, from without, through the ministration of others; and hence Instruction must ever be a chief element of Education. Hence, too, we obtain a criterion to determine what sort of Instruction is right and beneficial —that which ministers to Education, which tends to bring out, to nourish and cultivate the faculties of the mind, not that which merely piles a mass of information upon them. Moreover, since Nature, if left to herself, is ever prone to run wild, and since there are hurtful and pernicious elements around us, as well as nourishing and salutary—pruning and sheltering, correcting and protecting, are also among the principal offices of Education.

Approbation speaks of the thing or action. *That is right. What you have done is right.* Praise is always personal. It begins, indeed, gently with the particular instance, *You have done right*; but it soon fixes on lasting attributes, and passes from *You are right*, through *You are a good child, You are a nice child, You are a sweet child*, to that which is the cruelest of all, *You are a clever child.*

Fondness may dote and be foolish: Love is only another name for Wisdom.

By directing a child's attention to a fault, and thus giving it a local habitation

and a name, you may often fix it in him more firmly; when, by drawing his thoughts and affections to other things, and seeking to foster an opposite grace, you would be much more likely to subdue it. In like manner a jealous disposition is often strengthened, when notice is taken of it: while the endeavour to cherish a spirit of love would do much towards casting it out.

So much more do people in general value what their friend feels for them, than what he does for them, that there are few who would not look on you more kindly if you were to meet their request with an affectionate denial, than with a cold compliance.

What a type of a happy family is the family of the Sun! With what order, with what harmony, with what blessed peace, do his children the planets move around him, shining with the light which they drink in from their parent's face, at once on him and on one another!

The rule of human nature, the canonical idea of man is not to be taken as an average from any number of human beings: it must be drawn from the chosen choice few, in whom that nature has come the nearest to what it ought to be. You do not form your conception of a cup from a broken one, nor that of a book from a torn or foxt and dog's-eared volume, nor that of any animal from one that is maimed, or mutilated, or distorted, or diseased. In every species the specimen is the best that can be produced. So the conception of man is not to be taken from stunted souls, or blighted souls, or wry souls, or twisted souls, or sick souls, or withered souls, but from the healthiest and soundest, the most entire and flourishing, the straightest, the highest, the truest, and the purest.

A WORD ABOUT THE JEWS.

The Christianity of this country, it appears, is again in danger. It is strange that —notwithstanding the text assures us 'The church is built so firmly on a rock, that the gates of Hell cannot prevail against it'—there should be among us a set of nervous disciples, who are for ever dreaming of its overthrow. Little faith have they in all that Peter and Paul, and the other founders of their religion, foretold concerning the kingdom of Christ 'being an everlasting kingdom, and world without end;' so little indeed, that they rather appear to imagine the utmost vigilance is required—by the saints assembled in the Houses of Lords and Commons, as well as by the lesser angels at Exeter Hall—to prevent Satan resuming his old dominion, and defeating God Almighty in his merciful design to save this ruined world from perdition.

To judge by the tone of certain religious journals at this moment, a fearful and horrible thing is about to be done in the land. We are about to admit the blasphemer—the descendant of the condemned race who slew the Lord of Glory—to sit and legislate for a Christian people. We are blinding our eyes and hardening our hearts against the visible judgments of Divinity upon that people—we are entering into fellowship with God's enemies—in fact, there is little doubt in the minds of a certain class, that unless the saints pray very hard, and God has ercy on the rest of us for their sakes, this island will ere long be carried away r a whirlwind, or be swallowed up in some way or other, as a warning to future nerations who shall neglect the counsels of the Plumtrees and the Spooners that pear among them.

Now if the excitable folks, who are so brimful of indignation at the idea of a w being permitted to share the rights of citizenship in this country, would pause moment in their denunciations, and endeavour to reason calmly with themselves

on this matter, they would perhaps discover that their zeal has been greater than their discretion—and that after all there are good reasons why the Christian should fraternize with the Jew, and hold him in respect, if not reverence.

Pray what is the crime of the Jewish people? I am answered by a thousand voices—'Did they not crucify the Saviour?' But how, my friends, would he have been your Saviour (according to your own doctrines of salvation) had not these very Jews performed the part they did? Did he not come upon earth on purpose to be crucified? Was it not decreed in the counsel of heaven, from all eternity, that this tragedy should be performed, in order that mankind, or a portion of mankind, should escape eternal torments? Did he not himself say it was in his power to have summoned a legion of angels to his assistance had he needed them? Then why regard with indignation the humble instruments who were permitted, nay, who were created for the very purpose of accomplishing the glorious work of man's redemption? Strange gratitude to the world's best benefactors!

But look at the matter in another light. Allowing that eighteen centuries ago the Jewish people committed a great crime in taking away the life of a good man at Jerusalem, how does that crime possibly affect the character of a body of men living in London at the present day? Do not mutter the evil words, *His blood be upon us and upon our children.* No one now is so stupid as to believe that a set of scoundrels of one age can gratuitously hand down the punishment which their crimes may merit to their children, and to their descendants, to the end of time.

But the mark of God's displeasure, you say, is plainly on the Jew. Is it so? Then I humbly suggest to you whether you do not believe your vindictive God to be powerful enough to punish as much as he pleases, without the assistance of Acts of Parliament and petty persecutions on your part? Do tell us candidly whether you deem the present worldly prosperity of Baron Rothschild to be positive evidence of the mark of Divine wrath upon him. If so, ought we not to tremble for the Archbishop of Canterbury and the other wealthy prelates of our holy church?

We are told that on the cross Christ prayed, saying—'Father! forgive them, *for they know not what they do.*' Will you dare be presumptuous enough to say that payer was rejected?—or that the assertion made of the crime being one of ignorance was not the truth? Who are we talking about? A good man, supplicating for his murderers? If so, he desires not you should curse them. But no! orthodoxy tells you it was Divinity that spoke. God himself. I leave you to reflect and tremble for the rebellion you have manifested against His divine and merciful intent towards his Israelitish people.

Endeavour, I pray you, by silence on a matter concerning which you are so manifestly ignorant and inconsistent, to atone for your past deplorable lack of charity towards these your brethren.

Enfield Cottages, Kingsland Road. W. A.

THE SPELLING REFORM.

'Knowledge is Power.'

WHY has mankind, in all ages, been the victim of misery? What is the reason that, in spite of the progress of science and mechanical ingenuity, the greatest part of the human race is still a prey to want, infested with crime, and decimated by famine and disease, which consign to an untimely grave an undue proportion of that very class which constitutes so valuable and indispensable a part of the community—namely, the producers of wealth?

The real source of this multitude of evils is the thick mist of ignorance that still obscures the mental vision of the majority of men, and prevents them from distinguishing truth from falsehood.

In vain has the priest thundered the anathemas of his God against evil-doers—in vain have lawgivers and judges endeavoured, by dreadful punishments and ingeniously-contrived prison systems, to check the invading torrent of criminality. Neither the philanthropist nor the social reformer have met with much success in their benevolent and persevering efforts to raise the condition of their misery-worn fellow creatures. There is evidently an obstacle that renders futile all their plans, and barren all their undertakings. Now, unless we contend that man's lot is ever to suffer, and his nature essentially and incorrigibly bad, we must allow that this radical obstacle is removable, and therefore seek to discover in what it consists.

In former ages it might have been that the sum of knowledge was insufficient, or the means unknown of communicating it to all. But now, three hundred years after GUTTENBERG's glorious discovery of the art of multiplying books infinitely, rendered a hundred-fold more efficacious by its combination with the miraculous power of steam—how are we to explain the fact that, even in the forwardest countries, a majority of the people are unable to avail themselves of these great inventions, and are still intellectually deaf, dumb, and blind? And still more surprising and deplorable is it that this should be the case in Great Britain, whose inhabitants possess such ample stores of the materials necessary, and are remarkable for their desire to acquire knowledge and raise their condition.

There was a time when knowledge was looked upon as a thing not to be communicated to the multitude without danger of unfitting them for their employments, and it was honestly contended that ignorance and innocence were constant companions. But statistical inquiries soon dispelled this illusion by proving that ignorance and crime are closely connected, and stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect. This fact is now so indisputably established that all parties agree in endeavouring to give at least the rudiments of education to the greatest part of the population. A considerable amount of money and labour is annually expended for this purpose, but the result is very far from being satisfactory. 'England and Wales, with their sixteen millions of people, contain nearly eight millions unable to write their names, and not less than five millions unable to read their mother tongue.'*

This is the true reason why social reformers have made so little progress in spite of the goodness of their cause and their perseverance in propagating their ideas. The radical and insurmountable obstacle to their diffusion and reception is that ignorant and apathetic mass which they cannot penetrate, and on which their teaching makes no more impression than cannon balls on a woolsack. Though reading and writing do not constitute an education, yet no person can be educated without being able to read and write. By reading is not meant the power of spelling with more or less difficulty through a chapter of the Bible or tament, the amount of knowledge usually acquired in religious schools, but the ilty of receiving ideas through the eye as easily as through the ear. Until faculty is possessed by all, no great and permanently beneficial change can be ised in the social condition and arrangements of the nation. But such a t is impossible as long as the present antiquated and irrational system of

* 'Popular Education in England,' in *British Quarterly Review*, Nov. 1846.

spelling the English language is adhered to. *The beginning of all reforms is a reform of the alphabet.* This may appear startling or even absurd to those who can read as easily as they speak, and who have not deeply considered the question, but it is nowise doubtful for those who have. The Spelling Reform, so often attempted, is no longer a theory; it is a fact, a great fact, the mother of still greater facts in the future. Our limits not allowing us to give a history of this reform, we will merely state that it is due principally to the labours of Isaac Pitman of Bath, and A. J. Ellis, B.A. The first idea was merely a species of shorthand, called *Phonography*, or *Speech Writing* according to sound. This naturally led to a wish to print on the same principle, and gave rise to *Phonotypy* or *Speech Printing*. The subject was long debated, many experiments and systems tried, and various new types cast, till at length an alphabet and a system of spelling were settled, and they have now been in use for some time. A society of persons favourable to the reform was formed, the *Phonetic Society*, now very numerous. Various elementary and other works were issued, and others are in preparation. Last, but not least, a weekly paper, the *Phonetic News*, appeared on the 6th of January, 1849, printed entirely according to the new system, and conducted in a liberal and progressive spirit.* We can recommend all the works issued by the Phonetic Society as every way excellent, and we strongly exhort all social reformers to examine the subject carefully, and to make it known as widely as possible. All supporters of the *Reasoner* will see at once the importance and advantage of a reform perfectly consonant to reason, although opposed to authority and time-hallowed custom.

To sum up: There can be no co-operation or useful combination of the million without knowledge—no knowledge without reading—no reading without Phonotypy.

T. W. T.

ON THE DEFINITION OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT.

In the *Spirit of the Age*, Mr. Collet, and Mr. Harney of the *Northern Star*, have held a brief but a very instructive controversy on the principles supposed to be commemorated at the recent anniversary of the February French Revolution. Mr. Collet solicits the continuance of the controversy in the *Reasoner*. To understand the matter, it is necessary to know that Mr. Collet took exception (No. 29) to an announcement of the celebration of the principles 'which were defeated but not conquered on the four days of June,' and asked what those principles were, and whether Messrs. Harney and Kidd intended 'to sanction a revolt against a parliament elected by universal suffrage.' Mr. Harney replied (No. 30) that the 'principles' to be celebrated were those of the 'Democratic and Social Republic;' and that, in his opinion (speaking for himself), 'circumstances might justify revolt even against a parliament elected by universal suffrage.' To this Mr. Collet answered (No. 31):—'The doctrine laid down by Mr. Harney, that circumstances will justify insurrection against a government appointed by universal suffrage, seems to me to strike at the root of all democracy. The notion that a higher sanction can be found for government than the consent of the governed is the excuse for all the tyrannies that have ever existed. The tradesman sees this sanction in "social order," the soldier in regularity of system, the aristocrat in

* Published every Saturday, 344, Strand, London, at 4½d. A back number sent for 2d. on application post paid. The depôt for the Phonetic publications is Queen's-head Passage, Paternoster Row.

the privileges of "his order," the king in "his sacred rights," and the priest in "our holy religion." A democrat is one who has faith in democracy—one who believes that a form of government which includes the whole people will best contribute to the welfare of the whole people. The man who raises the force of circumstances above the popular sovereignty may be an honest, intelligent, and justice-loving man, but a democrat he is not. If the fraternal democrats accept Mr. Harney's doctrine, they are not democrats, but something else.' Mr. Harney's rejoinder (No. 32) was to this effect:—'It appears that Mr. Collet imagines the possibility of "an honest, intelligent, and justice-loving man" being opposed to *his* ideas of democracy. I think so too; and I venture to attest that the fraternal democrats would rather be considered "honest, intelligent, and justice-loving," than be numbered amongst the "democrats" of Mr. Collet's school. Governments, like individuals, must be judged by their acts. If their acts are unjust, the mere mode of their appointment will not make black white. If a government attacks the first great right—*the right to life*—of a minority merely, that minority has a perfect right to resist—morally if it may, physically if it must. Mr. Collet desires to know what is meant by the "Democratic and Social Republic." If Mr. Collet desires an official answer, I must refer him to the recognised organs and accredited representatives of the partisans of the *Republique Democratique et Sociale*. I understand by the "Democratic and Social Republic," the government of all, by all, *for all*—in short, the reign of justice. What justice is, all but the unjust will be at no loss to determine.' Mr. Collet's letter in continuation is as follows:—

To the Editor of the 'Reasoner.'

SIR,—Even 'the government of all, by all, and for all,' cannot be a unanimous government—as men will always differ. That the minority should be represented in the legislature, that every man should have a vote, are necessary conditions of democracy. The government must be judged *from* its acts, but *by* the majority; the minority speaking, voting, but submitting, till it can become a majority. To this doctrine Mr. Harney objects; he is therefore an advocate for the supremacy of the minority who are to govern in virtue of their superior justice. This government by 'the just' was called in New England the reign of 'the saints,' in Greece that of the 'Aristoi' or best—hence the word aristocracy.

I congratulate the English aristocracy on finding the aristocratic principle so unhesitatingly avowed by a 'fraternal democrat.' The whole question between forms of government is which of them is most likely to realise 'the reign of justice;' an aristocrat is one who thinks government should be in harmony with the minority, a democrat is one who demands that government should have the consent of the majority.

Why has Mr. Harney not explained what *he means* by the term 'Democratic and Social Republic,' instead of referring me to the French newspapers to see what they mean by the same expression? He seems to write for those who 'are at no loss to determine' what he means, without his taking the trouble to explain—
[illegible]t he should write not merely for 'the just,' but so as to call 'the unjust' to
[illegible]pentance.

It is quite evident that Mr. Harney has in his mind a comprehensive scheme
securing just government, but instead of developing it, he merely utters such
se phrases as 'Democratic and Social Republic,' 'Reign of justice,' and the
: let him no longer keep his ideas to himself, but communicate them to
s.

J. DOBSON COLLET.

ON THE ARGUMENTS FOR THE NON-EXISTENCE OF AN EXTERNAL WORLD: EVIDENCE THAT AN EXTERNAL WORLD EXISTS.

'When Berkeley said there was no matter,
It was no matter what he said.'—*Byron.*

In the arguments against the existence of an external world of matter, I do not perceive that impenetrability or solid resistance is alluded to, or at least to any thing like the extent it would appear to deserve. The main argument seems to rest on the colour and the sensation that objects convey to the touch, not of necessity being *like the objects themselves*, but merely sensations produced in our minds.*

That our sensations are not like the objects that produce them, we may readily admit; and yet deny, *in toto*, that there are no objects to produce them. Colour is now generally admitted to depend on light, and not to be an 'essential property of the object. That our senses deceive us in respect to colour *seeming to be* a part or 'essential property' of the object, may then be perfectly true; yet even in this case the colour seems still to have a real existence, *even if it be only in the light;* for we know that in the dark there is no sensation of colour. Some *condition*, then, is clearly present during day which is not present during night; and on the presence of this condition our sensation of colour depends. Surely this view will be sufficient evidence that even the sensation of colour depends on something *external to the mind.*

But the great argument for an external world must rest on the impenetrability or solid resistance of matter; for as this is always present—day or night, whether matter be at rest or in motion—it has rightly come to be called an 'essential property' of matter. This hardness, you may say, is nothing like *our sensation* of it, and our sensation of it is all we can possibly know about it. It may, no doubt, be possible that our sensation of hardness is nothing like hardness, but I deny that the advocate of *non-materiality* can prove this any more than I can prove the contrary. But, even granting that it is not, we are by no means forced into the opinion that there is nothing external to us which causes the sensation of hardness. The only rational objection against this view would be, that we may sometimes have a sensation of hardness as if some object impeded our course when none did so in reality. But in the waking condition, in a sound state of mind, and free from all metaphysical reveries, this is never the case; and if it ever occur in sleep, this will be no argument against an external world, for there can be no doubt that the imagination has power *to re-produce desires*, and *the same sensations*, (the object being absent) as were previously produced by the object itself. This, then, being an admitted power of the imagination, and the imagination being in greater energy during sleep, any delusions that occur in that state can be no solid argument against the belief that the feeling of solid resistance is in ordinary circumstances only caused by something external to the mind.

H. Prater.

* Not having read the work, I take its spirit from the quotation in Douglas Jerrold's review of it. (See his journal.)

Illustrative Notices.

[Passages in their reproduction are commonly so varied that the original author often does not know his own production again. To avoid thus misleading, and to cultivate habits of accuracy on the part of our young readers, the source is stated whence every passage quoted is derived, so that when second-hand the reader knows how to trace it or how to trust it.]

The Rev. J. R. Stephens, in the *Ashton Chronicle*, No. 39, says that 'the genius of modern legislation is largely atheistic.' We are afraid that Mr. Stephens does not know what atheism is. He speaks of it as 'dark, cold, harsh, haughty, and fiendish.' We thought that Mr. Stephens was above employing this low blind language of the priest.

The *Spectator*, No. 1076, in reviewing the 'Essays on History, Philosophy, and Theology. By Robert Vaughan, D.D.,' says—'These two neat little volumes contain thirteen articles by Dr. Robert Vaughan, of the Independent College, near Manchester, reprinted from the *British Quarterly Review*. Those who have been in the habit of reading that periodical, will here recognise some of its choicest and most striking papers, on questions relating to the politics or religious feelings of the day, or to those historical subjects that still operate upon opinion, in a form more available for reperusal than in the Review. Those who have not yet read them will enjoy a collection of essays, full of thought, close in matter, and accomplished in style.'

Investigator, writing to the *Church and State Gazette*, No. 363, thus parallels Mr. Close, of Cheltenham, with old Francois de Sales:—'As the Tractarian school are great admirers of St. Francis of Sales, it seems wonderful that none of them should have come to the rescue of the Rev. F. Close, at least from *one* of the attacks recently made upon that gentleman in a leading journal, seeing that the said St. Francis, in his "Introduction to a Devout Life," writes as follows:—

"I speak to you of balls, as physicians do of mushrooms—the best of them are good for nothing; in like manner, the best of balls can hardly be called good. Mushrooms attract the poison and infection of the serpents which approach them: so these dark assemblies generally attract the sins which prevail in the neighbourhood—such as jealousies, railleries, scurrilities, quarrels, and foolish affections."

'St. Francis says a good deal more upon this subject, and in a still severer strain. I am no frequenter of balls; but I do not agree with him about *mushrooms*, and am inclined to think that the saint must have meant frog-stools; for, as Peter Pattieson would have said, "Mushrooms, when carefully selected and skilfully treated, produce a condiment both savoury and wholesome, and which may be esteemed as one of the triumphs of the culinary art; though the learned have not decided whether the correct way of spelling the name of the palatable preparation be *ketchup* or *catsup*."'

In the *Builder* appeared the following:—'"Knowledge is power," wrote the great Lord Bacon. "Knowledge is power," complacently exclaimed a dandy, the other day, when, strong men having failed, he released a lap-dog from the teeth of a huge mastiff, by quietly administering to the latter a pinch of snuff! Ignorance in matters sanatory slays its sixty thousand victims a year in the United Kingdom—more than 10,000 of whom are taken from this wealthy, boastful, and enlightened metropolis alone—and knowledge, very simple knowledge, would save them. Ignorance, besides, gives illness to 700,000 persons every year; and who will calculate the amount of sorrow, distress, waste of money, crime, and misery, which inevitably follow this sickness and death? And all this will be prevented by knowledge, very simple knowledge. Knowledge is indeed power!'

The author of a 'Seven Years' Residence in Greece' has favoured the world with a tale entitled *Use and Abuse*. 'The author,' says the *Spectator*, No. 1080, 'wishes to exhibit infidelity and religion opposed to one another, with the final defeat of infidelity and the triumph of faith. Such a task is difficult; but with every allowance for the difficulty, *Use and Abuse* cannot be pronounced other than a failure. Too much is attempted—too little is done. The author carries the reader to Arabia, Turkey in Asia, Constantinople, England, Italy, and Greece; he embodies the spirit of unbelief in a Byronic sort of personage called Arabyn; of faith in a hermit-like individual, one Raymond, with powers still greater than those of Arabyn. After all this machinery is procured and set in motion, the only aim of Arabyn is to convert a Mr. Stanley to infidelity, and get him cheated at cards; and to marry "a fortune," with the view of procuring supplies, and making a sceptic of his wife. In all these projects Arabyn is baffled by Raymond; and the infidel, after being an indirect cause of his sister's poisoning herself, becomes deranged, and dies in a Grecian madhouse. The style is like the matter—very much in "King Cambyses' vein."'

[Letter].—Sir,—Being present at Wyckliffe chapel on March 12, where a meeting was convened to protest against the imprisonment of Mr. Shore, I was surprised to hear the Rev. Mr. Parsons assert that an infidel clergyman, in the county of Gloucester, was recently incarcerated in a gaol—not for infidelity, but for debt—and that, while in gaol, he endeavoured to infidelise the whole of the prisoners. As this information was received with repeated cries of 'name, name,' the speaker answered, 'I will give you a name. The Rev. Robert Taylor! Was he not your high-priest?—and did his bishop prosecute him?' Thus the real question was evaded. Now, sir, I think if your were publicly to demand, from the Rev. Mr. Parsons, [it is done now] the name of the clergyman and the gaol in question, you would be rendering great service to churchmen, infidels, and truth. —Justitia.

'If the march of intellect in London be not rapid,' says the *Daily News*, 'it is not for want of schools and teachers. Private academies for both sexes number 851, district and parochial schools 129, British and foreign 62, National 7, and collegiate institutions for granting degrees 50. The teachers of dancing amount to 55, of drawing to 13, elocution 4, languages 54, mathematics 9, music 251, navigation 3, and writing 18. Literature is disseminated by 421 printers, 760 publishers and booksellers; and books are preserved and beautified by the skill of 281 bookbinders—to all of whom, and to the entire writing community, materials are supplied by 620 stationers. Lastly, this newspaper will pass into the hands of the reader through the agency of one of 235 newsvenders.'

A Correspondent in Oxford writes:—'Mr. Button, a Methodist preacher, about two Sundays ago preached on the causes and effects of infidelity. Amongst other notable things he said: "The Scriptures hath truly and wisely said, 'the fool hath said in his heart there is no God;' and none but a fool ever said so." Now as I am daily growing more convinced, that if there be a God existing—the one portrayed by natural and divine theologians exists only in their own imaginations. I took it as particularly complimentary.'

The *Weekly Dispatch*, of February 25, 1849, says, 'The *Coleraine Chronicle*, of the 3rd instant, contains the following announcement, which has occasioned not a little surprise and some indignation in Ireland:—"A general order from the Horse Guards has been received, forbidding the officers from distributing Bibles and Tracts amongst the troops, under the penalty of the Sovereign's severe displeasure."'

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.
March 21, 1849.

NOTES BY HUGO.

The magistrates of Margate have granted warrants for the seizure of the goods of Benjamin Maw, a Quaker, John Woodward, James Crofts, and Miss Crofts, Baptists, and William Smith, Wesleyan, of Margate, for Church Rates; and the seizures have been made, and a sale held in the King's Arms Yard, on the 8th, amidst much noise.

It is perhaps not generally known that clergymen, whatever residences they have, are exempt from the payment of Church Rates—and I think some other parochial assessments.

J. F. Winks, of Leicester, in his *Baptist Reporter* for the month, furnishes the following from a brother Baptist minister: 'It is truely painful to see what a state our Churches are in, generally. How little fruit does our ministry bring forth! How few of us are useful to any degree! How scattered and divided our ranks! Is the Lord angry with us that we are so faint? O that the Lord would once more return to his people!'

In another part, Winks himself says, as editor, 'on the present condition of Christianity and its prospects in the world,' 'There stands the unbeliever. He surveys the whole surface with a searching, and, it may be, an intelligent eye, and then exclaims, "And this is all your divine religion has done in 1800 years, is it!".....Paganism is in the majority. The far-off islands of the Southern Ocean are yet, for most part, inhabited by pirates and cannibals. Japan is still hermetically sealed up. China, with her hundreds of millions of atheists, is scarcely touched; and of her, generally, it may be said, she has no Sabbath, no Scriptures, no God.' India is touched upon—the Brahmin—Juggernaut—Africa—America in the South, and the slave dealer. Then in Europe, Popery with its unaltered and unalterable abominations, and the Established Protestantism, with its cold formalities, holding a potent sway over the greater proportion of its civilised populations.' This is the great fact he terms of the world's position in the nineteenth century!

MISSIONARY JUGGLERY.

Mr. C. Southwell delivered a lecture on the above subject, last Sunday evening, at South London Hall, 115, Blackfriars Road, when he adduced facts from the Abbé Dubbi's letters on the state of Christianity in India, and Lewis's Journal in the West Indies, tending to support him in his conclusion—that Missionary Enterprise had hitherto been a delusion, and that, notwithstanding all the parade made at the meetings got up by various Missionary Societies, of the great success attendant upon Missionary labours, the countries which have been visited for the purpose of proselytism had been left worse than the missionaries found them; and that the benevolent individuals who have subscribed towards the spread of Christianity in foreign parts had been deluded of their cash under false pretences, and without any good result, whilst millions of the starving population at home have been neglected, not because they wanted attention less, but because interested parties had directed philanthropy into a wrong channel. Discussion was invited after the lecture, but no one opposed the lecturer, and a number of his hearers adjourned into the Coffee Room, where the question of the tendencies of Free Trade was discussed; after which, Mr. Southwell announced his intention of delivering a lecture on the Wednesday evening following, on 'Hell, according to the Bible, a place of progressive and endless felicity;' on Wednesday evening, the 21st instant, 'Hell, according to reason, no place at all,' and on Sunday evening next, 'The Scriptural Account of the Fiery Furnace,' to be followed by a discussion in the Coffee Room on the question, 'Have our Literary and Scientific Men received the Support they Deserved?' To be opened by Mr. M. C. Cooke.

INTIMATIONS.

'Veritas.' His communications will be forwarded in the course of the week.

The letter on behalf of the author of 'Universal Immaterialism' will be given next week.

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 146	..	445	0
R. W. E., per publisher..	..	2	6
J. H. B., per do. ..	..	1	0
W. Lambert, Oxford ..	..	1	0
J. H. Holliday ..	....	1	0
Walter Mason, Harleston	..	5	0
		455	6

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—March 25, (12 a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Lewes's Life of Robespierre.' (7) Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Lamartine's History of the Girondists.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—March 25, Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Reason Superseded.'

ST. GEORGE'S COFFEE ROOM, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—March 26, (8½) Mr. E. Mantz, 'History of Humanity.'

☞ *Editorial Communications* are to be addressed to 3, Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row; and Post Office Orders made payable at the Chief Office, London.

The Society of Utilitarians, the same.

Country Subscribers.—The *Reasoner* is posted to subscribers in the country, who send directions to the Publisher, and payment in advance.—Quarter's Subscription, 4s. 4d.—on thin paper 3s. 3d.

Monthly Parts.—The *Reasoner*, in a stiff wrapper, is ready for delivery in Monthly Parts on Magazine day. The Wrapper contains Lists of all Agents of the *Reasoner*, and all News and Coffee Rooms where it is taken in.

Advertisements not exceeding sixty words, Half-a-Crown each: every ten words additional, Twopence. Payment in advance.

Branch and other Communications for the Officers of the Rational Society are to be addressed to 23, John Street, Fitzroy Square—and their Post-office Orders made payable at 103, Tottenham Court Road.

Christian Journals.—The *Reasoner* will exchange advertisements with Christian Journals.

Reports of Facts are desired to be *under* rather than over-stated, and accompanied by name and address of the informant. Letters not marked private' are deemed *eligible* for publication.

NOTES OF PROGRESS.

Sir,—I must congratulate you on the appearances that are developing themselves in the direction of freedom of opinion. The earth heaves under the church, and will certainly knock down some of the gilded vanes (or vains) that have long ceased to tell which way the wind blows—if the steeple goes I shall not wonder.

I have spent some time lately in the company of some fashionable church folks, and find the old reverence for authority is fast crumbling. Hell—in spite of Humbolt's assertion in the Cosmos that 'between twenty and thirty miles under our feet, granite is in a state of fusion'—is getting a wonderfully cool place. A Rev. Mr. Smith, of Green's Episcopal Chapel, has been throwing cold water on the old flame, and strange to say the idea does not produce a hiss. Orthodoxy must blow hard to get it to burn again with its old-fashion fierceness.

I suppose by this time we infidels are being pitied a little; if this be so, and infidelity by superstitionists

——'To be hated, needs but to be seen;
Though seen too oft, familiar with its face,
They'll first endure, then pity, then embrace'—

we are under the second stage of observation, and shall be embraced next. But education must do its work before rationalism can be at all fairly developed; but if education spreads not, anarchy will—so that, even to the present power-holders, its spread is a safeguard from sudden dethronement.

J. W.

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES.

A useful auxiliary to this condensation in respect of length of parliamentary speeches would be an effective check on the habit, which Sir Robert Peel pointed out and Mr. Cobden has so well reproved by example, of repeating arguments and even statements of fact. In some parts of the Continent critical audiences have a custom of reproving the musical plagiarist who repeats the phrases of another composer, by crying, when Bellini for instance is the offender, 'Bravo, Piccini!' or when Rossini was copying, 'Bravo, Paesiello!' And members might well add some such significant exclamations to the less intelligent noises in whose variety they so delight. The speaker of almost any party, especially any Irish member, might be warned of this sin by applauding him in the name of the first speaker on his side for the evening. And the press might help, by steadfastly omitting every argument so needlessly repeated. That could not very well be done, indeed, without some arrangement in the gallery for providing a supervision of the reporting by a person who should sit there for the whole evening. Each journal would need a captain of its own band of reporters, to sit throughout and direct when to ply the pen and when to suspend it; but such an arrangement, we presume, might be neither impracticable nor unprofitable, since it would immensely conduce to economy and efficiency of labour.—*Spectator*, No. 1177.

COUNTING A BILLION

'What is a billion? The reply is very simple—a million times a million. This is quickly written, and quicker still pronounced; but no man is able to count it. You count 160 or 170 a minute: but let us even suppose that you go as far as 200, then an hour will produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; a year, or 365 days (for every four years—that is, in leap year—you may rest a day from counting), 105,120,000. For a man to count a billion, he would require 9,512 years, 34 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, according to the above ratio. Now suppose we allow the poor counter twelve hours daily for rest, eating, and sleeping, he would need 19,024 years, 69 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes!'—*American Literary World.*

CHURCH RATES IN MARGATE.

The following placard was issued in Margate on the 10th inst.:—'Do you know the (poor man's) Church with a tower wants to pick the pockets of Dissenters and others again? Look out for Thursday next at noon. Don't forget, it is at the Old Steeple-house where this work is done. What are those about whom this annoys so much, that they are not at their post?' Then the following lines are quoted from the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel:—

'Devotees around them wait
To exalt their lordly state.
See them sit in chancel proud,
High above the vulgar crowd:
See them, when their prayers they say,
From the people turn away—
Muttering hidden words of prayer,
That the vulgar may not share.'

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers, accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Received.—J. H. (Lewes's Life of Robespierre has engaged our attention. It has been received with more dissatisfaction by the press than could have been hoped for. If we do not use a longer notice, J. H.'s will be used.)—Author of 'The Home at Sea.'—W. Furness.—W. Speedwell, Oxford. (In the distribution of the bills, he shall be remembered.)—J. B. Potts. (His memoranda did not arrive early enough to be incorporated, but in case an appendix is constructed it will probably be used.)

London:—Printed by A. Holyoake, 54, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, and Published by J. Watson 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

Wednesday, March 21, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 148.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

THE CRITICISMS OF OPPONENTS.

Veritas, in the letter which I insert this week, takes care to associate the remarks of W. F. with 'cavils and objections however idle.' Veritas has a talent for disparagement.

Veritas's complaisant opinion of his first letter I will not seek to disturb. But my expressed opinion (as to what Christian journals would do respecting the insertion of a converse letter from me, under the circumstances stated), founded on my own experience, is not shaken by Veritas's declaration.

With respect to the typographical errors which Veritas cites, my absence in the provinces, at the time of his letter being printed, may apologise for the absence of that personal attention which his letter should otherwise certainly have received, and of the want of which he has a perfect right to complain. The perfect participle ought not to have escaped the office reader's notice, nor the literal, but it is due to the printer to say that the other instances are such as do not in themselves challenge a reader's attention, where the copy was not significant. For though Veritas's letters are what printers consider 'good copy,' yet some words *were* dubious: for instance, the 'Church in Earnest.' I was unable to decipher myself when I read the MS. My printer shares my anxiety that the communications of opponents should be rendered with scrupulous exactness.

My reasons for not replying to Veritas are very simple. It is not my custom to reply every time 'a satisfactory reply can be given.' I must see not only that a 'satisfactory' answer can be given, but that it is *becoming* to give it. If Veritas be as 'conversant with these matters' as he appears to be, he is very well aware that objections are sometimes made most easy to answer, but made in a manner which mere self-respect disinclines one from noticing. Indeed, objections are sometimes so made that there is no need to attempt to answer them. That is, they are so put that every one, whose opinion is valuable, sees their injustice so palpably, that reply is superfluous. Both these considerations influenced me in declining to answer Veritas. Besides, silence seemed in one respect the most appropriate response to Veritas, whose article reproached us as so 'often talking of and defending our opinions, as if we disbelieved ourselves, and would be glad to be upheld and strengthened by the consent of others.' There was no inducement to reply, where the most effectual answer lay in not answering at all.

W. F.'s reply I abridged one-half, and I inserted it more from respect to the writer than from any interest I took in the matter.

The tone of Veritas's former letter was such that (as he seems conscious) it *was* an 'unpleasant task' to rejoin. The present article is more agreeable, and had it been an independent communication I should have acknowledged the care bestowed upon it, by offering some comments on it. But there is difficulty in answering for another (W. F.) as well as myself. Therefore, so far as my direct reply is concerned, I shall leave Veritas's second letter to influence any whom it can—and a second time prove to him, by not hastening to defend my opinions, that the probability is that I believe them myself.

G. J. Holyoake.

THE METAPHYSICAL PRIZE.

THIS letter, elsewhere inserted on behalf of the author of 'Universal Immaterialism,' might have been written by the author of the book himself, from the confidence of its tone. Indeed some of its assurances are valueless unless they are given with the author's authority. Who would act on the interpretation, by an unknown writer, of the conditions on which the prize is to be given?

The essential difficulties remain after all our correspondent's assumed explanations. Whether all the adjudicators are to be professors or not, it is clear that 'twelve' have to be found and solicited by the candidate; and the hypothesis put by W. A. neither diminishes the trouble nor the obligation. Unless the Universalists have less delicacy than I credit them with, they will feel the difficulty of the position they will be placed in also.

W. J. B.'s generosity was not invoked in the sense in which W. A. is pleased to allude to it. The inquiry which W. A. suggests, as to whether the adjudicators have supplied themselves with copies of the work in question, would not be very gracious. The Prospectus does not leave this disagreeable alternative open, and I prefer it without such an expansion. Let the proposer of the prize announce adjudicators as is usually done, and present them with copies of his works. This course would leave the candidature clear, and the proposer of the prize free from the inevitable and disagreeable conjectures which are now relevant.

But a few persons could make the use of the *Reasoner* which W. A. suggests, as we should not think it well to present everybody's reply through its pages.

It is to be hoped that the 'affluent classes' do take an interest in the subject proposed for discussion. But the author could hardly have had the 'affluent' in view when he sought attempted refutations of his work by a £100 prize. They would deem such a proposal derogatory to *them*. Only those, therefore, to whom the 'chance of a little money might be an object,' could have been addressed, and they have a right to inquire into the probable expense, lest it should exceed the promised prize.

The expression of the title of the first notice of this subject was not exact. It should have been 'The Prize of £100 which is not likely to be Claimed.' The author has a just complaint against an expression which seemed to question his sincerity.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

LETTER FROM 'VERITAS.'

TO MR. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, EDITOR OF THE 'REASONER.'

SIR,—Subjoined is a reply to the criticism of 'W. F., Poplar,' inserted in your *Reasoner* of Nov. 29th last. Continued intervals of ill health, which have at times rendered me incapable of any serious exertion, will account for the length of time which has elapsed before its final completion. My reply has insensibly extended to a greater length than I had originally intended; but those who are conversant in these matters will be aware that cavils and objections, however idle, are made with much more brevity than they can be refuted.

Some notice seems also due to your remarks on my letter in the *Reasoner* of Nov. 15th. To enhance the praise which you think due to the insertion of a letter so derogatory to your own interests, you remark that 'had *you* addressed a letter of such irony, reproach, disparagement, and accusation, to a *Christian* journal, there is not one in the nation which would have inserted it.' I should say that, had equally solid facts formed the basis of your letter, and had that severity of

satire, of which you complain, been equally merited at your hands, there is not one in the nation which could have refused it insertion.

As I am unwilling that any but myself should be responsible for what I write, I may inform you that the author of these letters is *not* Mr. Sanders, of Birmingham, nor has he the honour of that gentleman's personal acquaintance.

Of your motives for retracting the reply to my letter, which you had distinctly proposed to make in person, as you have not *attempted* to explain them, I must leave your readers to judge. *To me* your withdrawal appears much like the shrinking from an unpleasant task, and, as it is not the custom of freethinkers to omit the opportunity of replying, when a satisfactory reply can be given, *with some* it would almost incur the suspicion, that there are 'some kind of arguments' of which you *are* 'afraid.'

In conclusion allow me to observe, that if somewhat more attention were paid to the correction of your press, it would be a just compliment to your correspondents, and might contribute to raise the character of your journal. In the five pages of the *Reasoner*, which my former letter occupies, there are no less than *seven conspicuous typographical errors*. In p. 312, line 3 of my letter, 'reasoning' is printed instead of 'reasonings'—line 16, 'sentiment' instead of 'sentiments'—line 4 of the note, 'The Church *if*,' instead of '*in* Earnest'—p. 313, line 9 from the bottom, 'acquiesing' instead of 'acquiescing'—p. 315, line 22, 'bending' instead of 'lending' his endeavours—p. 315, line 3 from the bottom, 'give' instead of 'given'—p. 316, line 26, 'vanity' instead of 'enmity.' Of these two last misprints, the former transforms the passage into a vulgarism, of which I would not willingly be thought guilty; the latter renders the meaning of the sentence, in which it occurs, almost unintelligible.

As I do not wish to be responsible for any one's errors but my own, I must request the attention of your readers to the above statement.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

Birmingham, January 30th, 1849. VERITAS.

For the sake of uniformity, and to avoid the confusion of terms into which my opponent, W. F., Poplar, has fallen, who addresses me indiscriminately in the second and third persons, the following reply to his criticisms is addressed, as was my original letter, to the *Editor* of the *Reasoner*.

Your correspondent commences the letter which he puts forth as a refutation of my views with the usual vague accusations of bigotry and prejudice—accusations which he who enters into controversy must naturally expect, and which, as it is easy to assert and easy to deny them, do not here claim my farther notice. He next accuses me of *inconsistency* for the course which I have taken in this matter. I quote his own words to explain the grounds of an accusation which I do not very well understand. 'You assert that atheists regard it as a thing of minor importance to look to one side of the question only—indeed, that they willingly overlook the opposite—and yet you are inconsistent enough to send paper which you aver to be opposed to atheism, in order to turn the attention of heists to your view of the question.' Where, I ask, in this course, is the ~~—~~*sistency* imputed to me? My position is that atheists, as a body, commonly ine their attention to their own view of the question in dispute, and it is *this account* that I take the means of bringing forcibly before their notice, in a odical of their own, some of those simple facts and reflections which strikingly to confirm the truth of that side of the question to which they pposed. Judging from the effects which my letter has apparently created, I

should say that I have at least *turned the attention* of *some* of their number to my own view of the question.

'Again,' says W. F., 'you assert that you, and those taking the same view as you do, are alone and can alone be *impartial*.' Whatever might be the truth of such an assumption, I am not aware that it can fairly be deduced from the expressions which I have employed, nor does W. F. attempt to quote my own words in proof of his assertion. Having thus disposed of preliminary matters, your correspondent proceeds to examine seriatim*ly* (as he expresses it) the facts and reflections which compose the first part of my letter. In this inquiry I shall accompany him, and will consider his objections as they occur.

1. In the first article, your correspondent commences by doubting the truth of the facts asserted, on which, however, he afterwards proceeds to found his argument. On what grounds he pretends to doubt them it is not easy to conjecture, nor has he thought it necessary to inform us. That the belief in a Supreme Being is a belief which has existed in every age, and among all classes, is a 'fact' which W. F. cannot easily deny; that some have been found, perhaps in every age, who have been eager to deny the existence of such a Being, is a 'fact' which, I suppose, he would not willingly disprove; while, is it not notorious that, since the era of the first French Revolution, a remarkable impulse has been given to infidelity which, in many respects, has changed its character and given it a more decided tone than it had dared formerly to assume? The scepticism of the last age was often apparently modest and unassuming; that of the present is arrogant, daring, and imperious. The 'philosophers' of the last age were content to doubt where those of the present are eager to deny; and it is to the 'enlightened discoveries' of some of the latter that I have alluded. The palpable inference from the foregoing facts is that the belief in a Supreme Being is a belief *implanted by nature in the mind of man;* and so far as the antiquity and general belief tend to prove this, they are, in this case, eminently a test of truth.

2. At the commencement of this article, your correspondent has detected a trifling verbal inaccuracy, which he celebrates with becoming exultation. I shall not defend the use of an *expression* which, on a similar occasion, and with equal propriety, has been adopted by one of the greatest names in English literature;* and I am willing that W. F. should enjoy every advantage which he can possibly derive from his discovery that those who existed before Christ could not well have been enlisted in his cause. As to his next assumption, if Christianity is to derive no support from the testimonies of wise and good men who have investigated her evidence and her doctrines with attention and impartiality, be it so. Yet I doubt whether W. F. can produce—either from the *Turks* or the *Hindoos*, the Jews or atheists—names equivalent in weight and number to those which I have enumerated, and which might be increased indefinitely by similar lists from almost every European nation. Christianity can boast a greater number of enlightened and intelligent advocates, living in an age of learned scrutiny and philosophical research, than can any religion which has ever existed on the earth; and I cannot but think that, with a *rational* mind, this circumstance must have *some* weight.

3. In this article I maintained that '*few, if any*, of those who had professed the doctrines of infidelity had been at the trouble to examine more than that side of the

* 'It is not my design to fill whole pages with a tedious enumeration of the many illustrious examples of female saints who, in *every age* and almost in every country, have promoted the interests of Christianity.'—Gibbon's Vindication, in his Miscellaneous Works, p. 744. London, 1837.

question alone, which they were determined in all events to adhere to.' I produced two remarkable instances of this in the persons of Hume and Voltaire, who are universally reputed as the great leaders of modern infidelity in their respective countries. In reply to this, your correspondent asks 'Would not the same remark apply to the *majority* of Christians, and, indeed, to the professors of every religion on the face of the earth?' Even admitting such to be the case, yet while it is acknowledged (for your correspondent does not attempt to disprove the charge) that to FEW, IF ANY, of those who have embraced the doctrines of infidelity the remark will not especially apply, it is certain that the conclusion to be drawn will not be affected in the slightest degree. Much will not remain to be proved when it is once established that those who, in different ages, have aimed at the subversion of all that their fellow men have deemed most sacred, have all along taken up their doctrines, though involving such awful consequences, without inquiry or consideration.

In speaking of Voltaire, I had accidentally remarked, that ignorance and blunders upon those points, which it was his peculiar province to have investigated, must have the effect of 'bringing himself and his cause into contempt.' Your correspondent seizes upon this expression, and, though he cannot deny the necessity of this consequence as regards the philosopher *himself;* yet he strenuously insists, that 'they cannot *at all* tend to bring *his cause* into contempt,' any more than the blunders and contradictions of the theist can bring theology into contempt. He has not, however, favoured us with an instance of like ignorance in an eminent theologian, to be put on a level with the case of the philosopher of Ferney. Whatever may be the strict justice of the decision, the world will be too apt to decide otherwise, and to argue ill of a cause which numbers such men among its most prominent supporters. However this may be, it is certain that the above facts will at least warrant the conclusion which I have drawn from them. *What*, says Pope, *must be the priest, where a monkey is the God?* 'These writers were the great leaders of modern infidelity, and if *they* were thus miserably deficient in that knowledge to which their inquiries should have led them to direct their *first attention*, what shall we say of the whole host of minor scribblers, who think it sufficient, without inquiry, to pin their faith upon the sleeve of their laudable masters?'

4. Your correspondent has not very distinctly expressed my position in the present paragraph; I simply maintained, that if the professors of atheism might, in some few instances, claim the praises due to talent and research, they could never, at least, aspire to the reputation of humanity and benevolence; for that the dissemination of doctrines, involving such immense results, if false, *when their truth was not fully ascertained*, at once disproved their pretensions to these virtues. 'Have you so little confidence in truth,' asks W. F. in reply, 'that you fear its jostlings with error?' I answer decidedly, No—as regards the ultimate issue of the combat. For we *know*, that, in the end, the cause of Truth shall prevail, to the eternal confusion of infidels and sophists. Nevertheless, there is, *in the interval*, much and just cause of alarm to every true believer; for the allurements of ...delity are powerfully aided by the natural impulse of the human mind; and it ...rtain that if there *be* a *soul*, it is of some value, and if there *be* an *eternity*, it ...of some moment how it is spent. 'Should the atheist become either a hypo..., or be silent, because the truth of his opinion may admit of doubt? *For the ... reason*, then, may the Christian remain mute too, as well as the advocates of he religious theories in the world; for you acknowledge that the belief in a reme Being itself *may* admit of doubt.' I deny the force of this last assump-

tion, for there can be no parallel between the consequences which must attend the disproval of Christianity, and those which must attend the disproval of atheism. According to the powerful remark of a celebrated divine, 'If atheism be true, the *Christian* dies *safe*: If Christianity be true, the *atheist* dies *damned*.' In this age of light and science, hypocrisy and silence are required of no man in respect to any tenets that he may profess. We have, however, a right to demand, that, where the dearest interests of mankind are at stake, no opinions affecting these shall be taken up without the utmost care and consideration. Let the atheist only take the trouble to investigate the question with that attention, and impartiality, which its importance especially requires; and he will either be convinced at once of the fallacy of his views, or at least he will perceive that the arguments are so strong and numerous in favour of the doctrines to which he is opposed, that, if he be a man of any benevolence, to maintain silence in such a case could never be to practise hypocrisy. I am willing to agree with W. F. that 'there can be no good in bolstering up a *false* hope,' but W. F. has first to demonstrate that the hope *is false*.

5. I confess that I had to bestow much thoughtful consideration upon the subject of this article, before I could possibly arrive at the *meaning* which your correspondent intended to convey in the following profound question, 'If a buoyant spirit of alacrity is a sign of false courage, put on through doubt and fear, in an atheist, *to what shall we attribute the exhibition of the same conduct in the Christian?*' The answer is so simple as to render the question without meaning. Joyfulness and serenity, in the Christian, are the natural emotions which the cheering and sublime promises of his religion inspire. But where shall we find, in the barren regions of infidelity, an adequate cause for such feelings? That permanent happiness is not to be found on this earth, is a truth, to which the uniform experience of mankind has only added increasing confirmation. To what then, but to the cause which Pope assigns, shall we attribute the apparent alacrity of him, whose only hope is, that he may die like the beasts that perish? The forcible remark of Lord Bacon, which I quoted in my letter, affords a striking confirmation of this view; and, as coming from one of the most eminent philosophers of any age or nation, it is entitled at least to the attentive consideration of every reasoner on this topic. Your correspondent indeed, has laboured to divert its force, by applying the same remark to the professors of religion. But the futility of his observations will at once appear from a comparison of the cases cited. The followers of atheism, as is a well known fact, seize every opportunity to boast and defend the principles they maintain; they are ever talking of them, and brandishing them in the face of all they meet. To this charge your correspondent opposes the striking fact, that grave and learned men, from among the professors of Christianity, have written volumes without number to instruct the ignorant in the principles of their faith, or to defend the sublimest of all religions against the attacks of unprincipled and malevolent men. This fact, he argues, *according to my own principles*, furnishes evidence of *unbelief* in the *writers* themselves. To establish this conclusion, by showing the *analogy* of the cases on which it is founded, must be left to W. F. himself; it requires a perspicacity of view of which ordinary minds are not possessed.

6. In this article, I reprobated the utter want of seriousness, of dignity, and even of decency, due to the most important of all topics, conspicuous in the writings and discussions of the majority of the advocates of infidelity, and regarded it as a striking evidence of the real motives which actuate these men in taking up doctrines which they can stoop to defend by such means. 'If,' says my opponent

in reply, 'the motives of the infidel are to be judged by their mode of advocacy, so let others; with what motives, then, is that Christian actuated, who talks of the Scarlet *lady* of Babylon, or who ridicules dipping the finger in water and crossing the forehead; or plunging the whole body in water—and many other formulas which are held sacred by others?' Setting aside for the present all consideration of the charge itself conveyed in these words, it is apparent that there is an utter want of analogy between the cases cited. The *philosophical* advocate of freethought does not scruple, in his discussions, to assail the cause of Christianity with an indecent vehemence which betrays the weakness of his understanding or the depravity of his heart. The existence of a Deity, the immortality of the soul, the divine authority of the Gospel—these are the awful topics which the sceptics single out as themes for the exercise of wit and ridicule. Such is the opprobrium which stands to the charge of infidelity; and which infidelity can never repudiate. Such is the distinguishing badge of some whom their disciples have celebrated as her most illustrious professors. On the other hand, the utmost charge which the malice of infidelity can bring against the Christian name, is to accuse some professors of religion of the misapplication of a term, or of a design to ridicule certain ceremonial *formulas*, upon which opinions vary, and which rational believers themselves allow to be indifferent. But I maintain that the charge itself is destitute of the slightest foundation, as applied to any but the mere *professors* of religion. It certainly is not the practice of Christians, in anything but in name, to employ ridicule upon any matters connected with the doctrines of religious faith.

7. In this article I must adopt the style of your correspondent, and tell him, that he certainly has not proved, what he has asserted, that utter destruction of society will *not* result from the general adoption of atheism. To support his assertion he has recourse to the following irresistible argument, 'I think no such results would be likely—for it is not so much by the fear of punishment hereafter, that the indolent or the viciously inclined is deterred from acting *viciously* [I quote his own words] *but it is the fear of the apparently less remote and more certain punishment which the laws of the land in which he lives, inflict.*' Is W. F. aware, that those vices, which the adoption of atheism would sanction, are principally the vices of private life, for which the law provides no punishment, and which the fear of future retribution alone can deter men from committing? It is the unrestrained indulgence of such vices which would most rapidly occasion the destruction of social order, and he who denies the existence of a future state, breaks down at once the only barrier which can oppose their overwhelming inundation. Moreover, as, according to his own admission, the man holding such views would be restrained by the fear of human punishment alone, it is certain, that he would not be deterred from committing any crime, however aggravated, provided he could only escape detection, and elude the eye of his fellow-men. 'Christianity indeed,' proceeds W. F., 'holds out an *incentive* to crime, when it tells us that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over the ninety and nine just men who need no repentance. Who would not be a great sinner, in order to repent, if such repentance would create such joy in such a quarter? Indeed, the greater the sinner, the more favour would he receive—with the greater *eclat* would he be received into God's fold.' Upon reading such passages as the above, I must confess that I had at first almost resolved not to undertake the labour of a reply; feeling my inability to defend the cause of Christianity against an adversary who showed himself thus utterly ignorant of some of her fundamental doctrines. As to the last sentence quoted, it is merely one of those absurd perver-

sions, one of those unmeaning blasphemies, without sense or reason, which perpetually disgrace the pages of him who is ever seeking occasion wantonly to insult the cause of religion. The charge conveyed in the preceding ones, is founded on the wilful perversion, or the total misapprehension, of the passage of Scripture to which it is referred; and betrays a lamentable ignorance of the very first elements of revealed religion. It is necessary, in the apprehension of your correspondent, to strive to be a *great sinner—in order to repent!* Is W. F. aware, that it is the fundamental principle of the Gospel, that it 'commandeth *all men everywhere* to repent' (Acts xvii., 30)? Has he ever *read* that BOOK which declares in the most emphatic terms, 'that *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God' (Rom. iii., 23)? which distinctly assures us, that Christ died as 'the propitiation for the sins of the *whole world*' (1 John ii., 2)? *Every believer* in his turn has occasioned this joy in heaven; it is simply the cause of renewed joy when another and another is brought to that repentance, which is equally incumbent on, and equally the privilege of, all. 'Another defect in the Christian code of morals, is, that repentance alone is held to be a sufficient reparation for wrongs committed and injuries inflicted.' Where, in the Christian code of morals, may I ask, has W. F. found this doctrine? Had he known any thing of the *spirit* of that religion, which he so ignorantly derides, he would have perceived, that, according to her dictates, a *sincere* repentance must include a reparation of past wrongs, as well as a resolution of future amendment.

The French Revolution of 1799 is an instance of the effects which must result from the national rejection of religion, which it is impossible for atheism to set aside; for, in the whole range of history, there is no instance of the fall of a great government, and the overthrow of its institutions, under similar circumstances. Your correspondent, indeed, thinks that to attribute the horrors of the French Revolution to such a cause, is as just as it would be to attribute the *potato disease* in Ireland to the *repeal agitation*. An elegant application, as well as a striking parallel! Though, unfortunately for W. F., it will avail but little in the present argument. 'The massacres and outrages,' he tells us, 'were the result of an assumption of power by a people who had been reduced to the starvation point, and so held in mental bondage that, when their fetters were unshackled, they knew not how to use their powers. Continually in dread,' he adds, 'of being subjected to the same shackles, they followed the *example* set them by their Christian rulers of removing, on some subterfuge or other (under colour of law!) those who were opposed to them.' How these last words can apply to the wholesale massacres and barbarities, committed in defiance of every principle of law and justice, by these *enlightened* advocates of liberty and freethought, it is difficult to conceive. The attempt of your correspondent to gloss over these enormities by plausible excuses and mollifying phrases, is one not very honourable in the writer or creditable to the cause which needs such support. As to the rest, popular suffering and oppression were doubtless among the variety of causes in which the immediate origin of the French Revolution may be found. But these causes were not peculiar to France; they all existed to a great degree in every Continental state of the time. The true source of the Revolution is to be traced to a deeper influence—to the depravity of morals and contempt of religion which everywhere abounded, and which the false philosophy of the times had especially tended to introduce and foster. The Revolution had been commenced fifty years before its grand outbreak, and its commencement was not in railings at the vices of government, or sorrowings over the distresses of the people, but in scoffings at religion. The first act of popular supremacy was to overthrow the altars

of France, and to cover their ruins with the blood of the priesthood. The primary triumph of the revolutionists was in the decree—that 'There was no God!' All that followed was simply the result of such a persuasion acting upon the natural depravity of the human heart. In taking this view of the origin and nature of this grand convulsion, I am upheld by the opinion of many who are more competent to decide upon the question than myself, as W. F. will find to be the case if he will take the trouble to examine the subject with more attention than he seems at present to have done.

I have thus examined minutely the objections of your correspondent to those general reflections which were laid down in the first part of my letter. To the concluding part he has given a very short notice, perhaps not finding it convenient to enter into too detailed an investigation of those causes to which I have traced the original appearance, as well as the gradual growth, of atheism and infidelity. He judges rightly that 'I form a *very low estimate* of the infidel, when I make him to adopt his views, not from a conviction of their rectitude, but because his vicious habits and strong personal interests lead him to deny Providence.' Most assuredly I do form a *very low estimate* of those who hold such principles; and the uniform testimony of experience has only convinced me more and more of the correctness of such an estimate. Your correspondent, indeed, candidly admits that the infidel whose opinions are influenced by such motives is in reality no unbeliever at all, but a *hypocrite;* and justly remarks that a man is no more an *atheist* because he *professes* to be so, than a Christian from openly professing Christianity. All of his co-adjutors, I fear, would not be equally willing to recognise a truth which must rob their society of so many of its most active members, if not of some of its brightest ornaments. Were we to subtract from the number of infidels all those who have become so from the causes which I have enumerated, the remainder would certainly present a very small and inconsiderable number.

Having thus accomplished the object of my reply in vindicating the views which I have adopted, it is not my design to pursue this controversy further. Much continued thought and consideration have been bestowed upon the subject of these papers; and the conclusions which I have drawn have not been adopted without prolonged inquiry. But I cannot regret the time which I have spent, and the labour which I have undergone, when I reflect that my efforts have been directed to advance the cause of Truth, and to expose the sophistry of those whose principles (to use the language of the immortal Beattie) 'tend to subvert the foundations of human knowledge, to poison the sources of human happiness, and to overturn that religion which the best and wisest men have believed to be of divine original, and which every good man, who understands it, must reverence as the greatest blessing ever conferred upon the human race.' VERITAS.

LETTER ON BEHALF OF THE AUTHOR OF 'UNIVERSAL IMMATERIALISM.'

SIR,—If the author of 'Universal Immaterialism' does not reply to your strictures, I beg your insertion of this letter in the *Reasoner*. It may correct a mistake or two.

You misapprehend the question. It is not one between the Materialists (who believe in matter only) and the Dualists (who believe in both mind and matter) but between both these classes and the Universal Immaterialists, who believe only in mind. You must see that in such a case there is nothing to fear from 'ac-

credited religious professors;' for Universal Immaterialism has no more favour with such men than Materialism itself has. Perhaps even not quite so much. Besides, what need is there that the competitor should announce himself a Materialist? If he can disprove Universal Immaterialism, he can do so more easily upon the principles of Dualism than upon those of Materialism.

But even if he could not, his fear as to 'accredited religious professors' is groundless. They are not called upon to decide whether the doctrine is true, nor whether the arguments by which it is pretended to be proved are true, but only whether these arguments are disproved by the arguments of the competitor. The prize is offered for the disproof of arguments adduced only—not either for disproof of the doctrine, nor for the establishment of any other.

You are mistaken also in thinking that these conditions require the twelve adjudicators to be *all* professors of mental philosophy and logic. The words of the prospectus seem to me to indicate scarcely four such as necessary; and it is illiberal to suppose that, even if these four refused to adjudicate, or gave an unfavourable judgment, an appeal would not be granted against their decision.

As to the difficulty of prevailing upon gentlemen to adjudicate—if the Materialists wish to know how little this difficulty is, let these Materialists only offer such a prize (or half of it) on the same conditions, and we Universalists will soon show them that there is no such difficulty at all, even though we may not win their prize.

You are greatly mistaken also in your apprehensions of expenses. The arguments to be refuted occupy about eight octavo pages of large print, and might easily have room in four or five pages of the *Reasoner*, without taking advantage of W. J. B.'s generosity. So that a present of the *Reasoner* to each gentleman applied to (which would fully answer the conditions of the Prospectus) would not only not ruin the candidate, but would tend to the circulation of the same invaluable periodical. Besides, it appears that the sale of 'Universal Immaterialism' has been so great as to make it probable that there is already a copy of it in the hands of all to whom your competitor would apply for judgment.

And what need is there that the competitor should spend £100 in publishing his arguments? These might be published in the *Reasoner*, without perhaps costing him anything. They are not numerous, and would do no more than fill about half-a-dozen of its pages, which, when distributed through three numbers, would not encroach much on its other more interesting matter. The presentation of these numbers also to the adjudicators, would promote the circulation of the *Reasoner*, and comply, I fancy, with all the conditions of the prospectus.

It must be owned that the manner of the first announcement admitted of an unfavourable interpretation, but there is much to say in mitigation of this unfavourableness.

1. Any periodical had (the author must have known) the power of reprinting the prospectus, and some did reprint it. If he really acted under the motive you assign to him, why did he do nothing to guard against this total and easy defeating of his plans? He must have been a perfect goose, which otherwise he does not appear to be.

2. The publisher had of course to present copies of the work to the critical press, which were the parties of all others most likely to contest the prize. If the author's motive was what you mention, not a single copy ought to have been presented. From what I hear, the presentments, on the contrary, were very liberal.

3. Your taunt on this point amounts to saying, that except those to whom the

chance of a little money might be an object, there was no one in England likely to buy a work on Universal Immaterialism—that among the wealthier classes no one thinks on such subjects. If this were true, your taunt would have an air of probability. But you well know it is not true. You, perhaps, scarcely discern in my words the strange assertion you have made. But I think there can be little doubt that the more affluent classes—those farthest removed from the drudgery of mechanical laws—are exactly those most open to the convictions of the work in question.

4. The very enormity of your imputation defeats its own object; for who can, without proof, believe such a thing of any one who is a stranger? You are not satisfied with saying that the book would only sell among poor men. You say that the author sought to seduce poor men into the purchase of his book by the offer of a prize upon impracticable conditions which were not to be seen until the book was bought. Even you, sir, do not believe this, and will now, no doubt, be astonished at the only meaning your imputation can admit of.

Sir, I have shown your readers that the conditions of this prize of £100 are neither difficult nor expensive. Some of them, perhaps, will therefore adventure for it. I have shown, also, the unintentional unfairness of your animadversions upon him who has made himself the leader of our party, and rely upon your fairness for the insertion of this letter.

I am, Sir, your Obedient Servant, W. A.

PURSUIT OF CHRISTIANITY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Mr. Editor,—The Chinese, it appears, have no corresponding ideas, represented by words in their language, for our all-important word 'God,' nor for the third personage in the Christian trinity, the 'Holy-Ghost.' Neither can the word 'sin,' or any of its compounds, be rendered into Chinese correctly; for, according to the *Spectator*, 'crime is the nearest word that can be found to suggest the consequences of the Fall; and the effect of this is rather to *anger* than *edify* the followers of Confucius.' And very reasonably too, for the assertion that a man is a sinner, or a criminal, *before* he is born, when pertinaciously insisted on by self-appointed teachers not over scrupulous in their language or delicate in their manners, is enough to 'rile' a man who has not good reasons for submitting to it.

Shang-Tee, which signifies 'Supreme Ruler,' approaches, according to the *Spectator*, nearest of any words in the Chinese language to our idea of God, 'except that it falls short of it.'

Every one who knows anything of China, must have heard of Dr. Morrison, the zealous and indefatigable man who, almost alone, and without seeking for fee or reward, translated the English Bible into Chinese. Well, you will scarcely credit it, but I fear it is a fact, that he was guilty—through want of a thorough, practical knowledge of the language—of the unforgiveable crime spoken of in the New Testament: he has been bringing the third person in the Trinity into ridicule and contempt! It is said that 'words are but wind;' but, through using the word *fung* (or wind) for the word *shin* (or spirit), and thus making what ould be the 'holy spirit' read the 'holy wind,' he has proved that 'words,' when nproperly applied, may turn out to be sharp and cutting winds. This comes of aying with edge tools. 'It appears (says the *Spectator*) that Morrison's (the st and authorised) version of the Scriptures, from its literal and unidiomatic aracter, frequently excites the risible faculties of the Chinese, and that his use the word *Shin* for God, has peculiarly placed him in a dilemma. 'In every ier Christian tract (says Sir George Staunton's Inquiry into the proper mode

of rendering the Word God), Protestant as well as Roman Catholic, the word *shin* had been invariably employed either to denote the false gods of the heathens, or spiritual beings generally. Dr. Morrison having deprived himself of the use of the word *shin*, as equivalent for spirit, was obliged, when translating the word spirit, to have recourse to that of *fung;* which, in Chinese familiar language, means "wind." In his version therefore, the Holy Ghost is the "holy wind"—a phrase which certainly sounds at the least indecorous and irreverent.'

SENTINEL.

DIFFICULTIES IN DETERMINING FRENCH FACTS.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to find that the *Spirit of the Age* has ceased. I have read it from the beginning with much satisfaction, although on some points my views differed from those of the *Spirit*, such as the merits of the French Socialists, a heterogeneous mass. It is not to be supposed that I guarantee the truthfulness of the *Times'* correspondence from Paris; the readers of the *Reasoner* may have seen in it articles from me contradicting its assertions respecting Socialists, Louis Blanc to wit, saying: it *seems* to be accurate concerning general occurrences, but unjust and untruthful in much that relates to Socialists. The latter is a vague denomination, commonly applied here to all who do not belong to the reactionist party.

Persons in England may think or find it very easy to ascertain the exact truth touching what passes here. If so, I wish they would communicate their method of settling all such questions, whether it be by rule of three or rule of thumb, for I find it very difficult to get at the real facts, or trustworthy information. And yet I have lived here near ten years, and have not quitted Paris since last May, mixing with people of all classes, and reading daily about a dozen French papers of all parties. Nevertheless, or rather *therefore*, I am often in doubt as to the truth, because they daily contradict one another point blank. To give one instance, and there are hundreds such:—The papers have been quarreling for several days about a banquet of Socialist non-commissioned officers in Paris. The Socialist journals assert that it took place, their opponents deny it; the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the government, declares the report false; the Socialists rejoin with a letter from two members of the National Assembly, who affirm they were *invited;* now, the sub-officers of one regiment protest there is no truth in it. So the question stands, not very easy to settle, especially by a resident in London.

T. W. THORNTON.

METAL MISSIONARIES.

WE lately quoted the saying of General Taylor, who, after his troops had rammed their muskets with Bible wadding, rode up to a regiment at Buena Vista about to fire, and called out with an oath, 'Now then, you cowards and fools, let me see how you can spread the gospel in Mexico.' In the *North British Express*, No. 13, 'Luke the Labourer,' who takes a weekly 'dash at iniquity,' thus alludes to the matter:—

'Immortal device!—why, believe it or not,
This is forcing the Scriptures far down people's throat;
'Mong the worms—at least for a number of weeks—
A revival must follow whenever it speaks!
An apostle whose arguments weigh fourteen pound,
Will soon leave opposition as flat as the ground.
Oh projectile sublime! what on earth can surpass
A *Moffat of iron*, a *Williams of brass?*

Illustrative Notices.

[Passages in their reproduction are commonly so varied that the original author often does not know his own production again. To avoid thus misleading, and to cultivate habits of accuracy on the part of our young readers, the source is stated whence every passage quoted is derived, so that when second-hand the reader knows how to trace it or how to trust it.]

In consequence, we presume, of the decline of the 'legitimate drama,' Mr. Sheridan Knowles has determined to try his hand at *theology*. He has announced a new work, the object of which is to prove that the Church of Rome is Anti-Christ.

'Oliver Cromwell and his troopers,' says the *Liverpool Albion*, 'stabled their horses in our cathedrals. Our Whig and Tory "governing families" do worse—they stall their asses in them.' [We should never have been forgiven for writing this paragraph, for it means that these 'asses' occupy the pulpits.']

The *Aberdeen Banner* says:—'A society has recently been started here, under the characteristic title of the "Anti-Pharisaical Association." They do not seem to be at all a numerous body—and if they were all known, we believe their intelligence would not rank very high any more than their numbers. As a matter of course, they must need have a medium of communication with the public, and Tract No. 1—"On the proper observance of the first day of the week," by an Anti-Pharisee"—now lies before us. It is, comparatively, well written, so far as mere writing is concerned—but we have very strong suspicions that it is almost entirely plagiarised from the work of certain authors, whose "philosophy" is now pretty well known.'

Banbury was visited lately by a fellow who feeds upon his own wits and other people's 'wittles.' He took a house, announced his intention to publish the *Banbury Independent Dispatch*, and prophesied the coming of the good time, in which 'Churchman and Dissenter, Catholic and Quaker, will walk hand in hand.' Within a fortnight, the rogue having got into debt and decamped, the Banbury burgesses, of all denominations, were joining 'hand in hand' in pursuit of the prophet.

'An eccentric Dissenting divine,' says the *Gateshead Observer*, has lately preached three discourses against the almost-threadbare song of Charles Mackay, "There's a good time coming," and excommunicated six members of his church for listening to the song, when sung by a lady at an evening party. Bishop Trower's recent excommunication of the Duke of Argyle is hardly more ludicrous.

An old lady reading in the *Arbroath Guide* that a quiet walk in the fields by a poor man, after sermon on Sunday, might not be utter perdition, exclaimed that she for one would never borrow 'a read' of that paper again! 'Our wish is,' says the *Guide*, 'that a determination of a similar kind should become epidemic among the borrowers.'

The *Nonconformist* says:—'The Moolraj has written a letter to General Whish, referring to the treatment which his brother-in-law received in Edwardes's camp, and asks, "*What is the religion that first seized, outraged, and wounded* Lala Longa Mull—*then cured him of his wounds, for the purpose of hanging him?*" We commend the question to every *Christian* advocate of war.' [We would further recommend it to all Christian advocates of hanging; for there have been cases of men being cured of self-inflicted or other wounds in this country, the better to enable them to stand under the drop; and of women reprieved until they had given birth to children before they were judicially murdered.]

I) the commandment which enjoins the keeping the Sabbath day holy—*i. e.*, free from work—be of any avail, what will be the fate of the benighted man mentioned as follows by the *Preston Pilot*:—'Mr. Joseph Knight, farmer, Fishwick, has had an eight-day clock in his possession for the last forty-four years, which, with three exceptions, he has wound up every Sabbath day during that period.'

The Rev. John Angell James recently concluded a speech in favour of arbitration instead of war with the following ejaculation:—'Great God, thou that directest the affairs of nations, give to the multitudes abundance of labour and remunerative wages, and speedily give them the work to do of labouring to convert the instruments of war into implements of peaceful husbandry.' We agree for once with the rev. orator.

The *Nonconformist* terms the persecutions of the Revs. Messrs. Gorham and Shore by the Bishop of Exeter, 'rates-in-aid' of the separation of Church and State.

The *Examiner*, of March 24, 1849, gives the following account of a refusal to take an oath:—'A curious case of conscience has occurred on the Western Circuit. A female witness in a cause refused to be sworn, alleging that she read her Bible, and had learnt better from it than to take an oath. The judge reminded her that the bishops and clergy have no scruples as to swearing, but the woman pertinaciously held to the Gospel as paramount authority, and quoted the chapter and verse of Matthew for "swear not at all." The penalty for her implicit obedience to the Scripture is imprisonment, to which she submitted, saying, oddly enough, "*It was very foolish*, but having thought of it, I cannot help it." This idea, that it was *very foolish* to have thought of the injunctions of the gospel, together with the solemn resolution to be bound by them at any sacrifice, evinces a strange mixture of the profane and sacred in the same mind.'

The *Manchester Spectator*, No. 8, writes thus in a leader:—'This is the Age of Shams! There are sham movements, sham pretences, sham motions, sham arguments, sham *everything*.' Are we then to conclude that its leading articles are 'shams?'

In the *Family Herald*, No. 441, the following occurs:—'Many of the so-called difficulties of metaphysics and theology, arise more from the limitations which we have imposed upon our own reason and understanding than from the subjects themselves.'

The same number says—'In proportion as men become lax or indifferent in respect to forms and dogmas, do they become moderate in their behaviour.'

The *Zoist* for April 1845 writes—'Matter and all its properties are facts; Spirit and its properties are fancies, and unnecessary fancies too.'

A poem in *Fraser* (No. 230, p. 171) entitled 'Cœur de Lion,' by the late J. Sterling, has the following description of Cœur de Lion's Christianity:—

> The lion-hearted was a Christian,
> And, therefore, loved the Saracens to throttle;
> A boon companion too and partizan
> Of all whose watchword was 'Sirloin and Bottle.'

In 'Wilson's Water Cure,' page 23, we find the following:—'The first attempt to print and circulate the Bible, met with as much opposition and persecution as any "innovation" on record.'

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

March 28, 1849.

American Parties.

We make the following extracts from a new Dictionary of Americanisms, by J. Bartlett, of the United States :—

Barnburners. The nickname of one of the present divisions of the great Democratic party, otherwise called Young Democracy; the other is called the Old Hunker.

The following editorial of the *Ohio Union*, a democratic paper in Cincinnati, will define the political sentiments of these parties:

'There is one class of the democratic party which seeks the retention of power in the hands of a few—the direction of the disposition of offices—would, if possible, restrain the impulses of the democracy—would check its progressive tendency—is unfavourable to, or fearful of, the extension of the "area of freedom"—and, (in fine, in the language of Alexander Hamilton, would restrain "the amazing violence of the popular or democratic spirit." Who would likewise prescribe a fixed rule for present and future, by which the democracy of every man should be judged, leaving no margin for honest differences on minor points; and would proscribe all who do not fit the dimensions of their intellect, feelings, and opinions, to the Procrustes bed which they have made for them. This is the class which we denominate "*Old Hunkers.*"

'There is another class who would *divide power* among the many—would leave it entirely where it belongs, with the *mass* of the *people*—who would have offices filled by men taken from among the people, and not confined to those who live by office and make politics a trade—who have sympathies with the people, understand their interests and feelings, and will seek to have both satisfied, while they honestly and faithfully discharge the duties of their offices—who care less about the disposition of offices than they do about the principles of democracy and the measures and policy of the government—who desire always and continually the "extension of the area of free...m"—who believe that the democratic impulses are right, and should be obeyed, and not thwarted—who would admit to the ranks of democracy ALL who agree with us upon the great cardinal principles of democracy, and upon the great national policy, now acted upon by the general government—who believe in and favour *progress*, and would not prescribe a *fixed rule* in *all minor* matters for *all time*, but would adapt action to the circumstances and exigencies which arise in the *progression* of events, and to the rights and interests which accompany or result from that progression and its changes—and, finally, who have in their hearts "sworn eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." These we denominate "the Young Democracy." This is progressive "*Young Democracy.*"'

Buckra. A white man. A term universally applied to white men by the blacks of the African coast, the West Indies, and the southern States. In the language of the Calabar coast *buckra* means devil; not, however, in the sense we apply to it, but that of a demon, a powerful and superior being. The term *swanga buckra*, often used by the blacks, means an elegantly dressed white man, or dandy. I am indebted to the Rev. J. L. Wilson, who is familiar with the African language alluded to, for the etymology of this word.

☞ The length of the communications this week from correspondents has prevented the insertion of an article by the editor, on the 'Expectations of Readers,' which, however, will appear next week—as also one on the Treatment of Enthusiasts.

One publisher has put himself in possession of the extraordinary work of Squiers and Davis, on the Monuments and Discoveries in the Mississippi Valley, which he is willing to lend out at a shilling, to persons desirous of becoming acquainted with so curious a book, but who could not afford to purchase a work costing three guineas and a half—it is very profusely illustrated. Application to be made to Mr. Watson.

We expect next week to publish a review of the 'Nemesis of Faith,' by Eugene. This work, which Sewell burnt at Oxford, and which has cost the Rev. Author a public appointment, is as remarkable in itself as in being a sign of the progress of liberal thought.

The Week's Lectures.

Literary Institute, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—April 1, (12 a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Character of Robespierre.' (7) 'Communism—so far forth as attainable.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—April 1, Mr. Walter Cooper, 'The Apostles of Progress.'

St. George's Coffee Room, Church Lane, Whitechapel.—April 2, (8½) Mr. E. Mantz, 'Introduction of Christianity.'

THE READERS OF THE 'REASONER,' and the Friends of Progress, are respectfully informed that a Benefit (for the Widow and Infant Family of the late Mr. John Hawkins) will take place on Wednesday, March 28, at the Royal Standard Theatre; and in addition to the Talent furnished by the Establishment, several artistes of the most acknowledged talent will appear.

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INTIMATIONS.

The *Reasoner* is sent free by Post, the Quarter's Subscription 4s. 4d., on thin paper 3s. 3d., and issued in Monthly Parts and Half-yearly Volumes.

RECEIVED.—From G. Edwards, *Irishman*, No 2, *Manchester Spectator*, No. 3. G. E. (His suggestion shall receive consideration.) — Cleon, Glasgow, is probably right as to the person against whom he supposes the opposition to have directed: his candour and his criticisms are appreciated.—W. Middleton. (The quotation from Hornby may be found serviceable: it will be kept in view.)—Mr. Pearson. (The letter of a sincere friend is in the usual bad taste of that class of propagandists—the contempt of silence seems the proper course.—J. Berry.—A Learner.

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Wednesday, March 28, 1849.

The Reasoner.

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EXPECTATIONS OF READERS.

A free press is an immense engine of popular improvement. The reading public have become the critics of men, manners, and opinions. Sometimes, however, they pronounce the judgment of tyrants. But the public, like the 'people,' have no interest in being in the wrong, and readers will admit of an appeal against their conclusions. This is the advantage of seeking to establish an empire of reason: in it the right will prevail over all prejudice.

A number of readers will address an editor—one wanting this, another desiring that. But is it not clear that that reader who shall desire an exact and constant compliance with his wishes tyrannises over the wants of others. No editor can consult the wishes of each reader—he can only consult the wishes of the majority. An editor, like a government, can act on general principles only. But he is advantaged by being informed of every reader's expectations. No matter how contradictory they may be, he is not confused by the collision—he classifies the demands and strikes out his general rule.

The general rule we have followed, and which seems to be that which the majority of our readers have recognised and approved, is thus expressed by a correspondent, who wrote a few days ago. A paper like the *Reasoner*, whose readers are critics every one, is not to be conducted without a certain degree of temerity. It is a system of utilitarian criticism applied to all things to discover the true from the false, the useful from the meretricious. It is not the spreading of certain doctrines of belief or disbelief so much as diffusing a taste for education personal, practical, and independent. It is to teach men to think for themselves, and to give a resolute reason for the 'faith that is in them.' It is to lead them by inductive steps to knowledge, until they can stand alone and reason on life unfettered, and act on humanity with the purpose of progress. Instead of entertaining an exhausting antagonism on petty points of faith, the *Reasoner* seeks to inspire men with sentiments of fraternity, and transfer them from the monotony of conventional influences to the freshness and grandeur of nature.

The commencement of our career found scepticism deemed purposeless, and associated in the public mind with levity, rudeness, and ceaseless atagonism. We believe it may be said that we have changed these impressions, and impressed upon perfect Protestantism a different character. Even the Rev. Angell James—the venerable exponent of Evangelism—the other night, at Exeter Hall, made admissions which amounted to an acknowledgment of this. He allowed that "theists might be happy, though their happiness, he concluded, must result from source independent of their principles. He admitted that they might be conientious. He quoted Robert Hall, omitting the offensive imputations in which at great divine revelled. In fine, it 'is [not] now as it was in the beginning.' o impute atheism or infidelity to any publicist, was once to annihilate his sefulness. We have set up a new standard. Our volumes are references, d public opinion cannot go back. A certain and necessary work has been done, which progress itself has been advanced. Many will not acknowledge it.

Many will underrate it—some will misrepresent it. None of these issues matter anything. A useful work accomplished will live for 'a' that.'

Many correspondents have objected to the contributions which I have recently made to another journal. Taking a pride in the *Reasoner*, which I must own is complimentary, they have desired to see in its pages whatever has pleased them elsewhere. They have not seen all that was necessary for me to do. Opposed as we have opposed ourselves to the most formidable prepossessions of the public, it has been necessary to demonstrate in all quarters the power of being useful, and the sentiment of good will. Hence it is that I have contributed to journals which our readers have seen, and to some which they have not seen. The result of my last efforts have been so far satisfactory, that I feel myself in a position to devote myself to the *Reasoner* with a prospect of impressing on it a more public character.

To this end the Letters of 'Ion,' which were the subject of an unexpected and extraordinary protest in the *Spirit of the Age*—and which Letters many opposing persons and parties have desired to see reprinted in a separate form—will be *continued* in this Journal. I do not mean that those which have appeared there will be reproduced here, but that 'Ion' will contribute an original Letter every week on some leading topic in one of the departments of Politics, Education, Industry, Criticism, and Progress. G. J. Holyoake.

THE CASE OF THE REV. JAMES SHORE—PLAIN SPEAKING.

At the meeting at Exeter-hall (March 20), in reference to the prosecution of the above-named gentleman by the Bishop of Exeter, the chairman, Mr. C. Lushington, M.P., in reference to ecclesiastical laws and right rev. bishops, said—'I would stand up against those iron-bound laws and those steel-hearted prelates,' who, he asserted, had 'no right to sit' in the House of Lords. The Rev. G. H. Stoddart, A.M., minister of the Church of England, said, 'In addressing ourselves to the immediate case before us, let us not be drawn aside by any technical quibbles, whether Mr. Shore has not brought this load upon his own shoulders by the act of appealing to the Court, which now demands the payment of the costs. It was truly urged here, the other day, by the Rev. Mr. Burnet, that the question was, whether he ought to have sat quietly down under the sentence of the Court of Arches, or whether he was not bound for his own sake, and for the sake of all of us, to carry the matter by appeal to the Court of Privy Council for the decision of Cæsar. He was driven into a corner by the Ecclesiastical Court; and if he had not appealed, it would have appeared, by acquiescence, that he confessed the righteousness of their sentence. Our liberties would have been compromised by his acquiescence. Neither let the matter be craftily shuffled between the Bishop, the Bishop's Secretary, the Bishop's Secretary's clerk, and the Bishop's Secretary's bull-dog, who whined and wept, tracked the good man to his haunt of God's house, and fawned upon him, while he conveyed the godly man, from preaching the Gospel, to a prison at 200 miles distance. Let the plain, bare fact be kept in your mind, that a minister of the Gospel is here, like John Bunyan, incarcerated for his faithful zeal, without the liberty he enjoyed of going out every Sabbath to preach the Gospel, but placed among felons, to listen on that day, to some strange comment on honouring the ministers of Christ as they would treat himself. It may be well for legal people to say, "But there were costs incurred by himself." Costs due to whom? To the Privy Council? They would be ashamed to have

such a disgraceful claim put forth for them. Was it then to the officials, the proctors, and proctors' bull-dogs? Let such officials and lawyers learn not to sell themselves to such vile instrumentality; or, if they will, let them incur public censure. The toga of civil jurisprudence once was the greatest defender of liberty. If they now pander to oppression, let those who hound them on to harry and to worry God's people pay them their thirty pieces of silver; what a remarkable interpretation of a Bishop's attachment for his fellow-ministers! How singular that shepherds' dogs should turn against the shepherds! But, in the words of Mr. Shore, "The time has fully come when the civil sword should be wrested from the grasp of ecclesiastical hands."'

The Rev. Baptist Noel said, 'It is very easy to say, He [Mr. Shore] should have suffered persecution quietly. I fully acknowledge, that every man who is called to suffer injustice for the cause of Christ, ought to suffer quietly, and without resistance; but it is when the law is ascertained. For my own part, I never did, and never will, resist a single law which calls upon me to do nothing wrong. For myself, I must own I would have paid the costs solely on this ground—"When ye do well, and suffer for it, and yet take it patiently, this is acceptable to God;" but when we are called upon by law or by an individual, to do that which is repugnant to the conscience and odious to the truth, it is well to resist even to the death. When, however, the law is simply a persecuting and unjust law, and inflicted on parties for doing right, I think as a Christian I am bound to suffer, without resistance and without complaint. I think that was the course adopted by the first Christians. Mr. Shore was not in that condition.....We are asked to-day to express our sympathy with Mr. Shore, respecting all the preliminary proceedings to which he has been exposed, and, finally, respecting those additional hardships which are now heaped upon him. He is in prison now, for refusing to pay the costs before the Privy Council. Suppose they were paid, there still remain to be paid the costs of the proceedings in the Court of Arches, and if they were not defrayed he would still be liable to imprisonment; and even if they were paid, he would be liable to imprisonment at any future time, on the application of the Bishop, for contempt of court. Thus there is a long period of incarceration before a blameless and much-injured man for no other fault than that of preaching the Gospel faithfully in the diocese of Exeter. Any one of common sense who attends to this narrative, and recollects the exemplary character of this gentleman from the beginning, the promptitude with which, when he saw it right, he seceded from the Establishment, and the course of vexatious proceedings that have pursued him still, which were not adapted to strengthen the Establishment, and therefore I take it not uncharitable to ascribe it to a spirit of revenge, cannot but sympathise with Mr. Shore. These proceedings have now placed him within the limits of a dungeon, and threaten him with a long incarceration, unless your urgency and sympathy should intervene. It is true a Bill has been brought into Parliament, much to the credit of the gentlemen who have zealously moved in it, and it ought to provide that all clergymen who have, or may, become Nonconformists, should be exempt from all pains and penalties whatever. Every man's sense of justice responds to that position. I rejoice that the House of Commons has passed the measure without a division, and I trust that the House of Lords will not be backward in defending the principle, and carrying it with a triumphant majority. If a Bill so just in its provisions and unobjectionable in its principles, should not be carried through Parliament, I trust there will be many hundred meetings such as this to testify their feelings on the subject. But it is not merely to protect ourselves and others from inconve-

nfence and hardship, but to protect a most injured man, that we have this day met. I am not influenced even by self-love; I will not call it selfish—because it is my simple conviction, that there is no other prelate on the Bench—perhaps not one man in the kingdom—who would have acted as the Bishop of Exeter has done, except that aged man, and to whom such affecting allusion has been made to-day, who will soon have to give his account before God, and who will have to say, as Paul said on the terrible interview he had with the same gracious Being, "Thou knowest that I shut up those that believed on thee, and cast them into prison."'

At a meeting at Whitechapel, attended by some 5000 persons, the chairman, Sir W. Clay, M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, said, he 'was astounded—to make use of no stronger term—that a man high in authority should so misunderstand the feelings and sentiments of the people of the present age, as to endeavour to re-enforce a law which was too harsh even for past ages, and ought to slumber in oblivion.' And the Rev. Dr. Reed remarked of the Bishop of Exeter, that 'he had been formerly a *turncoat* and was now a *turnkey*.'

At one London Meeting, a Rev. Mr. Parsons said that 'the law of which they complained was a villainous law, and being so none but a villain would use it'—which, we will take the liberty of saying, is a false inference from true premises.

THE TREATMENT OF ENTHUSIASTS.

The problem of Plato's Republic amounted to this, that a legitimate place should be found for every member of the community, and that every member should be placed in his legitimate situation. It illustrates the close connection between the philosophy of government and families, that a similar maxim is of well-understood value in domestic life. Public parties may profit by the same lesson. The disregard of so plain a truth has led to serious obstructions of progress.

Macaulay has eloquently painted this in his polity of the Church of Rome in the treatment of her Enthusiasts. I quote his words, over which I have often lingered with delight. I address the extract to those who can appreciate the magical charm of perfect writing, and who will pause over the graceful instruction which it imparts.

It is impossible to deny that the polity of the Church of Rome is the very masterpiece of human wisdom. In truth, nothing but such a polity could, against such assaults, have borne up such doctrines. The experience of twelve hundred eventful years, the ingenuity and patient care of forty generations of statesmen, have improved that polity to such perfection, that, among the contrivances which have been devised for deceiving and controlling mankind, it occupies the highest place. The stronger our convictions that reason and Scripture were decidedly on the side of Protestantism, the greater is the reluctant admiration with which we regard that system of tactics against which reason and Scripture were arrayed in vain.

If we went at large into this most interesting subject we should fill volumes. We will, therefore, at present advert to only one important part of the policy of the Church of Rome. She thoroughly understands, what no other church has ever understood, how to deal with enthusiasts. In some sects, particularly in infant sects, enthusiasm is suffered to be rampant. In other sects, particularly in sects long established and richly endowed, it is regarded with aversion. The Catholic Church neither submits to enthusiasm nor proscribes it, but uses it.

She considers it as a great moving force which, in itself, like the muscular powers of a fine horse, is neither good nor evil, but which may be so directed as to produce good, or great evil; and she assumes the direction to herself. It would be absurd to run down a horse like a wolf. It would be still more absurd to let him run wild, breaking fences and trampling down passengers. The rational course is to subjugate his will without impairing his vigour, to teach him to obey the reign, and then to urge him to full speed. When once he knows his master, he is valuable in proportion to his strength and spirit. Just such has been the system of the Church of Rome with regard to enthusiasts. She knows that, when religious feelings have obtained the complete empire of the mind, they impart a strange energy, that they raise men above the dominion of pain and pleasure, that obloquy becomes glory, that death itself is contemplated only as the beginning of a higher and happier life. She knows that a person in this state is no object of contempt. He may be vulgar, ignorant, visionary, extravagant; but he will do and suffer things which it is for her interest that somebody should do and suffer, yet from which calm and sober minded men would shrink. She accordingly enlists him in her service, assigns to him some forlorn hope, in which intrepidity and impetuosity are more wanted than judgment and self-command, and sends him forth with her benedictions and her applause.

In England, it not unfrequently happens that a tinker or coalheaver hears a sermon, or falls in with a tract which alarms him about the state of his soul. If he be a man of excitable nerves and strong imagination, he thinks himself given over to the Evil Power. He doubts whether he has not committed the unpardonable sin. He imputes every wild fancy that springs up in his mind to the whisper of a fiend. His sleep is broken by dreams of the great judgment seat, the open books, and the unquenchable fire. If, in order to escape from these vexing thoughts, he flies to amusement or to licentious indulgence, the delusive relief only makes his misery darker and more hopeless. At length a turn takes place. He is reconciled to his offended Maker. To borrow the fine imagery of one who had been himself thus tried—he emerges from the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from the dark land of gins and snares, of quagmires and precipices, of evil spirits and ravenous beasts. The sunshine is on his path. He ascends the Delectable Mountains, and catches from their summit a distant view of the shining city which is the end of his pilgrimage. Then arises in his mind a natural, and surely not a censurable desire, to impart to others the thoughts of which his own heart is full, to warn the careless, to comfort those who are troubled in spirit. The impulse which urges him to devote his whole life to the teaching of religion is a strong passion in the guise of a duty. He exhorts his neighbours; and if he be a man of strong parts, he often does so with great effect. He pleads as if he were pleading for his life, with tears, and pathetic gestures, and burning words; and he soon finds with delight, not perhaps wholly unmixed with the alloy of human infirmity, that his rude eloquence rouses and melts hearers who sleep very composedly while the rector preaches on the apostolical succession. Zeal for God, love for his fellow-creatures, pleasure in the exercise of his newly discovered powers, impel him to become a preacher. He has no quarrel with the Establishment, no objection to its formularies, its government, or its vestments. He would gladly be admitted among its humblest ministers. But, admitted or rejected, he feels that his vocation is determined. His orders have come down to him, not through a long and doubtful series of Arian and Papist bishops, but direct from on high. His commission is the same that on the Mountain of Ascension was given to the Eleven: nor will he, for lack of human credentials,

spare to deliver the glorious message with which he is charged by the true Head of the Church. For a man thus minded, there is within the pale of the Establishment no place. He has been at no college; he cannot construe a Greek author or write a Latin theme; and he is told that, if he remains in the communion of the Church, he must do so as a hearer, and that, if he is resolved to be a teacher, he must begin by being a schismatic. His choice is soon made. He harangues on Tower Hill or in Smithfield. A congregation is formed. A license is obtained. A plain brick building, with a desk and benches, is run up, and named Ebenezer or Bethel. In a few weeks the Church has lost for ever a hundred families, not one of which entertained the least scruples about her articles, her liturgy, her government, or her ceremonies.

Far different is the policy of Rome. The ignorant enthusiast whom the Anglican Church makes an enemy, and, whatever the polite and learned may think, a most dangerous enemy, the Catholic Church makes a champion. She bids him nurse his beard, covers him with a gown and hood of coarse dark stuff, ties a rope round his waist, and sends him forth to teach in her name. He costs her nothing. He takes not a ducat away from the revenue of her beneficed clergy. He lives by the alms of those who respect his spiritual character, and are grateful for his instructions. He preaches, not exactly in the style of Massillon, but in a way which moves the passions of uneducated hearers; and all his influence is employed to strengthen the Church of which he is a minister. To that Church he becomes as strongly attached as any of the cardinals whose scarlet carriages and liveries crowd the entrance of the palace on the Quirinal. In this way the Church of Rome unites in herself all the strength of establishment, and all the strength of dissent. With the utmost pomp of a dominant hierarchy above, she has all the energy of the voluntary system below. It would be easy to mention very recent instances in which the hearts of hundreds of thousands, estranged from her by the selfishness, sloth, and cowardice of the beneficed clergy, have been brought back by the zeal of the begging friars.

Even for female agency there is a place in her system. To devout women she assigns spiritual functions, dignities, and magistracies. In our own country, if a noble lady is moved by more than ordinary zeal for the propagation of religion, the chance is that, though she may disapprove of no one doctrine or ceremony of the Established Church, she will end by giving her name to a new schism. If a pious and benevolent woman enters the cell of a prison to pray with the most unhappy and degraded of her own sex, she does so without any authority from the Church. No line of action is traced out for her; and it is well if the ordinary does not complain of her intrusion, and if the bishop does not shake his head at such irregular benevolence. At Rome, the Countess of Huntingdon would have a place in the calendar as St. Selina, and Mrs. Fry would be foundress and first superior of the blessed Order of Sisters of the Gaols. Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford: he is certain to become the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome: he is certain to be the first general of a new society devoted to the interest and honour of the Church. Place St. Theresa in London: her restless enthusiasm ferments into madness, not unmixed with craft. She becomes the prophetess, the mother of the faithful, holds disputations with the devil, issues sealed pardons to her adorers, and lies in of the Shiloh. Place Joanna Southcote at Rome: she founds an order of barefooted Carmelites, every one of whom is ready to suffer martyrdom for the Church; a solemn service is consecrated to her memory, and her statue, placed over the holy water, strikes the eye of every stranger who enters St. Peter's.

We have dwelt long on this subject, because we believe that, of the many causes to which the Church of Rome owed her safety and her triumph at the close of the sixteenth century, the chief was the profound policy with which she used the fanaticism of such persons as St. Ignatius and St. Theresa.

I will not dwell on the various ways that the brilliant lesson here given may be put to good use by popular parties. I will content myself on this occasion by testifying to the value of the lesson, and with pointing out that it requires to be the subject of study by more parties than the Church of England.

The Church is a great debtor to Mr. Macaulay; and as usual, as we have seen in the recent election at Edinburgh, the religious people have rewarded Mr. Macaulay by depriving him of his seat. The Church, whether Established or Dissenting, cannot be taught. Perhaps this is matter for rejoicing. The Church wants a wise tolerance. It will give up no article in its creed—no chapter in the Bible. It exacts an iron compliance with all its dogmas.

Are there not other parties besides the Church who commit the same error? Are there not men who have their social creeds—their fundamental facts—their cut-and-dried doctrines of association—and who will protest against everybody who would tolerate dissent, harmonise differences, and accept approximations?

Define your leading course—determine your general principle, and stand by it; but let it be as simple and as single as possible, and leave all men to take their own way of approaching it. You may specify the goal to be reached, but beware how you prescribe that all men shall walk in your way to it; it can only end in turning them out of the right direction altogether. Settle it as a maxim never to be effaced or forgotten, that *there can be no large party without large tolerance.*

We mourn over the divisions among men, and assume that they are inevitable—that the progress of thought is the multiplication of differences. Have we ever asked ourselves how much of difference, and how many new parties, have been forced into existence by religious, political, and even social intolerance? The very enthusiasm which is the grand and healthy element of all success, we turn into enmity, and direct it against ourselves. G. J. HOLYOAKE.

A PASSAGE FROM SCHLIEDEN.

['H. L. H.' writes—'I send you an excerpt for the *Reasoner*. The translation of Schlieden has been published by Baillière, and it is a cheering sign of progress when such writing is introduced into our reading circles under the shadow of Science. These attractive entrances to the popular ear are to my thinking more successful than the open defiance of battle. It will be by the introduction of German literature that the higher classes will be revolutionised, and I think Elihu Burritt would strengthen the "Bond of Brotherhood" more surely by such inplantation of foreign thought than by any other means.' M. J. Schlieden, M.D., is Professor of Botany to the University of Jena.]

It may appear strange that mankind, from the very earliest times, have turned their minds so readily to nothing, nothing so amply developed, and of nothing so circumstantially taught and written, as of that whereof Man neither does nor can know anything. However, the circumstance is very naturally accounted for, by human indolence on the one hand, and vanity on the other. So soon as the first stage of sensual excitement and mere life of habit is overpassed, man in general begins to find pleasure in intellectual movement; the ambition too awakens to know more, to look deeper than others. But the true road to this point, com-

prehensive knowledge, and persevering earnest and definite reflection, is far too painful, and therefore not everybody's business; and instead of striving along this path toward the actually comprehensible, man prefers to use his imagination, a power the activity of which, on account of its half sensual nature, seemingly finds an imcomparably greater delight in those regions where inconvenient facts and surely-judging logic cannot interpose—where the imagination, not subject to the decrees of truth, can make one story as good as another, and consequently has no contradiction to fear from thence—and where man, cunningly leaping clear over the basis of the dreams he brings forward, at once retreats behind the impregnable entrenchment 'prove me the opposite.'

I will not enter here upon the various religious phantasmagorias, and the inquiries into what is to take place after death and the like, but merely cite the cosmogonies which every people—nay, among some nations, almost every individual—delineates; but recall remembrance to the fact that the truth of the Mosaic history of the six days' creation has been contested with more zeal than has ever been applied to unfold the apophthegm 'Love thy neighbour as thyself' in all its meanings, and to act according to it. Whilst the haughty English Church, much more despicable than Popery in its most offensive extreme, fattens on the sweat and blood of millions of poor hungry Irishmen, she hunts down, with all the unworthy means at her disposal, every scientific inquiry which appears to contradict the narrow view of the literal truth of the old Jewish poetry. Never is man more—and, indeed, only then—intolerant, when a scientific proof or confutation is out of the question. He who places himself in direct opposition to sound human understanding on the domain of the demonstrable, subjects himself to the curse of ridicule, which nothing can withstand. But where no proof in favour, and consequently, in most cases, no proof against a thing is possible, conceit, when it is united with power, compels the recognition of its visions, and asserts, indeed, with truly blasphemous audacity, that the Eternal Ruler of the world has vouchsafed to it, in preference to all the rest of mankind, special mysterious communications. And the worst of the matter is, that while man gives himself up to the spinning out the attack and defence of dream-creations concerning *incomprehensible things*, his time and opportunities are frequently lost, not merely to do his duty and learn to live, but with calmness and clearness to seize upon the conditions, to collect the facts which are necessary to further and to develop *possible* knowledge.—From *The Plant, a Biography.*

THE BURNT BOOK: A LIGHT FROM OXFORD.*

There is a beautiful city in the central part of England, proud of its learning and justly famous for its gothic architecture—a city of colleges and churches, of cool, secluded cloisters, meandering streams, and shady walks—a city where the great lights of English orthodoxy have been nurtured and sustained in the faith of the Church through many ages; where statesmen and philosophers have won the honours of learning, from Wolsey to Peel, from Friar Bacon to Archbishop Whateley; where learning is cultivated and wisdom is contemned; where poetry is set in high places, and where the only great poet† that city could ever call her own was ignominiously disowned. This city, so rich in the relics of the past, is the sepulchre of past ideas, the stronghold of passing creeds, the

* 'The Nemesis of Faith,' by J. A. Froude, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. London: J. Chapman, 1849.

† Shelley.

deep, dull marsh of intellect, with just enough vitality in it to engender the lethargic *ignis fatui* of modern politics; where the highest blood of England is sent to be steeped in the rotten formulas of a blind conservatism; where the promising, the talented, the gifted youth of England, who are to form her teachers, are sent to be fitted with the garments of that old doctrine which was covering good enough for the saintly apostates of the English reformation, and to be filled with that once potent, but now exhausted, theologic lore, which was strong drink to their forefathers, but which is poison to their children. There they forcibly rivet around the soul of *this* age, that thought-armour of faith and belief which was forged by the semi-Catholic theologians of the reformation, and which fitted very well to the soul of *that* age, with its frame-work in Rome and its head in Geneva. There they chain the living body of modern thought to the dead giant of the past. There they immolate the living soul to that deity whose shrine is musty books and torn and tattered doctrine. For the faith of the Church is like that shrine of St. Frideswide, in Christ Church Cathedral, a battered and mouldering monument of what was once a healing and a holy sanctuary. Its form remains, though sadly mutilated by the rude strokes of time and free-thought. The shrine of the Catholic saint is permitted to remain in the bosom of the Protestant church, as the faith of that Protestant church, 'by law established,' is permitted to exist side by side with Investigation, whose worship is duty, and whose sanctuary is truth.

In the hall of one of the colleges of that city, a professor of moral philosophy was, a short time ago, lecturing his pupils. He was a severe, hard, marble-faced man, with dark hair just changing into grey, and eyes which spoke a man earnest in the work he felt himself called upon to do. The hall was lofty, and not very noteable, except for the large pictures of mitred priests upon its walls, and the huge gothic hearth with its steadily-burning fire. In the course of his lecture, the professor referred to a certain book, just written by a fellow of the college, and just published in London. He inquired of his pupils whether they had read the book; when some answered yes, and others no, and one courageously said that he had bought the book. 'Will you be kind enough to fetch it?' said the professor. The student bowed and departed; soon, however, returning with the heretical volume, he gave it to the professor, who, on taking it from him, coolly placed it in the midst of the burning coals—saying, as he did so, 'That is the way I would serve them all!' The hall was the hall of Exeter College, *Oxford*; the professor was the renowned champion of Puseyism, Mr. Sewell; and the burnt book was the *Nemesis of Faith*.

No change has come over the spirit of Oxford for two hundred years and more, except this of Puseyism. Shelley was expelled as much on account of his French republicanism as of his infidelity; but Mr. Froude, who has written this book, which the Oxford professor thought worth burning, will be expelled because he has displayed the real wound in the heart of the church—a scepticism within, gnawing at its faith. In vain has Puseyism, by far the most powerful opponent of free-thought, striven to check its progress, nay, to stifle it for ever. In vain have evangelicals and Church Rationalists tried to stem the current. On it flows. Indeed, by the daring challenge it has given to thinkers, in proposing to supersede their office by the substitution of authority, Puseyism itself has evoked the very spirit it would have crushed and rooted out. With all its wealth to back it, with its stout earnest Anglican Romanists, with its eager, but weak and helpless evangelicals, with its apathetic, unpolemical, conservative divines, who simply live still in their benefices, like ballast in a ship's hold—though it has all this to

defend and sustain it, the Church of England is doomed. We shall see the *dead* buried before we die.

Mr. Froude's book, the *Nemesis of Faith*, is a work which deserves some notice from us, but not so much as it must command from those who are still content to live in the falling house under whose roof it was partly written. It is a book which can only disappoint, in its inferential conclusions, those who read it from a point of view beyond the pale of religious denominations. Its hero, such as he is, begins with reverential scepticism, and ends in a monastery—comes before us in all the agonies of doubt, and quits us, not in the peace of faith, but in the tortures of remorse. He is a being whose desire for truth excites our admiration—whose weakness commands our pity. Born and educated for the Church, the son of a clergyman who never had any difficulties which use and want could not overcome, he is sent to Oxford, and his earnestness leads him to the only logical and earnest party there, the party of Newman. But Newman broke up the old routine of Church teaching. Newman demanded the surrender of reason, and *reasoned* with the young men upon the necessity of an infallible scripture authority, and an infallible priesthood. To root out reason he was obliged to invoke reason. With thinking minds, bred up in another view of things, with stout Protestant tendencies and right-of-private-judgment theories, *anathema* would not produce the desired effect. Therefore he reasoned; and the startling dogma was brought to light that 'all real arguments against Catholicism are real arguments against Christianity.' The chief witness for the Bible is 'the continual authority of the Church's witness,' and to destroy that by submitting it to 'private judgment,' is to 'cut away the only support on which revelation could sustain itself'.....'Experience had shown that the same reason which rejected the saints' miracles as incredible would soon make hard mouths at the Bible miracles. The notion of inspiration was no more satisfatory than that of the Church's infallibility; and if the power of the keys, and sacramental grace, and apostolical succession, were absurdities, the Devil was at least equally so. And with the Devil fell sin, and the atonement fell, and all revelation fell; and we were drifting on the current of a wide ocean, we knew not where, with neither oar nor compass.' And so, in this desperate state, he 'held on, with all his heart, to old associations,' and preferred, as he thought, Newman-Catholicism to Protestant right of private judgment. But reason had been called in to assist the student—reason, the accursed in matters of faith—and the student met with a book of one Thomas Carlyle, and the religious influence of Newman faded out of his mind. He became a doubter, a reverential, religious doubter, with a great desire to believe, but without strength enough either to bear the agonies of doubt, or to decide one way or the other. In this state he left college—in this state he was urged by his father to enter the Church. But his doubts become chronic. A bishop offers him a living. What shall he do—refuse, state his doubts, and deeply wound his *family* by being true to his own soul—or accept, stifle, as he best can, his doubts, delight his family, and give the lie to his soul? He opens his mind to his uncle, the dean—a worldly man, who regards it all as a disease arising from idleness; and who counsels his nephew to take orders and the offered living, spite of his unbelief. This betrays his weakness: he takes orders, accepts the living, and loses his peace for life. He keeps the living one year; a scandal arises; his bishop sends for him—he confesses all to the bishop, quits his living, and shortly after, England. Living on the lake of Como, he plays his flute and philosophises. An English gentleman and his wife and child are living near him, and he becomes acquainted with them. The husband had married his wife because it was

customary—she had accepted him because it was dutiful. There was no love on either side. The hero of the book *fancies* he loves the wife, and she really and sincerely loves him. This love story is powerfully written: we shall only glance at its catastrophe. During one of their lake excursions the child catches cold and dies. The hero sees in this the finger of heaven warning him of his crime in giving way to an imaginary sentiment of love, not for really loving the wife of another. He flies the house, and resolves to poison himself. The spot he chooses is near a fountain sacred to the memory of some Catholic hermit. Just as he is about to drink the deadly draught, a voice sternly bids him 'die without hope—the worst sinner's death—to bear his sin and his sin's punishment through eternity.' He drops the cup, no longer a sceptic, a reasoner, a philosopher—he succumbs to the terrible feeling of the moment. A man stands before him—an old college companion—now a Catholic: and leading him away from the sacred relics of past piety, he receives the sinner's confession. The end is a monastery; the Oxford Sceptic becomes an Italian Monk; and the author, in the following remarkable sentence, the last in the volume, thus philosophises:—'Markham's new faith fabric had been reared upon the clouds of sudden violent feeling, and no air castle was ever of more unabiding growth. Doubt soon sapped it, and remorse, not for what he had done, but for what he had not done. And amidst the wasted ruins of his life, where the bare bleak soil was strewed with wrecked purposes and shattered creeds—with no hope to stay him, with no fear to raise the most dreary phantom beyond the grave—he sunk down into the barren waste, and the dry sands rolled over him where he lay; and no living being was left behind him upon the earth who would not mourn over the day which brought life to Markham Sutherland.'

The book contains many strong and remarkable passages, but at present we refrain from quoting them. Its great value, apart from the opinions, is the frankness and impartiality with which it is written. *All* is told, and it is for telling all that the Tory press have abused the author.

The fact is that there is a schism in the English Church, its ministers are, in the main, worldly men, and simply professionals; the Reformation did cut away the root of belief; private judgment does logically lead to unbelief in doctrine and dogmas, and the Church does display a greater appreciation of the good things of this life, than of logical sequence, in swinging between Puseyism, and what the scoffers at earnest men call infidelity. For demonstrating this, in a plain way, Mr. Froude, of course, meets with abuse, some going so far as to identify him with 'the father of lies.' But for this he was, doubtless, prepared. A man who looks upon life, as he does, and who knows the might of sincerity, will not be scared by the gentlemen of the Church, let them thunder never so bravely.

One word more: the book has been called 'blasphemous.' This is simply a misuse of language, unpardonable in the scholar and gentlemen who criticise for Mother Church. When a book on this absorbing topic is coarsely or sarcastically written, the cry is 'Oh, we have no objection to free, providing it be fair, discussion; we only punish scurrility.' When a book is written earnestly, not marred by one sarcasm, or enlivened by one gleam of wit, when an author pours his whole heart into it, and candidly lays it bare to the gaze of the world—then the clerical critics, still calling names, object to the discussion altogether. The matter, not the manner, constitutes the crime. So it is in the present instance. Mr. Froude's book is reverential, in all that is essential in it—namely, the disputed questions; but the cry is, nevertheless, still 'mad dog.' We may console ourselves with this—that the professor who burnt the book, the

Literary Gazette, which, week after week, has been barking about it, the *Morning Herald*, the *Standard*, and all the Host of Israel, have, by their pother, done good service to the cause of free-thought. The book will be read, and its influence extend whither their ephemeral outpourings cannot reach; and Mr. Froude will live, doubtless, unburned, not less able than willing to write still more startling books; and, as the *Nemesis of Faith* surpasses the *Shadows of the Clouds*,* so will his next work, we trust, surpass both. For, we cannot believe that one who so deeply comprehends the mission of true men, should halt before the baying of the gentlemanly critics of our Tory journals. It is for him to illustrate his hero's noble conviction, that 'The trial of humanity which gives dignity to the persevering endurance through life for truth's sake, and which gives death its nobleness, is the constancy of the mind to good, *with uncertainty of the issue*, when it does but feel its duty, and does not know the consequences.' EUGENE.

THIRD LETTER FROM VERITAS.

SIR,—I must request you to print a few lines in reply to some of your remarks in the *Reasoner* of 28th instant. Your apology for the inaccuracies in the printing of my first letter I am willing to accept, yet I cannot help remarking that it was not from any imperfection in the MS. (of which I retain an impression) that the word '*vanity*' was substituted for '*enmity*,' and I am surprised that (though in this place the MS. *was* indistinct) attention to the *sense* did not inform you that the 'Church *in* Earnest' had a distinct meaning, and that the 'Church *if* Earnest' had none at all.

The reasons you have given for not replying to my letter are not satisfactory, since you have entirely evaded the only point upon which I laid any stress—I mean, *the distinct promise to that effect which you had made in the first instance.* At the end of my first letter, as you will recollect, was printed the following notice: 'Mr. Holyoake's absence in the provinces prevents him replying to this communication, *which he will do at the first opportunity.*' It is of your *withdrawal* from a promise, thus distinctly made, but which you now seem willing to forget, that I have a just right to complain.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Birmingham, March 29th, 1849. VERITAS.

[Whatever Veritas may think, the 'Church *is* Earnest' had more meaning, in my opinion, than the 'Church *in* Earnest.' I never knew a church *in* proper earnest, and I supposed that some sensible writer had been endeavouring to show what the church might or ought to do *if* earnest. When a boy I had heard the Rev. J. A. James preach frequently upon this idea. When I first read (the reading was most cursory) Veritas's first letter, my impression was that it was necessary to reply to it, and under that impression my intention was expressed. But a re-perusal showed me that the letter had in it what the Mississippi captains call a 'snag'—a clause which provided that if my reply should be successful, that the fact of my replying should go against me: and Veritas seemed to me 'cunning of fence,' and to write rather to entrap and disparage us than convince us. Then the resolution was taken which I have avowed, and from which I see no reason to depart.—G. J. H.]

* See *Reasoner*, vol. IV., pp. 142-165.

Illustrative Notices.

Mr. Thomas Emery, of Leicester, has published an essay on 'Educational Economy.' It is a 'Vindication' (not without ability) of a 'State Education' from the objections of the 'Votaries of Voluntaryism.' Mr. Emery well observes in this essay, that 'Vice *has* its school'—and implies that it is therefore time that Virtue had its school. The school of vice is furnished by the negation of the conditions of virtuous education. The essential position of Mr. Emery's essay is contained in this passage:—'Once obtain a recognition of the immense influence of education in the formation of human character, and a great step is made in the march of human improvement. Man will then be known to have claims upon society, before society has claims upon individual man. "Refractory persons" will be synonymous with "neglected persons;" criminals will be considered injured and unfortunate; and the schoolmaster will be accounted of more importance than the legal functionary.' These propositions are supported by a series of remarks of very good sense. The performance indicates considerable natural discipline of thought. It is from the pen of a writer from whom we have had the pleasure of publishing several papers under the signature of 'T. E.' The essay, which can be had through our publisher, (3d.) deserves circulation, both on account of its merits and as being the production of a working man.

'Is Man Responsible for his Belief?' is an address by William Martin, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Marischal College and University, Aberdeen. The address has lain by us some time: but time has not changed our first impression that the subject needs no new notice. To all practical purposes it has been settled long ago. The manner in which Professor Martin treats the question is thoughtful and instructive, and will be read with pleasure by any one who is able to endure so trite a topic. The conclusion has, however, one remarkable sentence, which is worth quoting. It is this:—'Religious belief exists only in action, is compounded of two elements—the one intellectual, and the other moral—and can therefore no more exist without determining the will and producing action, than fire can exist without heat. But disbelief is in fact *belief*. Religious scepticism is itself a creed based on an entire rejection of the truths of Christianity, and involves action in its believers no less decidedly than does the creed of the Christian.'

Dundee has also made its contribution to 'Man's Responsibility' in the shape of lectures by the Rev. William Wilson. A book called (by Mr. Wilson) Mr. Owen's—but which he did not compile, and has always denied—is the chief subject of Mr. Wilson's comments. A pamphlet by R. Cooper is noticed, and a correct extract from Mr. Holyoake's 'Rationalism' is given. Mr. Wilson speaks of Mr. Holyoake's work as that of a 'friendly expositor of Mr. Owen's system.' The Rev. Mr. Wilson says he does not know whether he is at liberty to accept Mr. Holyoake's exposition as expressing Mr. Owen's real meaning. Mr. Owen has said to Mr. Holyoake that he 'sees nothing to object to in it.'

In No. 1 of a paper entitled the *Journal of Progress*, the editor says that 'The ıppression of the sale of profane tracts, by the hand of the police, has excited ıme dispute as to the propriety of the proceeding. We have no doubt whatever ıat all such tracts ought to be suppressed, and that their authors, publishers, and ropagators, should be amenable to the law.' What kind of progress is this?

A public Tea Party will be held at the Institute of Political and Social Progress, eorge Street, Sloane Square, on Good Friday. Mr. W. Cooper, and others, will ke part in the proceedings.

The *Liverpool Courier* says that 'The preacher who, in consequence of his appointment to the incumbency of a church in a neighbouring county, was about to terminate his ministry in Liverpool, said, his regret at parting with a congregation before whom he had officiated for nine months, would have been greater had he considered that his services had been deemed of advantage to them; but when he reflected that for the performance of his ministerial duties during that time he had not received £20, and, although his duties in the week had exceeded those which he had performed during the previous twenty-four years, that he had not received a single fee of any kind for doing them, he could not consider that his labours were valued by the proprietors of the church. He might say, and he could do so with perfect sincerity, that during this period he and his family had suffered from absolute hunger, and that he had only been preserved from starvation by the destruction of his little property.' A correspondent, J. H., asks whether 'Mother Church' is not more neglectful than secular mothers generally are, when she abandons her children to this destitution?

At a recent meeting of the guardians of the poor for Bristol, Mr. Gabriel Goldney complained that certain wooden clogs, ordered for the use of the paupers, 'Contained on the face of them sentiments (laughter) which were repugnant to his feelings, and ought to be repugnant to the feelings of every honourable man. They bore upon them "The Charter, and no Surrender" (roars of laughter). Did the house wish to perpetuate in the minds of the children of the establishment the deeds of November last in London, when anarchy and confusion threatened to undermine the best institutions of the country? A committee that could order such clogs would not be fit for their offices' (hear and a laugh).

A London Correspondent of the *Birmingham Mercury* wrote lately—'That portion of the people known as the Chartists, continue to present an improving phase, though a somewhat contradictory one. Mr. O'Connor has just told the electors of Nottingham that he "does *not* belong to that class of demagogues who would base their popularity upon whimsical and thoughtless obstruction to all other movements." Though the honourable member has so worded this confession as to be able to interpret it with wide latitude, it yet indicates an improved and (with him) somewhat unusual view of public duty. On the same day on which the world is favoured with this intimation, *L'Ami du Peuple*, the official expounder of practical Chartism, writes of the "future" that it will be "woe to the enemies of labour" when it comes. Let us hope that this does not mean what it says: and let us have patience as well as hope, for it is long after new light shines upon a party before it shines steadily. To conceive and to be consistent are powers that are borne only of the maturity of conviction.'

On Good Friday, a Festival, Concert, and Ball will be held at the City of London Mechanics' Institute. The amusements will consist of a Dramatic Entertainment, the Exhibition of the Museum, Lectures on Chemistry, Electricity, Phrenology—Songs and Glees.

Mr. William Bedford, of Ashton-under-Lyne, who enjoys the esteem of all who know him, near or remote, was taken farewell of by his friends last week. He emigrates with his friend Mr. Chapman. They were the first members of the Ashton Branch of the 'Association of all Classes of all Nations.' One hundred and twenty friends sat down to tea with them at Mr. Broadbent's, the Commercial Inn, Staleybridge, at the farewell party. Mr. Moses Hadfield presided, and various testimonies were borne to the useful lives and irreproachable conduct of our emigrant friends.

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

April 4, 1849.

THE PROTESTED LETTERS.

The Letters of 'Ion' in the *Spirit of the Age*, which were the subject of a protest by Mr. Lloyd Jones and his friends in the last number of that journal, will be

CONTINUED IN THE 'REASONER.'

An Original Letter by 'Ion' will appear each week in the *Reasoner*, on some leading topic in Politics, Communism, Criticism, Education, and Progress. No. 150 of the *Reasoner* will contain a

STATEMENT OF THE COMMUNISTIC QUESTION, BY ION.

The *Reasoner*, a Secular and Eclectic Journal, is published every Wednesday Morning, 16 pages, price 2d.

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MR. FAVELL'S SPEECH.

At a dinner in London, in 1828, for the promotion of civil and religious liberty, Mr. Favell and the Corporation of the City of London was proposed. It was said to be owing to Mr. Favell that the petition in favour of the repeal of the late obnoxious acts was carried in the Corporation.

When the hon. gentleman rose to reply, he said 'That he felt himself both honoured and flattered by the kind manner in which his hon. friend the chairman had brought forward the toast, and by the equally kind manner in which it had been accepted. He (Mr. F.) felt particular pleasure in having acted as a co operator with the chairman in the repeated exertions he had made in the cause of civil and religious liberty. They had acted together in the days of strife, but they stood upon a high principle, and he rejoiced that they were now beginning to enjoy the harvest of their labours. The shadows of the evening were upon him and the chairman, but he trusted that his youthful friends would behold a great deal more than they had witnessed. He was proud to say that, in the early part of his life, he had co-operated with many distinguished and brave men of renown of the Unitarian denomination. Dr. Jebb had often cheered him when he was discouraged; the frequent remark of that great man was, "*Every good effort, founded upon good principle, will ultimately succeed.*" He had had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with Dr. Priestley: the last night that distinguished divine spent in London, previous to his voyage to America, was in his (Mr. F.'s) house. Whatever difference of opinion existed between them on different points, there was one common brotherhood—they were brethren under persecution. Drs. Towers, Price, and Rees, were his warm and constant associates; for, whatever differences of opinion might exist amongst them, they all denied the right of human authority over conscience. Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, told him, that being intimately acquainted with one of the heads of Houses at Cambridge, with a view of arguing on some disputed points between Churchmen and Dissenters—"Before we begin," said Mr. Robinson, "let us settle one point: all questions on matters of conscience are to be decided between God and a man's conscience?" "Granted," said his friend. "Then," said Mr. Robinson, "I have nothing left to argue."'

'PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE.'

On the recent notice of Mr. Holyoake's work on 'Public Speaking and Debate,' described as a 'new work,' a correspondent wrote—'Should you say a "new" work? Have we not read it? do we not know it? or is it larger and more amplified than we suppose?' It is both. The following subjects of the chapters will throw some light on the matter. (Its publication will soon be announced)

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THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square. — April 8, (12 a.m.) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'Reformation in Infidelity.' (7) Mr. Buchanan, 'The Origin of Man.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—April 8, (7) Mr. A. Campbell, 'On the Philosophy of Love.'

FRANKLIN.

The thunders of a mighty age
May drown the voices of the Past,
But thou, the Printer and the Sage,
Shalt speak thy wisdom to the last.

The power to stay the fleeting thought
Unto thy hand was early given;
Till, with the mind's quick lightning fraught,
It learned to fetter that of heaven.

The page where, by the Printer's art,
The voice has been eternal made,
Still bears its lessons wide apart,
The world to gladden and to aid.

And now the lightning's wing of fire—
Which first was tamed beneath thy hand—
Takes on its path of slender wire
The Printer's word from land to land.

They both shall work, from age to age,
For Truth and Right, Man's will sublime—
The flash of Thought on many a page,
The lightning throb, outspeeding time.

American Paper. BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEMOCRACY.

Words have their star: they spring up in the midst of certain circumstances which determine for ages their signification and the character of the principles which they designate. Seek from science a definition of Democracy, and observe the captivating answers which she has invariably at hand. Democracy is the government of the people—that is to say, a government in which all possess an equal voice, and whose pervading spirit is the common right of all mankind. After such a definition, who shall pretend that he is injured? After such an assurance, who shall have the hardihood to complain? But the world does not owe its creation to science: it existed long before the name of science was known, ever a prey to the clash and commotion inseparable from that perpetual struggle of good and evil which is the dominant principle—internally of our nature, externally of our condition. Democracy has sprung from this struggle: it is a war-cry; it is the banner raised by the many, occupying the lower ranks, against the few placed above them—a banner that has been raised sometimes in the name of rights the most sacred, sometimes in the name of passions the most gross and the most unbridled—elevated, sometimes against usurpations the most iniquitous, and sometimes against governments the most legitimate. In the ancient republics, where the badge of slavery debased the lower orders, and caused the free classes to form a closer bond of union with each other—where the narrow limits of the state conferred so much importance upon each individual citizen—where the executive government appeared so frequently before the eyes of the people—and where, consequently, the ascendancy of the few could not so easily be transformed into actual and durable tyranny—democracy, or the power of the many, was regarded as the greatest danger likely to befall the community. It was viewed as the dominion, at once absurd and anarchical, of the poor over the rich, of the ignorant over the enlightened, of the multitude over all that was illustrious in the state. Such was the estimation in which it was held, and such are the terms in which it was described by all the philosophers whom the world admires, however their theories might differ in other respects; by the Sensualists and the Spiritualists, by the Utopians and the Utilitarians, by Epicurus as well as by Zeno, by Plato as well as by Aristotle.—*Guizot.*

OUR INDIAN VICTORIES.

'We confess the honest truth—our heart sickens at the bare contemplation of British rule in India. It deserves to be chronicled in letters of blood. It is interminable series of sanguinary struggles to which no end appears. Fire and sword, slaughter and destruction, groans and cries, convulsive agonies and silent death, mark the career of our most Christian empire. We can think of nothing else. England maintains her Eastern supremacy only by a perpetual succession of murderous engagements, which give the lie to her religious profession, and exhibit the most "Christian" country in the light of a universal spoliator and destroyer.

'In vain we hope to convert the world to Christianity. We send out too powerful an antagonism. The Bible goes with the bayonet—the gospel is identified with gunpowder; our religion is detested, because associated with deeds of destruction. How can men be expected to esteem or love the individuals who slew their fathers, destroyed their land, and whose track was marked by desolation and ruin?—*Bradford Observer.*

THE CABETISTS AT THE CITY OF NAVOO.

At the close of Mr. Holyoake's lecture on Sunday evening at John Street, he made the following announcement, forwarded to him by the secretary of the Icarian Committee:—'Many Socialists present will be pleased to hear that the Icarian Committee have received a letter from M. Cabet, announcing that, by the time his letter would arrive in Europe, he and his friends would have taken possession of the city of Navoo, lately the property of the Mormons, situated on the banks of the Mississippi. The number who enter Navoo is stated to be 340 adults of both sexes—it includes, also, children.'

INTIMATIONS.

The *Reasoner* is sent free by Post, the Quarter's Subscription 4s. 4d., on thin paper 3s. 3d., and issued in Monthly Parts and Half yearly Volumes.

J. SMITH, Leeds. (Such assertions as he opposes to Dr. Prater's must be verified by many, and, if possible, by scientific men.)—R. Smart, Stonehaven, (thinks that the *Reasoner* should first be secured a circulation, before our correspondent, J. W. L.'s, suggestion could be acted upon: R. S. moreover exerts himself to carry out his conviction.)—G. Edwards, Burnley. (His conjectures were right.)—W. H. J. (No. 45 is the number, but it is out of print. But Aliquis's essay can be had in a separate form)—Mr. H. would be very happy to oblige Dr. Lees, and will endeavour to procure the number. If it does not reach Dr. L., it will be because Mr. H. does not succeed.—W. A, Leamington. (If a candidate for the Prize should offer, then such controversy as seems relevant might be inserted.)—G. Anderson. (There is a great mistake about writings assumed to be 'compiled.' There is often more merit in an extract than in original matter. G. A. will see this point discussed in the Proem to 'Public Speaking and Debate.')—*Odd-Fellows' Chronicle*, No. 70.—*People's Press*, No. 4.—J. Miles (is thanked for his friendly thoughts. Due consideration will precede the step.)—C. P. Blair. (Is not the evidence of the senses the sufficient reason?)

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The Reasoner.

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FIRST STEPS TO ASSOCIATION.

My Utilitarian Friends,—I address you by this title because it expresses the relation which a writer should most seek to cultivate between himself and his readers. It requires temerity to use it, because it involves no light reponsibility on the part of him who invokes the principle of utility. In doing so, he gives the cue to his readers to exact that quality which they most want and most rarely find. It belongs not to me to pretend to the ability to afford full satisfaction in this respect. But I venture to render myself responsible in this way, as it indicates an honest intention on my part; and when the reader finds, or suspects that he finds, something less than he has been led to expect, I pray him to remember how much nobler are our aspirations than our powers, and to how few it is given to realise a proportion even of that which they intend.

The word utility, like the word reason, and some others, has happily a large, general, and yet distinct acceptation. We do not pause for pedantic definitions. That which is reasonable is understood to include an obvious coherency with known facts; and utility is felt to be the affirmation of the greatest-happiness principle. Reason will not lead us everywhere, will not solve all problems, will not clear up all mysteries; but it is still the grand shield of human frailty—the great light in intellectual darkness; and where it fails there is no abler protection, no surer guide. So with utility: we may err in our judgment of that which is moral, we may be mistaken in that act which we suppose conducive to the greatest happiness of mankind—sometimes we may look too low, and narrowly escape sensualism—sometimes soar too high, and wander into the region of baseless conjectures; yet it is clear that man has no surer principle of judgment in action. While humanity remains fallible, there is no rule, whether of faith or reason, which can absolutely preserve him from error. And when a sense of utility fails him, nothing remains by which he can be better directed. Utility is the polar star of self-preservation; and, in proportion to the knowledge of the individual, it is the polar star of the welfare of mankind. The lower phase of utility presents only the selfish as a principle, and the successful as an end. The higher phase presents the successful as a *contingency* of the generous, the true, and the just. That is, its creed is not Success but Duty. It has confidence in the generous, the true, and the just: it believes that these things will conduce to success, or that they are the only conditions which *ought*. An elevated utility is known by the constancy of the understanding to the public good, whatever may be the uncertainty of the issue to the individual. In this sense the previous letters in this series were written in the *Spirit of the Age*, and in the same sense they are intended to be continued.

The statement of the 'Communistic Question,' upon reflection, I prefer to ttempt under the head of 'First Steps to Association,' commencing with ıe desirability of co-operative and fraternal action.

The reason of this will be obvious on investigation. We are in a reactionary ɔriod. Old societarian errors are in the ascendant. Parisian Socialism little re-

sembles English Socialism, yet English Socialism is industriously held up in this country as being the same as the Parisian. Yet how far the Parisians are from being Socialists in the sense in which the English adherents to that name understand it, is evidenced by the fact that both Cabet and Louis Blanc are exiles. What the French reformers strive for is much more philosophic than their manner of seeking to bring it about. Either the Parisian republicans, democratic and social, have been unwise enough to commit themselves to extravagance, or weak enough to be seduced into it. It matters not which in its effects. A reaction there is generated out of it, and is wafted over to England, and every thing bearing the name of Communism is made to share that discredit; till it may be questioned whether it is not a dis-service to Communism to hold it prominently forward, and whether he is not its best friend who shall advise it to lie down till the storm has blown over. Its friends can, in the meantime, work for association, and thus prepare the public for the next wave of opinion, which will surely return and wash the reactionists away.

We will therefore accept aspersion and reaction, or what else Prejudice shall send, and pass them by as though they were not. We will no more invoke old Gallileo to scare away the alarmist of innovation. How often have I heard that name called up! Every system builder, the author of every scheme, however insignificant, upon which the world is pleased to frown, tells us of the fate of Gallileo, till the repetition has reached satiation. We should stand more on self-respect and purpose, and cease to notice the common-place opposition of the world, which would cease, in the majority of cases, if treated with becoming disregard.

Fraternal co-operation will succeed to selfish competition for some plain reasons.

1. Competition is non-adjusting. It is in vain that certain philosophers tell us that there is a compensation in human affairs. There may be, but compensation is not justice. That there are six ounces in one scale and twelve in another is an instance of compensation existing. But till the weights are equalised there is no true balance. So it is in society. There are the extremes of plethoric wealth and utter destitution: the superfluity in one class compensates for the want in the other, but a greater equilibrium of means would argue more justice. Nor does competition betray any symptom of self-adjustment. When Mr. Mill suggests that the laws should lean to distribution, rather than to accumulation, it is proposing to find a negative influence to competition, which it does not possess in itself.

2. Competition is discordant. All who love peace must dislike competition, which initiates all strife. Harmony of sentiment, which makes the joy of life, requires harmony of position. The very profession of good will cannot be made without conscious hypocrisy, while each man is awaiting the last gasp of some other for *his* opportunity of rising. This is not universally the case, but it is of such daily occurrence around us that present life has an impressive sadness in it.

3. Competition is ungenerous. It forces a selfish sentiment upon men. No man of generous nature, if successful, can contemplate his success in life without painful emotion, when he sees at what cost to others and to himself his success has been purchased. It leaves enterprise without a noble stimulus, when wealth can be contemplated but with partial satisfaction.

Competition brings neither Justice, Harmony, nor Satisfaction, and it is on these accounts, and not on mere caprice, that such continual appeals are presented against it.

It is no answer to these protests to allege that association has violent advocates.

This certainly is not true in England. Whether the true reasons of pacific change have or have not been generally understood, they have been acted on. And Cabet, who in France the nearest approaches to Mr. Owen in his views, has met the same fate, at the hands of the fighting republicans of Paris, that the friends of Mr. Owen formerly met at the hands of the Chartists of England. Louis Blanc too always proposed to proceed by the *consent* of the workmen in all organisation of labour—and indeed he who seeks to realise harmony will cleave to persuasion as the essential means of its attainment. None knows better than the Associationist that force is fatal to his hopes.

The reason that society has found antagonism displayed in the exposition of associative theories, has been owing to the partial exposition made by different classes, regardless of the existence of other classes. The *Voice of the People*, by Mr. Knight, was but the voice of the *comfortable* people seeking to keep so, and the 'Organisation of Labour' is the voice of the uncomfortable people seeking to improve, to get comfortable. And the antagonism between them results less from ill will than from overlooking the claims of each upon the other. The standard of association is no red flag of mere revolt—no black flag of plunder.

Those who tell us that the friends of associative theories are either anarchists or thieves libel them to falsehood's fullest extent. Whoever has looked over the commotions on the continent with discerning eyes agrees with 'M.,' in the *Examiner*, that the revolts have been not so much against law and order as in favour of more law and too much order, according to political economy. Nor has it been in favour of plunder, but against plunder. Many of the vituperative advocates of property talk very much as though they had but one notion of property—viz., of their own. Hear the language of the artizan, and mark in what words he couches his complaints :—

'But when I talk of my property,' says he, 'the House of Commons laugh at my property. But I tell them that my labour is my property, and that it has as much right to protection as the rich man's acres or 3 per cents. They tell me it is protected. Yes. The *fruits* are so well protected that I cannot get at them when I have produced them.'

No, it is not Property against which the protest is entered, it is Poverty. So far from assailing riches, I would that all men were rich. Riches are signs of the victories of man over natural necessities. To riches we owe civilisation, the arts, and that noble leisure by which science is advanced. The protest is not against the rich, but the poor. The poor claim the power of attaining to competence by their industry.

As property is accumulated, let it be distributed more among its creators than now.

If any one tell you that you can grow rich otherwise than by toil and thrift, do not listen to him; he is an incendiary. This is Franklin repeated by Chevalier. But men *do* grow rich without toil or thrift, and it is against this facility that the voice of awakening Labour protests.

To distribute (not to destroy) property is the aim of the associationist. And to secure it, by making its foundation just, is his mode of procedure.

We do not assail the right to property (if we understand by it the reward of labour), we seek to *extend* it.

To destroy the idea of property is to ruin the first hopes of association in the transition state. Let those, therefore, who would not disorganise society, not indulge in calumnies which can only end in debauching the public judgment.

That form of religion now recognised as Christian was once confounded with

atheism. Property, like alarmed Superstition, discriminates nothing, but hurls its diatribes at random.

Let Property beware whom it stigmatises. Men robbed of reputation for honour, grow to be careless about a good name, and learn the vices imputed to them. It is certainly coming to this in France.

When it is well with the working classes it will be well with the state, and it will not be well with the state till then.

The propaganda of association asks for a social government.

By a Social Government it means a government which shall guarantee the means of subsistance to all *industrious* citizens. Idleness may die—capacity may attain to opulence—but industry should have the means of living, otherwise the state is not the Parent of the People whom it abandons to destitution, and order is menaced and civilisation is contradicted.

What it demands of government is under the condition of the possible and the just. Now society can and ought to give to the destitute workman both education and capital.

Education is necessary to free him from the slavery of ignorance—Capital to free him from the fetter by which otherwise his productive power is bound. With Education and Capital, the rest may be left to the individual, to his application, and his native aptitudes.

It advocates Association as the means of security to the state for the return *of* its capital. From wise Association, based on Agriculture and Manufactures, will issue Fraternity and Competence.

In the words of Lamennais—'Enfranchise Labour: free labour, master of itself, will be master of the world.'

These ideas of the claims of Labour have not been invented. They have arisen in the necessity of human affairs: and they are to be accepted as revelation-signs of man's progress. They were born with Plato, but they took no root down to the days of More, who re-echoed them. The manufacturing condition of society has furnished the soil in which at last they fructify.

I shall proceed further in this matter. The first steps to association are to clear away the dust of ignorance and the prejudice of interest, which prevent the question being seen clearly. I shall further define what we would have done by the State, and not hesitate to fix in such precise terms as my convictions admit of what the succeeding steps should be. I have explained that the present system, after all the eulogies pronounced in its favour, wants the element of Harmony, of Self-Rectification, of Satisfaction. I have vindicated Associative doctrines from some misunderstandings. (I foresee that some of my opinions will again be pronounced heretical—but let it be understood that the danger to a strong unity does not lie in variation in statement, but in setting up a narrow absolutism, by which all individualty of conception is branded as heresy. But the application of this error ought not to deter any one, and shall not deter me.) 'Two elements,' once said Guizot, 'seem to be comprised in the great *fact* which we call *civilisation*. Two circumstances are necessary to its existence; it lives upon two conditions; it reveals itself by two symptoms—*the progress of society and the progress of individuals*. The amelioration of the social state, and the expansion of the mind and faculties of man.' We have no civilisation answering to this description. It is that which associationists seek, and to which humanity will certainly attain. The factory child at the mill, crippled and pale—the mechanic at the bench, toil-worn and hopeless—the peasant, rude as the clods he

breaks, and little removed from the beast he drives—the tramp, footsore and scorned—the destitute, without bread or spirit—cry, with a voice which all the din of affluence cannot drown, the present state of things *ought* to last no longer.

Ion.

PHILIP OF NYE AND LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.

Sir,—My reason for addressing you on this subject is simply this. I saw in the *Bradford Observer*, the other day, a lecture on 'Liberty of Conscience,' delivered by the Rev. J. Glyde. 'The occasion of the lecture was to introduce to the Bradford public Herbert's Historical Painting of "Philip of Nye asserting Liberty of Conscience in the Westminster Assembly of Divines."' Feeling interested in the subject, I read the lecture, when, to my great sorrow, I found that Philip of Nye merely advocated liberty of conscience for some sects of Christians, or for Christians generally—for there is a point disputed on this matter—and not liberty of conscience *for all men*, whether Christians or not. The following is an extract from the lecture:—'Mr. Glyde then referred to a tract, published in Bradford, in which the writer denied that Philip Nye had ever uttered the words ascribed to him by Dr. Massie—"I solemnly and distinctly proclaim, as a principle we hold, that by the command of God, the magistrate is discharged to put the least discourtesy on any man—Turk, Jew, Papist, or Socinian, or any religion whatever—for his religious belief;" and asserted that the five Independents in the Assembly did not contend for "*full* liberty of conscience," but, like the seven bishops, they contended chiefly for themselves, not going beyond toleration. There was some truth in this statement, Mr. Glyde remarked, but a great deal of error. It was not at all true that Nye and his companions contended only for themselves. Undoubtedly they were contending, not only for the liberties of themselves, but for the liberties of every class of their fellow-christians. Mr. Glyde readily admitted that the words, which had been attributed to Philip Nye, had never been uttered by him; but he did maintain that he had contended for "liberty of conscience" *to every class of Christians.*'

But why, Mr. Editor, was not liberty of conscience demanded by the said Philip for all men, whether Turks, Jews, Atheists, or what not? Simply, I imagine, because those men who are commanded to think no evil of any man, suppose that no one without the pale of Christianity can have a conscience. The lecturer concluded in the following strain: 'The battle [of liberty of conscience] is not yet finished. It has assumed another form. It still remains to be fought. It is a battle against error—Anti-Christian error; against oppression—Anti-Christian oppression. We are to seek the separation of the Church from the State. We are to seek the separation of one from the other, in order that the spirit of the Church may ever freely flow into the State. It is by an unnatural union that Church and State are both associated. When they shall assume their proper relation to one another, the Church shall impart to the State far more sanctifying and living power than it possibly can while united to it as now. This is the mission to which we are called. This is our struggle. We see here the men that call us to this struggle. In dependence on God, and with an earnest desire that the truth shall shine more fully on us, *let it be carried on with the largest charity for those who differ from us*—in the spirit of the Christian and beautiful prayer of the dying Oliver, that "God would pardon those who sought to trample on the dust of a poor worm, for *they* are *thy* people too."' Well, sir, are *we* not *his* people, and the work of *his* hands—even though we have doubts on the subject—equally as much as these men who are continually clamoring for liberty of con-

science for themselves, forgetful or indifferent of the right to a like possession by others? We are *all* made, they say, 'in the image of our father,' our differences of opinion notwithstanding.

You may, perhaps, remind me that 'one swallow does not make a summer,' nor one fact prove a rule; I know that, Mr. Editor, and should not have been so bold as to address you on the subject but that I had another fact of a similar character with which to support my opinion. In a nearly contemporaneous number of the *Manchester Guardian* was a report of a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, the whole of the speakers at which harped upon the one string of the numerous temptations by which young men engaged in mercantile pursuits were surrounded, and of the hourly danger they were in unless they had embraced and practised Christianity. Meaning, of course, that men without Christianity had no restraining motives or principles to preserve them from dishonesty, lewdness, drunkenness, or any other vice—in other words, that *they had no consciences.* The chairman (Mr. James Carlton) said 'he had the highest opinion as to the necessity and value of the association; for he came to Manchester early in life, and was thrown upon the world, and he feared his connections at that time were not such as were calculated to lead to benefit.' The Rev. R. Fletcher said, 'The thing which pleased him most, in connection with the society, was its decidedly Christian tone.' Mr. Alderman Neil 'considered it to be the duty of employers to throw their might into the scale—not only as employers, but as Christian men; and he regretted to have heard what he had that evening, with regard to the indifference of some of them as to the moral and religious state of those in their employ. This was a mistake in an interested point of view, because the value of servants of moral and religious principles, compared with those of a contrary character, all employers of experience could appreciate.' The Rev. W. L. Thornton 'would not argue that religion was a far greater boon than any other blessing; it appeared to him that any elaborate statement of that kind would rather disparage religion, for it was not to be put in comparison with any other blessing.' The Rev. Canon Stowell stated that 'If masters knew their own interests, Christian young men would be quite at a premium; a servant would not be selected because he was a clever, sharp man; but because he was a pious and a Christian man.'

Well, Mr. Editor, do you think I have proved my case? You see that, in the opinion of all the speakers, morals and religious belief were invariably connected. It was laid down as an axiom, that a man who was not a Christian could not be a valuable servant. He might be sharp and clever, may have a peculiar aptitude for his profession or employment; but if he be wanting in religious belief, his talents are but as 'sounding brass or tinkling cymbals.' The requisites in a servant are—honesty and ability; and it was insisted upon at this meeting that for a man to be honest, he must be religious, he must be a Christian. If he is talented but not religious, he is clever but not honest; and it is better that he should be incapable and religious, than that he should be capable and irreligious; or without religion. So you see that, in the opinion of this meeting, it was held that religion and honesty, want of religion and dishonesty, are convertible terms. This is the general belief of Christians, and I am sorry they don't know us better; but it helps to explain why they do not ask for liberty of conscience for others as well as for themselves—they consider it a perfectly needless task, being convinced that we have no consciences.

SENTINEL.

P.S.—Whilst engaged in writing this I was applied to by a friend to act as arbitrator in a dispute between him and a society of which Mr. Ruffy is secretary,

and many of the members of which, in this town at least, are Chartists; I consented, but no sooner was my name announced to the society, than it was objected by some that I could not be considered to be a conscientious and upright judge, because I did not believe in a God! 'What everybody says must be true'—is it so, Mr. Editor?

Bristol. S.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AND LOUIS BLANC.

THE only occasion upon which the principle of association was alluded to in the last session of Parliament, was one upon which Sir Robert Peel, in referring to the proceedings in France, made the following observations; and, although they were applied to plans differing greatly in their details from any that have been advocated in this country, yet he attempted to overthrow a principle common to all systems of associations based upon sympathy and mutual aid for the general good, in lieu of competition:—

'With respect to social principles,' remarked Sir Robert Peel, 'I must say this, that I hope the working classes of this country will not be deluded by the doctrines that are held upon that subject which intimately concerns their labour and the wages of labour. If the doctrines that are there maintained be true—if there be, indeed, an antagonism between capital and labour—if it be true that all men without reference to their different capabilities, different strength, and different capacities, are to have some iron formula applied to them, and all to receive the same daily wages—if these things be true, then all the experience and all the lights of the last 150 years have existed in vain. Let us burn the works of Turgot, Say, and Adam Smith. Let us establish in triumph the doctrines of the Mississippi scheme; let us recognise as successful those doctrines which are supposed to have involved France in misery and confusion. Let us wait for the results of this experiment. Let us calmly contemplate whether it is possible that executive governments can be great manufacturers—whether it be possible for them to force capital to employ industry—whether they can contravene the decrees of Providence, and reduce all men, without reference to habits or strength, to receive the same wages. For God's sake, give that social principale the same fair trial as you are about to see given to political principle. But I do earnestly trust—I have that confidence in the good sense of the working classes of this country—that they will believe that no false delusion of the compulsory sharing of profits—no enmity directed against capital—no distinction of competition among individuals—no overpowering of individual enterprise by government undertakings at the public expense—can possibly be for the benefit of the working classes, or have any other ultimate result than involving them in misery and ruin.....It would be a shameful suppression of truth, without arrogating to ourselves too much of the liberty of speech, not to predict fatal consequences to those social experiments now in progress in other countries.'

It would be scarcely possible for any one who has watched the proceedings of Louis Blanc, and more especially for those who have read his 'Organisation du Travail,' not to perceive that neither his theory nor practical experiments, however imperfect incipient attempts of necessity may be, could by any possibility lead to the wild speculations of the Mississippi scheme, or have any tendency in that direction. I am by no means an advocate for political governments taking these experiments in hand; although, when we find what success attends the discipline and appointments of an army, and the complicated difficulties of warlike operations —when we witness the simplicity and extensive machinery employed in the transit

of letters—I am not prepared to decide that Governments would be unable to appoint competent directors of comprehensive industrial undertakings. Though a veteran politician, Sir Robert Peel is but a young disciple in his newly-adopted school of political economy. I do not agree with him that 'all the experience and all the lights of the last 150 years have existed in vain,' for an infinity of mischief has been the result; and if the works of Turgot, Say, and Adam Smith are to be burned, let us hope that those of many of our contemporaries and more modern disciples in the same school may also be consigned to the funeral pyre. There will, at least, be one book left to teach us a sound and everlasting principle of social economy; one that declares that, 'if we train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it.'—*Letter by J. M. Morgan, to Lord Ashley.*

PRIZE ESSAYS ON INFIDELITY—EXAMINATION OF THE ANNOUNCEMENT.

SURELY a Prize Season has set in. The following announcement is to be read in the advertising columns of various religious papers :—

'The Committee of the Southern Division of the British Organisation, in connection with the Evangelical Alliance, have appointed the following members of the Organisation Adjudicators of the prizes already announced.

'One Hundred Pounds Prize for the Best Essay on "Infidelity" (whether British or foreign), "its various aspects and modes of operation"—the competition open to persons of all classes.

'Rev. T. R. Brooke, Rector of Avening, Gloucestershire.

'Rev. Dr. Jenkyn (F.G.S.) Coward College.

'Rev. Prof. Lorimer, English Presbyterian College.

'Twenty Pounds Prize for the Best Essay, Fifteen Pounds for the Second Best Essay, on the "Principles and Operations of Infidelity among the Working Classes"—the competition limited to persons of those classes.

'Rev. Dr. Sterne, Camberwell, principal Editor of "Evangelical Christendom."

'Rev. Edward Craig, A.M., Minister of St. James's Chapel, Clerkenwell.

'Rev. George Scott, Wesleyan Minister, Westminster.

'The Essays for the £100 Prize to be sent in not later than March 1, 1850; the Working Men's Essays not later than 1st of August next; to the care of Rev. W. Bevan, 7, Adam Street, Strand, London, to whom all communications are to be addressed.'

This is a very gratifying announcement, as it indicates an earnest disposition to deal with a large and difficult question. If the British Organisation are disposed to be a little more explicit on the matter, we may send, or cause to be laid before them, some information from the right quarter. If they merely want inflated horror at 'Infidelity,' or stale diatribes against it, or such conjectures about it as are heard from pulpits and read in Evangelical newspapers—they may just as well keep their money, for they will take nothing by such motions.

We should like to obtain a few answers to some obvious questions which this advertisement suggests. Will some party, able to speak officially, reply? Is it too much to ask for a few words of explanation? If not, we should say:—

1. With respect to the first prize of £100: he whose essay treats equally well on 'British *and* foreign' infidelity, will have the best chance. Will he not? This is necessary to be known, because he who could only treat of British infidelity would not find it worth his while to enter into a competition where the preference will be given to those who can add the foreign element.

2. With respect to the competition for both prizes, will it be arranged that the names of the Competitors will remain unknown to the adjudicators till after the adjudication? If not, it is in vain to say that the competition is open to 'all classes' in the first instance, or to 'all persons of the working classes,' as the terms seem to imply, in the second instance. We know some whose names would, we fear, be fatal to their candidature, whatever might be the merit of their essays.

3. Is it enough to point out 'the various aspects and modes of operation' of Infidelity in the first instance—and is it enough to point out the 'Principles and Operations of Infidelity among the Working Classes' in the second instance? If this be simply done in both instances, will the prizes be awardable? Or is it not intended, though not expressed, that the writer shall also point out the modes of *counteracting* the 'Infidelity' he may describe? An infidel might pen such essays as are described in the announcement. An infidel could describe the 'various aspects and modes of operation of infidelity.' An infidel could describe, and we think best describe, the 'Principles and Operations of Infidelity among the Working Classes.' Yet if it should appear, or be suspected, that any essay forwarded was from the pen of an infidel, would his chance of receiving the prize be unaffected thereby, if his essay was equal to any other essay in other respects?

4. Will all rejected Essays be returnable to the writers?

We ask these questions because, as the announcement now stands, it is more open, liberal, and unsectarian, than anything we are prepared to expect from any section of the British Organisation of the Evangelical Alliance. We assume that the announcement is to be construed as it will stand when our questions are answered in the affirmative. If not, we must consider that it is so expressed as to leave infidels to infer that they are included in 'persons of all classes' when they are not so included; and that by this ambiguity, the British Organisation will be able to avail themselves of any efforts of Infidels, without the liability of awarding them any prize.

We are not willing to believe that the proposers of these prizes have descended to this manœuvre, as it would imply that they are not in a state to attempt the work they have undertaken. If they have not intended so to act, will they communicate to us their views with more explicitness? If they will not, how can they expect to convert people on whose behalf they will hold no friendly and respectful communication? We shall forward a copy of these queries to the Rev. W. Bevan.

In the whole range of theological writers, so far as known to us, none have stated the case of the 'Infidel' with fairness—and without fairness of statement nothing can be usefully known respecting his tenets. Dr. Chalmers made the nearest approach to exact justice to his opponents of any theologian with whom we are acquainted. But no Dr. Chalmers remains, or none likely to compete for these prizes. As a Christian would state his own case better than any other person, Turk or Pagan—so an infidel would be more likely to throw light upon his tenets and modes of operation than a Catholic or Evangelical would. We presume, therefore, that the 'British Organisation' intend to take the essays of that class most concerned in this matter. G. J. Holyoake.

THE MODESTY OF ABULGASI.

Mr. Cooper hands us a curious extract he made some time ago from Chalmers's Biog. Dict., vol. I. Abulgasi was born in 1605, at Urgeus, the capital of Kharasm. He reigned twenty years, and then resigned his throne to his son, Anuscha Moh.

Bay. Khan, in order to devote the remainder of his life to the service of God. He began his history in his retreat, and enjoined his son to finish it, which he did. Abulgasi is the only Tartar historian known to Europeans. His MS. was purchased by some Swedish officers, prisoners in Siberia, who had it translated nto Russian. Count Straplenberg translated it into German; and a French translation was published at Leyden, 1726, 12mo. Martiniere, says Moreri, has copied it almost entirely in *his* Geographical Dictionary.

It is not necessary to say one word in praise of this historian, Abulgasi, who has a talent for speaking of himself. I will not detain the reader from one who may be taken as the model of complacency. It is not often that a Tartar is caught of this stamp. Abulgasi thus speaks of matters celestial, terrestrial, and personal:—

'There is but one God; and before him none other did ever exist, as after him no other will be. He formed seven heavens, seven worlds, and eighteen creations. By him, Mohammed, the friend of God, was sent, in quality of his prophet, to all mankind. It is under His auspices that I, Abulgasi Bayatur Khan, have taken in hand to write this book. My father, Arœp Mohammed Khan, descended in a direct line from Zingis Khan, and was before me sovereign prince of the country of Kharasm. I shall treat in this book of the house of Zingis Khan, and of its origin—of the places where it was established—of the kingdoms and provinces it conquered, and to what it arrived at last. It is true that, before me, many writers, both Turks and Persians, have employed their pens on this subject; and I have in my own possession eighteen books of these several authors, some of which are tolerably well composed. But, perceiving that there was much to correct in many places of these books, and, in other places, a number of things to be added, I thought it necessary to have a more accurate history: and especially as our countries are very barren in learned writers, I find myself obliged to undertake this work myself. And, notwithstanding that before me no khan has thought proper to take this trouble upon him, the reader will do me the justice to be persuaded that it is not from a principle of vanity that I set up for an author, but that it is necessity alone that prompts me to meddle in this matter; that, if I were desirous of glorying in any thing, it could, at most, be only in that conduct and wisdom which I hold as the gift of God, and not from myself. For, on one hand, I understand the art of war as well as any prince in the world, knowing how to give battle equally well with few troops as with numerous armies, and to range both my cavalry and my infantry to the best advantage. On the other hand, I have a particular talent at writing books in all sorts of languages, and I know not whether any one could easily be found of greater ability than myself in this species of literature—except, indeed, in the cities of Persia and India; but, in all the neighbouring provinces of which we have any knowledge, I may venture to flatter myself that there is nobody that surpasses me either in the art of war or in the science of good writing; and as to the countries that are unknown to me, I care nothing about them. Since the flight of our holy prophet to the day that I began to write this book, there have elapsed 1074 years (1663, A.D.) I call it "A Genealogical History of the Tartars;" and I have divided it into nine parts, in conformity with other writers, who universally hold this number in particular regard.'

THE ANCIENTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

Most of our readers have heard of the Smithsonian Institution in America. The first work which has been issued in its name is that of Squiers and Davis, referred to recently. Of the striking revelations which it makes, some idea may

be formed from the language in which the *Ethnological Journal* speaks of it. 'The first hasty perusal of this important work convinced us that the monuments of the Mississippi Valley were the relics of a great civilised people, and of a most ancient era; nor have our subsequent reflections tended in the least to shake this conviction. On the contrary, the more we have examined the subject the more have our first impressions been confirmed. Our later conclusions have differed in no respect from our earlier ones, except in being more advanced. In the first instance we discovered a new people, their general nature and condition, their relative position in time, and their rank among the races of man. At present, we further recognise the possibility of giving this people a history, and distinctly perceive this history dividing itself into three great eras, and extending over a long series of ages. Each of these eras is marked by differences in social development, in the progress of art and science, and in the very nature of the races inhabiting the country. The first era of this history stretches far out into the night of time, leaving it as yet uncertain whether some of its mounds be not the very oldest monuments of human labour at present existing upon the earth. These mounds reveal to us the presence of the great Intellectual family of man—a series of races foreign to the American continent, and the same who have been the originators and propagators of civilisation in every region of the earth: in a word, a series of fair races, the highest portion of what is usually denominated the Caucasian variety of man. Nor are we dependant upon mere inferences and *a priori* reasonings for these conclusions. The monuments of the second era furnish us even with the portraits of this Intellectual family, at the same time that it shows us to be then mingled with the warrior tribes which have left their impress upon every region of the American continent. Even without these portraits, the presence of this latter race would be sufficiently evident from the numerous fortresses with which the country was studded in this second era.

'The first era was predominantly a sacerdotal, and probably, on the whole, a pacific one; the second presents us with a more complicated social condition. There were now warrior, as well as priestly, aristocracies, large towns and fortresses, a bustling mercantile and agricultural population, and all the evidences of a more advanced, but doubtless also a less happy, civilisation. The third era was comparatively brief. The seat of empire had advanced towards Central America; and at this time the region of the Ohio may have been but a subject province. At all events, long before the erection of any of the great stone works of Mexico or Yucatan, the night of barbarism had descended upon the Upper Mississippi. Thousands of years have elapsed since then—the oldest empires of history have arisen and perished—and even empires of which only tradition speaks, have flourished and passed away. In a word, antiquity had closed in the valley of the Ohio, before the names of Nimrod, or Ninus, or Menes had been heard among them.'

The work on which these remarks have been written is the one which we announced as being to be had on loan from our publisher at a nominal charge. Chapman's edition of Strauss is still to be had as before stated.

UNIVERSALITY OF NATURE.

'After Europe has changed its language "ten times," the terms of the material revelation are unaltered. Does Africa jabber in a thousand ruleless languages? Does Asia forsake her venerable tongue? Is America the modern Babel, forming a new race of languages from the refuse of the old families? Nature

changes not *hers;* she owns no authority, she suffers no provincialism in her universal speech. The larks now carol the same song, and in the same key, as when Adam first tuned his enraptured ear to catch the moral. The owl first hooted in B flat—and it still loves the key, and screams through no other octaves. In the same key has ever ticked the death-watch; while all the three noted chirps of the cricket have ever been in B, since Tubal Cain first heard them in his smithy, or the Israelites in their ash-ovens. Neither has the buzz of the gnat risen above the second A, nor that of the house-fly's wing sunk below the first F.

'Sound had at first the same connection with colour as it has now, and the right angle of life's incident might as much produce a sound on the first turrets of Cain's city, as it is now *said to do* on one of the Pyramids. The tulip, in its first bloom in Noah's garden, emitted heat four and a half degrees above the atmosphere, as it does at the present day. The stormy petrel as much delighted to sport among the first billows which the Indian ocean ever raised as it does now. In the first migration of birds they passed from north to south, and fled over the narrowest parts of the sea, as they will next autumn. The cuckoo and the nightingale first began their song together, analogous to the beginning of our April, in the days of Nimrod. Birds that lived on flies laid bluish eggs in the days of Joseph, as they will two thousand years hence, if the sun should not fall from his throne, or the earth not break her harness from the planetary car. The first bird that was caged oftener sung *in adagia* than its natural spirit.

Corals have ever grown edgeways to the ocean stream. 8,280,000 animalculæ could as well live in a drop of water in the days of Seth as in ours. All flying insects had on their coat of mail in the days of Japhet, over which ever waved the plumes of more gaudy feathers than the peacock ever dropped. The bees that afforded Eve her first honey, made their combs hexagonal; and the first horse-fly produced 20,080,329 eggs in one year, as she does at present. The first jump of the first flea was two hundred times its own length, as it was the last summer. That concubinal sinner, the ursine sloth, who scorns at all the anathemas against polygamy, kept ten wives before Moses was born, as he will when we are forgotten. There was iron enough in the blood of the first forty-two men to make a ploughshare, and there is to-day, from whatever country or men you select. The lungs of Abel contained a coil of vital matter one hundred and fifty feet square as mine; and the first inspiration of Adam consumed seventeen inches of air as do those of every adult reader. The rat and the robin followed the footsteps of Noah as they do ours.'

[Bayley, who is the author of this passage, adopts the Biblical chronology; but that in no way affects his illustrations of the uniformity of material operations.]

DYING SPEECH OF AN OLD PHILOSOPHER.

The *Examiner* gave recently, by W. S. L., the following lines as the 'Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher':—

I strove with none, for none were worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to Nature—Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks; and I am ready to depart.

Illustrative Notices.

THE new series of the *People's Press* is issued at a less price than formerly. It now constitutes a penny Chambers. Col. Johnson is a constant contributor. The present series has contained the history of the Italian Question, by W. J. Linton, and there are other consecutive papers of value.

The *Odd-Fellows' Chronicle* continues to sustain its official and public interest. It is perhaps the best society's organ issued from the press, it is so free from the peculiarities of a confraternity.

The *Zoist*, No. XXV., contains an introduction to the seventh volume, by Dr. Engledue—if we rightly interpret the well-known initials 'L. E. G. E.' There is also a very characteristic notice, by Dr. Elliotson, 'on the conduct of Professors Miller and Simpson, of Edinburgh.'

The *Ethnological Journal*, No. XI., announces that its next appearance will be in an enlarged Quarterly form.

D'Arvieux (vol. 1, page 358) attributes an extraordinary kind of atheism to the Druses. 'They acknowledge,' he says, 'that there was a God once, but they affirm that after he had created heaven and earth, he was blown away by a high wind, which carried him so far off that there has been no news of him since.' I knew a philosopher who held an opinion not less whimsical, and directly the reverse of this. He was perfectly satisfied that there is no God at present, but he believed there would be one by and by; for, as the organisation of the universe perfected itself, a universal mind, he argued, would be the result. This he called the system of progressive nature. He explained it to me with great zeal when we were walking over the very ground, where, thirteen years afterwards, the battle of Cenimaa was fought. Light lie the earth upon him! he was a kind-hearted man, and all his wishes were for the welfare and improvement of mankind; but it had been well for him if his other intellectual vagaries had produced as little mischief as his system of progressive nature.—The above is copied from a volume published in 1812, by Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, Paternoster Row, entitled 'Omniana, or Horo Otiosiores.'

['It is to be regretted,' says my correspondent (Dr. M.), 'that the writer of the article taken from the "Omniana" has not given the name of his friend—this philosopher—this well-wisher to mankind, as he is designated. According to the anecdote, it is now about half a century since the conversation took place, and such has been the advance of progressive nature, that at present we witness the intellectual powers of man subduing the elements of the universe; the agency of steam, with the appliances of electricity, tell us we are living only in the dawn of knowledge; the powers of the human brain are unlimited, and had this kind-hearted philosopher's life been extended to our day, he would have enjoyed the satisfaction, knowing that he did not stand alone in regard to his intellectual *vagaries*, for there are men whose names are highly associated with the discoveries of physical science, that entertain the same ideas, and who use no hesitation to proclaim them.']

Dr. Watts, speaking at a secular educational meeting at Manchester, the other day, said 'he had never been before the town as a prominent religious character'—to which the audience assented. He made some replicatory remarks on Canon Stowell, who had spoken before him, and concluded with a statistical speech—which appears to have been well received.

1. Mind is the result of organisation. Its faculties are functions executed by the whole or certain parts of the Brain. We know nothing of Mind separate from such an organ.

2. All the actions of all animals, in which there are traces of a designed effect, are proofs of Mind aiming at that effect.

3. Where the effect, and the act aiming at it, are uniform in all the individuals of a species, before experience and without instruction, we may ascribe it to Instinct.

4. Instinctive actions are, to a certain extent, common to man with every other class of sentient beings.

5. Many of the actions of animals are not instinctive, but the results of perception, memory, association of ideas, and voluntary determination, which are improvable, and most highly developed under the influence of man.

6. There is a great difference between Mind as it is in man and in other animals. This is seen in the progress of the human race, which depends greatly on the faculty of speech and the power to collect and record knowledge, and in the process of abstract reasoning. T. W. T.

From a volume, recently published, of curious particulars, belonging to the life of Dean Swift, the following passages are taken:—'We cannot conclude this catalogue of some of the curiosities of this collection, without quoting a portion of one manuscript rhyme of ninety lines, the authorship of which is acknowledged "by Dean Swift," in his own hand, underneath the heading. This consists of three parts; the first is, "Advice to a Parson, an Epigram," applicable, perhaps, to that time, and consisting of but ten lines—

'Would you rise in the Church, be stupid and dull—
Be empty of learning, of insolence full;
Though light and immoral, be formal and grave;
In flattering, an artist; in fawning, a slave;
No merit, no science, no virtue is wanting
In him that's accomplished in cringing and canting.
Be studious to practice true meanness of spirit;
And who but Lord Bolton was mitred for merit?
Would you wish to be wrap'd in a rochet?—in short,
Be as gross and profane as fanatical H——t.'

'An Epigram on seeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the time of Divine Service, to wait on His Grace the Duke of Dorset, on his coming to Town:—

'Lord Pain in the church (could you think it?) kneel'd down,
When told that the Duke was just come to town—
His station despising, unaw'd by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on His Grace.
To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordship's promotion.'

The *Stamford Mercury* announces the retirement of the Rev. T. W. Were, from the curacy of Glinton, on account of the 'insufficiency of the stipend (£50 a-year). The living, worth nearly £400 a-year, is held by a high dignitary in the West of England, at the head of the commission for inquiring into church abuses.'

In the Gaeta of the Buddhists there is this fine sentiment the deity is supposed to speak—'Those that serve even other Gods with a firm belief in doing so involuntarily worship me, for *I am He* who partaketh of all worship—and *I am their Reward.*'

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

April 11, 1849.

IF YOU WILL EMIGRATE, DO NOT GO TO THE SLAVE STATES.

It is an ungracious task to speak in the language of caution about Emigration, so many persons are interested in it whose judgments it is painful to question. Yet a word or two of suggestion is sometimes acknowledged to be useful in the end. In the *Movement* I advised the Venezuelan emigrants to take the precaution of reserving enough money to bring them back in case they met with serious disappointment, as otherwise they would be *self-transported*. The remark was the subject of objectionable comment at the time. Yet when many of the poor fellows were dying in the tropics, they remarked to each other (as I have been told by some survivors) that my recommendation was not so much out of place as they thought. There is a consideration very palpable, yet which is too much overlooked, touching emigration schemes. Many persons speculate in land abroad, and then come to England to induce persons to settle upon it. Many are the schemers of this kind, and it is easy to collect credulous people in England, Scotland, or Ireland, ready to grasp at every offer—and the more distant and cloudy, the more attractive. Therefore, I never undertake to decide for 'An Emigrant.' The decision must be his own, where the responsibility will be so. This observation I made some time ago, in another place. One of more experience and authority, Mr. Archibald Prentice, of Manchester, has just warned the public of that town (*Examiner and Times*, No. 43,) 'against being, under pretence of affording facilities to emigrants, deceived by a set of adventurers, who, having obtained possession of great tracts of land in Texas, are now using the English press to make the tide of emigration flow to their acres. Texas has not one single qualification which Illinois and Iowa does not possess; and it has the CURSE OF SLAVERY entailed upon it. It was iniquitously "annexed," expressly in order that it might become a market for the slave-breeding states of Virginia and Kentucky. Let the working man be especially on his guard. *Labour is not honoured in any of the slave states.* The man who works with the slave shares in the slave's degradation. My advice to all emigrants is not to buy an inch of land till they see it. There is abundance of good land and cheap in the free states, and *it is only in free states where property advances in value.*' I quite agree with Mr. Prentice in this matter. For myself I think emigration is more to be regretted than desired. When it can be undertaken for cosmopolitan ends it is a creditable resolution, but the men who go from the necessities of English affairs ought rather to stay at home and correct the evils, instead of flying from them. G. J. H.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH SOCIALISM.

A correspondent in Paris writes—'There is a great difference between our Socialism and what generally goes by that name here, and after what has come of it I think we can hardly be too careful to keep them distinct. English Socialism has nothing to gain and every thing to lose by getting mixed up with or answering for the more violent sort which prevails on the continent. Socialism of the most respectable, rational, and enlightened description has quite difficulties and odium enough to encounter, and should therefore be like Cæsar's wife, not only pure, but above suspicion.'

TRUE REVOLUTIONS.

The only true revolutions are the *revolutions of ideas*. All the other movements that agitate mankind necessarily flow from them. A revolution is a step taken by the human mind in the search after truth. To condemn revolutions is therefore to condemn human nature and its perfectibility; to oppose them is to fight against the nature of things and the laws of providence. Such an attempt would be immoral and wicked, were it understood by those who make it; but it is always impotent. It is impossible to prevent that which is fatal (necessary and unavoidable), and the course of the moral world is not less so than that of the physical world.—*Jouffroy*.

REASONER FUND.

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THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTE, John-st., Fitzroy-square.—April 15, (7) Mr. Thomas Shorter, 'The Separation of Church and State.'

DEBATING HALL, 1A, Webber Street, Blackfriars Road.—April 15, (7) Mr. C. Southwell, 'Day of Judgment.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—April 15, (7) Thomas Cooper, 'Administration and Character of the Rt. Hon. William Pitt.'

FINSBURY HALL, Bunhill Row.—April 16, (9½) Mr. A. B. Stevens, 'The Wars of England.'

THE SPIRIT THAT COULD NOT ALWAYS MOURN.

Methought I saw Time, the Reaper of old,
Go forth on his mission of dread:
His visage was grim and heartlessly cold,
And swung he his scythe with an arm so bold,
That a thousand hopes lay dead.

And there was a gentle and meek-eyed child,
Alway smiling in smiles of mirth;
No cloud had e'er passed o'er her brow so mild,
And Fancy had only so far beguiled
As to paint this a happier earth.

Full many a dream, as fleeting as fair,
Was swept by the Conqueror's blade;
Yet still, as I watched, did her sweet face wear
That hopeful expression, unaltered by care,
As if Time had forgotten the maid.

Wond'ring, I thought on this mystery long—
That smiles should grow up amid tears;
Till her lips, as I gazed, were moved in song,
And floated in music these thoughts along—
The secret that brightened her years:

They tell us that summer-grown pleasures of Earth,
With the frost-work of care will grow hoary;
That the sunshine of gladness to shadows gives birth,
And that life is a sorrowful story.

Though with briars and blossoms our pathway is spread,
And grief must be mingled with gladness;
Yet to hopelessly mourn over one flower dead,
Or to *search* for the thorns, must be madness.

So long as night's gloom is succeeded by day,
The storm by the bow brightly gleaming,
Or one flower revives that was crushed by the way,
With peace shall our faces be beaming.

National Era. W. C. TAYLOR.

EFFECTING A BALANCE OF NAVAL POWER.

[Elihu Burritt commonly addresses to the public sectarian arguments in favour of peace; he, however, is capable of other things, as the following secular reasoning shows.]

Most persons are familiar with the process by which the monkey in the fable sought to effect a balance between the two pieces of cheese which he was asked to apportion equitably between two litigant cats. All will recollect how that wily arbiter presided at the scales until he had appropriated to himself the last morsel of the cheese in dispute. We shall find the commerce of the nations wasting away, like those pieces of cheese, under the modern process of establishing a balance of naval power for its protection. One of these powers—Great Britain, for instance—constructs a commerce-defender of enormous power; or a war-steamer, called Stromboli, Styx, or Bull-dog. This fiery mastiff is not unkenneled to hunt pirates. In the application for money to build it, the Secretary of the British Navy, perhaps, referred point blank to the posture and power of France, and even hinted at her disposition to injure the commerce of Great Britain. In fact, this war-steamer is let out like a bull-dog, to thrust his nose through the fence of the English Channel, and growl a defiance at France. Well, France has not been asleep the while. She knew the purpose and argument of that war-steamer before its keel was laid. The Secretary of the French Navy has described the danger to which that nation is exposed by the power of sudden invasion or injury which that new war-ship has put into the hands of England. In all haste the keel of one to match it is laid down at Cherbourg; and, before the British mastiff has displayed his teeth for a week upon the sea, a French one of equal power is unkenneled, to show his, and growl a defiance. The two nations are now relatively just where they began. They are equally exposed to each other's invasions—perhaps more than they were before their war-steamers left the stocks. At least England has quite as much occasion to send out another sea-mastiff as she had to launch the first. So, the next year, another is turned out upon the sea, to mate its companion in watching that suspicious bull-dog of France. Of course France cannot suffer this disparity; she feels that her coasts and commerce are in greater jeopardy than ever; and, in what she calls the sheer necessity of defence, she draws more deeply upon her revenues, and sends out another mastiff, with longer teeth and stronger claws. The competition between the two countries for the purpose of *effecting a balance* of naval power, is now fairly under way. When each nation has constructed one hundred war-steamers, they are relatively just where they commenced. Is it not self-evident that, at this point, they are just as much exposed to each other's attacks, as they were before they had a single war-steamer upon the ocean? Is their commerce a whit the more secure than at the beginning of this competition for a balance of naval power to protect it? Then why, may we not ask, that the nation which launched the first war-steamer, and thus set on foot this ruinous rivalry between neighbouring countries, should lead the way in converting its steam-navy into ships of burden for the transportation of food for man and beast, or for carriers of the *penny post bag* across the ocean? E. B.

Mr. Holyoake and a Friend, for Mrs. G. White, 10s. For the widow of a late member of the Utilitarian Society, 10s.

RATIONAL SOCIETY.

Subscriptions received since last report to 6th of April, 1849:—

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INTIMATIONS.

The *Reasoner* is sent free by Post, the Quarter's Subscription 4s. 4d., on thin paper 3s. 3d., and issued in Monthly Parts and Half-yearly Volumes.

RECEIVED.—*Manchester Examiner and Times*, No. 43.—*Zoist.*—*Ethnological Journal.*—W. Mason.—F. Wilson.—J. Robinson, Liverpool. (His letter will constitute a reference.)—J. G. B. (The point of duty is clear. Fulfil the engagement to the letter: duty ought to make even suffering light. He will be acceptable.)—J. Stursaker, R. W., and D. N. remit 3s. for the Rational Society, which have been transferred to the Financial Secretary.

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EXPLANATIONS OF ASSOCIATIVE VIEWS.

Last year Prince Albert made a speech at the annual meeting of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes. His remarks were full of good feeling, but there was one royalism which escaped him, which is very significant of the society sometimes declared, in high places, to be so satisfactory. Turning round to Lord Ashley and others on the platform, Prince Albert said certain things 'were peculiarly the duty of those who, under Divine Providence enjoy station, wealth, and education.' 'Divine Providence,' in the mouth of our gracious Prince, is no doubt one of those Court phrases which, in the opinion of himself and his friends, fully explains the whole of that political arrangement whereby *their* 'lives are fallen unto them in pleasant places,' and they have a goodly heritage while so many others walk all their days in the 'dark valley of the shadow of death.' Now that is an unhealthy state of society in which 'station wealth, and education' are at the disposal of arbitrary agencies. 'Station' ought to be the reward of merit, 'wealth' ought to be the reward of industry, and 'education' ought to be the property of all. And it is to realise this species of arrangement that associative theories aim.

When out lecturing in the provinces last year, I remember going one morning to a Sunday school in Oldham to listen to a debate on the Poor Laws, by some young people. One very intelligent person insisted on the self-reliance which should be inculcated, that the working classes might learn to provide against a *rainy day*. The same speaker was in no way friendly to associative theories. An opportunity being afforded me, I explained to him that associative principles took root in society as a protest against that blindness which he was pleased to extol as the state of nature. Why should there be a 'rainy day' to any industrious and thrifty man? Did it not imply that society was a vast blundering, in which no man knew what would befal him—in which fortune went by chance, and industry and honesty as often perished as rose? By all means, do each man what he can to provide against the 'rainy day' while one threatens, but let us do something that 'rainy days' may be no more.

What Science is to Art, so Statesmanship is to Politics. The Politician tells you *what* to do, the Statesman *how* to do it. We have a thousand politicians for one statesman, because the public bestow more applause on vapour than on work. The theories of Association constitute the statesmanship of Politics, because they substitute positive measures of self-emancipation for the declamatory negations of mere political expedients.

Political Economy explains what *is*, and is silent upon what *ought* to be. It is the science of Riches and Wretchedness. It explains the laws by which both Riches and Wretchedness result in commercial society, but it does not explain how the extreme of wretchedness is to be rectified. It is at this point that the popular doctrines of association offer to aid us.

There is no scheme before the public sufficiently distinct in outline and detail, and so extensively subscribed to, as to enable any one to say—This is *the* Plan of

the Communists. But it is nevertheless easy to distinguish what it is that the two new classes, opposed to old Political Economy, want. The two new classes I refer to are the Associationists and the Communists, and they both agree in desiring to substitute a fraternal Co-operation in lieu of the selfish Competition on which society is now based.

The parties who compose these new Classes are not all persuaded of the possibility, or even the desirability, of Equality: but they all agree in this, that all Idleness should be elevated to Usefulness, and all Poverty to Competence. But let it not be supposed that this diversity of manifestation alluded to, invalidates the integrity of the associative cause. On the contrary, it demonstrates the greatness of the principle. It is as wide as the human family—it is universal in its nature—and admits, consequently, of infinite modes of realisation. It is not a creed, but a grand centre of unity, to which all men may, in their own way, direct their energies of realisation.

When Emerson was in this country, he one day spoke upon Communism. He said that this was the age of improved tools. Our young men were born, as it were, with knives in their brains, and all things were anatomised. We were surrounded by all-wonderful combinations. The mountain was bored through as if it were a plank; and the sea, instead of idly washing his waves hither and back again, was taught to bear steam-ships—to do something useful, and to *pay for his salt*. Then the idea arose, could not similar combinations be usefully made with *men?*

For himself, he said, when he considered the grim misery which was sought to be relieved, he had no heart to make flippant objections to the schemes of the Socialists, and to take the chair and judge the question. Mr. Owen, he said, had urged his views of Labour with the fidelity and devotedness of a saint. Fourier had measured the state which men should exist in, not by any soup-ticket or charity-concert standard, but by the splendours of palaces and the triumphs of artists. These men have dared to believe, in spite of all the misery around them, that such glories *will come*; and for this trust, and for the energy with which they have worked out their thoughts, they shall be justified and heard.

Communism only differs from the Association now beginning to be recognised by the press—and to which Lord Ashley and Prince Albert have given their adhesion—in this, that it is a more enlarged and comprehensive form of co-operative life.

A community is the solution of Morelly's problem—'*To find a situation in which it shall be impossible for a man to be depraved or poor.*' To frame an association, as Mr. Owen's friends attempted at Queenwood, by inagurating and governing by the sentiment of duty alone, is an immense experiment, involving great sagacity and large means. If the inmates could all be 'picked,' as Lord Brougham once judiciously advised, the thing might be realised. But to pick men is expensive. Without picking, long training is indispensable; and long training requires inexhaustible resources. A government cannot be expected to attempt so complex an experiment. It must take the most obvious course in relieving the pressing distress, before *it* can speculate on the refinement of humanity. '*Employment* and *food* are among *the first duties of governments.* The popular instinct expects to obey, to work, and be fed. If it is disappointed in this moderate expectation, it is apt to rebel, not expressly for food, but against institutions which it has no practical reason to value. Let parliaments look to hunger—it is the staple of rebellion.' In this the *Times* is right—for it is the *Times* which, some time ago, said these words. Therefore, the duty of initiating and trying

such profound experiments as Mr. Owen has contemplated, belongs to wealthy philanthropy. It is a strange and cruel anomaly in the public judgment, that men, individuals or bodies, who make only the dull elements work together—who compound gases, or adjust iron rails, or subordinate hot water into an impelling force—receive public applause, although failures innumerable mark their efforts, and hundreds of lives are sacrificed in the progress of their inventions: while, at the same time, the much more profound and humane experiment made at Queenwood some time ago—in which human nature, with all its wondrous and diversified powers, was sought to be brought into a wide and permanent harmony, and selfishness and discord banished from at least one circle of the human family—was regarded with cold indifference, or condemned with asperity; and men who never lifted hand or voice for the public good, and who never made a sacrifice for humanity in their whole lives, arrogated to themselves the right of judging and censuring the partial failure of that which they should have aided.

But never mind, the friends of association have forced upon society the recognition of its first principles, and will yet win its realisation of its higher forms. The statement of their operations, aims, and hopes, has been given by an eloquent expounder, in that work which breathes more of the genius of the writer than any other she has bequeathed to the world.* And in her words I will conclude the grounds of the confidence of the friends of association:—

'Their war is entirely intellectual, as is their mission. They address themselves to the mind, they act by the mind. It is not by armed force that any can overthrow governments organised and supported by all the means of brutal force. They wage against them a war more slow, more silent, and more profound; they attack them at the heart. They shake their bases by destroying the *blind* faith and the idolatrous respect which they seek to inspire. They cause to penetrate everywhere, and even into courts, even into the troubled and fascinated minds of princes and kings, what no one dares any longer to call the "poison of philosophy;" they destroy all their charms; they discharge from the heights of their fortress all the hot shot of burning truth and implacable reason, upon the altars and the thrones. They shall conquer; do not doubt it. In how many years, in how many days? They do not know. But their enterprise dates from such remote antiquity, it has been conducted with so much faith, stifled with so little success, resumed with so much ardour, pursued with so much enthusiasm, that it cannot fail. It has become immortal in its nature, like the immortal good it has resolved to win. Their ancestors began it, and each generation has hoped to finish it. If they did not also hope a little themselves, perhaps their zeal would be less fervent and less efficacious; but if the spirit of doubt and irony which now governs the world, should succeed in proving to them, by its cold calculations and its abusive reasonings, that they pursue a dream which can be realised only in several centuries, their conviction in the holiness of their cause would not be shaken; and because they should labour with a little more effort and a little more sorrow, they would not the less labour for the men of the future.'

Ion.

In my next Letter I shall discuss a remarkable article which has just appeared in the *Weekly Chronicle*, and afterwards reply to the Epigram of Ebenezer Elliott, on French Communism.

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* George Sand's 'Consuelo.' Boston translation.

DEFENCE OF RUSH—GOOD SENSE OF BARON ROLFE.

The Stansfield Hall assassinations have occupied a painful eminence in public attention, amid the many attrocious crimes that begin to alarm public security. Never had so great a criminal so fair a chance of escape as Rush, before he opened his mouth at the inquest and on his trial. No man could doubt his guilt who heard his attempted defence. Rush was a 'fast man,' and a most imbecile foolhardy race 'fast men' must be, judging from so fine a specimen as this. The most important points in his favour he overlooked, or seemed not to understand, and with an overwhelming weight of guilt on his conscience he evidently believed that he could conceal its ravages on the intellect. No man has ever so illustrated the fatality of guilt.

Passing from this case, which is so forbidding in its absolute depravity, we find the most fearful murders taking place around us. An age of horrors seems succeeding, and the press seems unable to account for it. We view such a sign of the times with unmixed alarm, but we think it no difficult matter to assign the fruitful cause. So much unemployed poverty among the lower orders, which for so long a time has been a melancholy feature in this country, has inured the populace to every form of misery, which is merging into utter moral insensibility; and the desperation of that competition which rages among the trading class has engendered callousness, selfishness, and depravity. Out of these elements your criminals are bred. This explanation many will reject, because they cannot detect mere want or pecuniary exigency in every particular instance of murder. There is their mistake. In the majority of cases the particular incentive to guilt has only operated on a nature depraved by previous causes. Nobody, on reflection, will be of opinion that the ultimate cause of the offence is always, or even frequently, that which creates the murderer. The disposition exists before. The murderer is already made, we fear, by society itself—and the bad temptation which better-placed and better-natured people would shrink from, causes these to fall.

In no sense do we extenuate these most fearful offences. We would have them visited by the full power of society for their repression, but we would have society look to the root of the matter. As things are at present managed, we find the causes of crime cherished as principles of the state, and punishment exhausted for their repression. In fine, a sign-post put at the beginning of the way and a gallows at the end of it.

It is not necessary that we add another word to the deserved approbation with which the conduct of Baron Rolfe on Rush's trial has been greeted by the whole country. Our laws are a strange medley of good and evil, but the chief administrators of it are the most satisfactory of all the country's officers. Our judges are incorruptible and mostly just, and comparatively language can utter no higher eulogy. No other land has such a body of judges. Conventionalities of sentiment, however, frequently appear on the bench, though not till after the occupants have discharged their duty with dignity. We allude to the language in which some of their sentences are expressed. Baron Rolfe has proved himself superior. We allude not chiefly to the felicitous language, which admitted of no improvement, in which (having the *Times* report of Rush's sentence in view) he characterised the guilt before him, making it as terrible to the public eye as it was dangerous to the public welfare. Our allusion is to his reference to Providence, which not only steered clear of the errors into which previous judges have fallen, but it seemed both to notice and to reprobate the practice which others had followed.

When Daniel Good was convicted, the judge, on that occasion, said that it was effected by Providence. Publicola ventured to suggest that it was as much a matter of Policeism as Providenceism. When Oxford was condemned for shooting at the Queen, Judge Parke it was, if we remember rightly, who ascribed the incompletion of the crime to the interference of Providence; which caused the hon. Member for Oldham to ask—'In what manner did the interference take place? Did Providence make the horses prance up, shake the assassin's arm, twist the pistol barrel, draw the charge, or damp the powder? What a judge stated as a solemn fact has no doubt been given in evidence, and the witnesses of Providence had no doubt been produced in Court.' Baron Rolfe avoided the application of these very proper queries to him, by saying—'In the mysterious dispensations of the Almighty, not only is much evil permitted, but much guilt is allowed to go unpunished. Perhaps it may be *presumptuous*, therefore, to trace in any particular crime the avenging hand of God.'

There never was a case in which the old mode of reasoning would have been better sustained than in this of Rush—but Baron Rolfe respected the better sense of the age and avoided it, and the country has not recognised his sentence as being less impressive because the 'presumptuous' course was not taken. Indeed, the terrible severity of Baron Rolfe's language was heightened by its consistency with itself, and guilt was appalled and instructed by the character of more inexorable certitude which was thus stamped on our human tribunals.

G. J. Holyoake.

THE 'NONCONFORMIST' ON MR. FOX'S SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES.

Sir,—I think the following extract from a review in the *Nonconformist* of the late publication of 'Sunday Evening Lectures,' by Mr. W. J. Fox, is well worthy the notice of your readers. It is one of the many evidences which are offered to us in the present age of the deplorable inconsistency of writers who show a great zeal for liberal sentiments in one direction, but who neutralise their power by adopting the most narrow-minded views in another.

The editor says:—'As *Sunday lectures*, we shall not be expected to approve of these addresses. We have a deep conviction, a settled faith, that man cannot live spiritually on such provision; it is a poor substitute, in our judgment, for the *nourishment prepared by God for human souls*.' Now, if this writer honestly believes this, *well and good:* he does right to state his opinion; and I, for one, should not take the trouble to argue with him as to what is the '*nourishment which God prepares for human souls*,' because, sir, I have, too, a settled faith and deep conviction of the impossibility of reasoning with men who adopt such language;* but I should certainly have held his opinion in greater respect if it had been followed up by a warning 'to the working classes, to whom these lectures are addressed,' to flee from the evil communications of the man who can only offer such wretched provender as will starve and destroy their spiritual life. To my surprise, however, I found—after a few remarks as to what should, 'in the writer's opinion,' be the theme of Sunday teaching from the pulpit—that he proceeds to laud the Sabbath-breaking lecturer and his teachings as follows:—

* At this point we dissent from our correspondent, as we have perfect confidence in the efficacy of reason on all men. Faith, like fever, is intermittent; and when the temporary aberration subsides, argument is operative.—Ed.

'Looking at the Lectures simply, we can honestly give the volume high praise. We read, with extreme satisfaction, the honest rebukes and advices of this *true friend of the people.* Such leaders the people want: not flatterers, but friends; who, while sympathising with their sorrows and maintaining their rights, yet know their weakness and errors, and dare to mention and warn against them.'

Well, one would think this was not such very bad work even for a Sunday evening; yet, just above, the editor calls it poor provision for men's souls compared with the nourishment which God provides. Now I presume that this latter consists of those dainty doctrines which are placed every Sunday before those who frequent what are called 'the Lord's houses' in this country—to wit, Adam's fall and man's universal depravity, the eternal damnation of sinners, the salvation of the few through the blood-shedding of the innocent for the guilty, the *mysteries* of the Trinity, the miraculous conception, 'the resurrection of the body,' &c., &c. Now those who minister this kind of nutrition to the people say, and quote *God's word* to prove it, that all these, and many more, points of faith must be entirely and unhesitatingly received; because in the doubt or disbelief lies man's passport to everlasting torments. They say, moreover, that the world and the things of the world must be despised and renounced, the affections transferred to things above, and unceasing prayer be offered for the miraculous power of divine grace, which alone can redeem wretched humanity from its lost and ruined condition.

Such is the nourishment prepared by God—or rather by those who assert they are 'Ambassadors from God'—for the spiritual sustenance of the People. Surely no man can wonder that they who thoroughly receive and have a living faith in these things, should look with abhorrence on men who seek on the Sunday to draw away the attention of their brethren from the contemplation of these awful subjects—on the true understanding of which depends the everlasting destiny of each one individual. Why every day, every hour of their existence here, can scarce suffice to work out their salvation. How, then, can he be called *their true friend,* who, leaving all these momentous matters out of sight, takes up their time, even on their holy day, with talk about such carnal matters as governments, social life, liberty, progress, secular education, the songs of Barry Cornwall, or the morality of the People's Charter?

Yet this pious and learned editor, shocked as he is at the profanation of the Sabbath, calls this teacher *the true friend of the people*—the man who never says a word about our sinful nature and our lost condition, but who talks about life in this world as if it were a very important matter, and about men and women as though they were destined for great and noble deeds, and capable of attaining in this much despised world to an inheritance full of delight and happiness—whenever they shall have learned to cultivate their powers and energies to their full development—and when in a purer and better state of society all shall employ those gifts and powers for the general good, and find their individual enjoyments increase in proportion as they are shared in by the mass of their brethren.

'*Such leaders,*' says the editor, '*the people want.*' I fear if he were to ask any of the thousand messengers who serve out 'the nourishment which God provides,' he would be told that if the people get such leaders, they will, as sure as they listen to them, be led only to the pit of perdition.

I trust I have dealt fairly with this extract. I feel convinced that the spirit which influenced the writer is widely spread among large classes of our countrymen, and requires to be combatted. At this moment there are some few zealous and truth-loving men in London, taking advantage of the Sunday's leisure to draw together some portion of their fellow working-men, and to impart to them

something of that nourishment with which one reasoning soul can help to feed another. They appeal to no miracles—they seek to expound no mysteries—they neither shout *Thus saith the Lord*, nor threaten vengeance hereafter against those who will not hear them—their talk is simply of the things of this earth. Personally unacquainted with New Jerusalem and the bottomless pit, they neither dazzle the minds of their hearers with the glories of the one, or seek to horrify them with the terrors of the other. Perceiving much that is sorrowful and dark in our present lot—they seek to point out the natural remedies for the evils that overwhelm us—and they plead the cause of the suffering and oppressed against the tyrant oppressor, whether he be lord or priest. Perceiving also a mighty spirit of progress in humanity, and a desire for happiness—as yet unsatisfied—they point to better times to come for this very earth on which we stand; and they say not 'go down on your knees and pray for it'—but 'each man of you stand up, do his work;' and know that every one who does so honestly and diligently, does something toward ridding the world of its present miseries—something toward realising a substantial heaven of enjoyment here, which can in no way invalidate that beyond the grave.

Are these men working for good or for evil? that is the question. Will the *Nonconformist* stand up boldly for the authority claimed by God's messengers, and denounce these Sabbath-breaking lecturers as the agents of Satan? It should do so to be consistent. Every day's experience increases my conviction that the struggle for human freedom must be carried on against the oppressive authority of the priesthood with as vigorous energy as is ever needed to overcome political tyranny. The nation that worships the evangelical idea of Deity is but ill prepared for a government based on justice, benevolence, and reason. I believe that the religious teachings of the various sects in this country form a serious barrier to our progress. I think I could show this to be the case in reference to some great question of reform now agitated; and if, sir, you deem my thoughts on this subject worthy the attention of your readers, and can afford a space for them in the *Reasoner*, I purpose troubling you with some further remarks, in order to prove this assertion. In the mean time, let me say to my fellow workingmen—*support the Sunday evening lectures*. Try, by some vigorous combination, to extend their influence; for there is hope and promise in these efforts, though the harvest may be as yet afar off.

5, Enfield Cottages, Kingsland Road. W. A

'WILFUL MURDER' AND 'ACCIDENTAL DEATH.'

[We extract this article from No. 40 of the *Ashton Chronicle*, edited by the Rev. J. R. Stephens. We quote it, not only because it merits more than a local circulation, but because it is illustrative of those powers which first made the rev. editor famous.—Ed.]

On the fourteenth of August last there was a most out-of-the-way, clumsily-got-up outbreak of lads and young fellows, armed with pikes and pop-bottles, for the purpose of dethroning the Queen and making one Jack Lattimore president of the republic of Ashton. In the medley and scuffle, a policeman was shot. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder against some person r persons unknown. Of course the jury was a respectable one—composed, we mean, of manufacturers and others, gentlemen of intelligence, independence, and firmness. The whole country was thrown into a state of consternation and alarm. A sort of martial law was proclaimed. All persons were warned not to

be out after dark. The Town Hall was made into a barracks. Houses were entered, ransacked, and rifled by the 'authorities,' and all sorts of people taken up, sent to jail, or let loose again, at the direction of magistrates and police-superintendents. Some thousands of pounds were spent in the organisation, equipment, and active service duty of the 'Ashton Ricker Guards,' the finest and bravest body of specials that ever turned out; in the military defence of the town, and in the adoption of measures for the apprehension of the parties guilty of this horrible crime. A reward of £150 was offered to stimulate the zeal of the police and others most likely to avail themselves of so tempting an inducement to come forward and do their duty to their country. The policeman was buried with public honours. Magistrates, clergymen, mayors, aldermen, common councilmen, firemen, policemen, the grenadier company of the ricker guards—all, and sundry others, walked in procession, and followed poor John Bright to a grave that, but for what might have been prevented and was not, he would not have filled. Poor Bright, he died a victim—a martyr to the very system that afterwards gloried in awarding him a pompous funeral, in pensioning his widow, and in assisting to bring a boy of twenty years of age to the scaffold as a murderer. How long is this to be?

Yesterday week in Kirk's factory, at Stalybridge, a poor Irish boy, of fourteen years, was working as a spinner's helper, *without wages*. His father was starving in Ireland. His mother had come over here, with this her only son and another child, a little girl, thinking that together they might earn what would be dry potatoes. So she got her lad into the mill last Wednesday fortnight as a learner —*without wages*. They were all clamming, or nearly so. Well, on the day above mentioned, the boy was ordered to clean under the jennies whilst they were in motion, *contrary to law*. THE CHILD WAS KILLED. We saw him laid out ready for burial as soon as the neighbours' halfpence amounted to enough for a coffin. His mother sat there dumb and dateless—past speech or tears. She was munching, mechanically, a dry potatoe with the skin on. Her daughter was doing the same. They had no other food, and nothing to help them to swallow it. They were Catholics, and they had rude pictures set all round the corpse of that poor boy—one was a representation of the *last supper*, at which Jesus partook of bread and wine, saying, eat and drink ye all of these; another was the crucifixion, where Jesus looked on his mother and on John, and said, 'Woman, behold thy son,' 'Son, behold thy mother.' Our eye fell from these memorials of our most holy faith, and glanced for a moment on the sad spectacle of the consequences of our practical denial of that faith. It was a moment of intense reflection, and we hurried out. It was too much to bear. There was a coroner's inquest here as in the former case. All was found as stated above. But the court made very short work of it. It was only a boy killed in a cotton factory. True, the spinner owned he was breaking a statute-law in letting the lad clean while the jennies were running, but what of that? He said other spinners did the same. Indeed, everybody knows they do, and the reason why they do it. They are paid by the weight or the lump they turn off. They are strung up to the very last pitch of human ability, of mortal endurance. They know they will have to be 'bated' if they come under the standard; and so they tear and drive away as hard as they can, wounding, slaying, and killing, as luck will have it, the poor children who work under them! Oh! what a system to be carried on with a paid servant of the crown specially appointed to protect the lives of her Majesty's poorer subjects. It was but a day or two before that Mr. Davies summoned a spinner from Bayley's for breaking the law in this particular. Here a little boy was maimed in conse-

quence. A fine of twenty shillings was imposed, which the master promised to pay. Why should the master pay for what the spinner had done? Oh, he knows why, and so do other people. It was 'accidental death' in poor Scanlan's case. God rest his soul. There will be a day of judgment as well as of resurrection. To think of a state of Society when wounding, slaying, and murdering are almost daily taking place, without defence of the victim—without compensation to the suffering party—or to the survivors rendered helpless by the calamity, is indeed most horrible.

The office of coroner amongst us is, at this day, a most responsible one. We hope public attention will, for the future, be directed to the subject. The selection of the jury, the exposition of the law, and a faithful execution of it, would do much to abate the evils we deplore.

REPLY OF THE CHAMBERS TO ION'S LETTER ON THE 'REACTION AGAINST PHILANTHROPY.'

[MANY readers will be anxious to see the kind of reply which the Chambers have given to the Letter on the 'Reaction against Philanthropy,' which appeared in No. 32 of the *Spirit of the Age*. From the allusion in the following notice it is impossible not to see that my strictures are meant, as no other journal took the same objections. The Chambers say that 'no cool or candid person' was likely to have put the interpretation upon their article which was adopted in the 'some quarters' to which they refer. I will only add that I have considered that article with one who was the friend of the Chambers when they were commencing their career, who is their friend still, who is neither unknown nor unrespected by them, and who sympathises with and defends their general exertions, but who yet agreed that the article upon which I animadverted was a 'mischievous one.' But I was not determined by this coincidence with my own judgment. I had sought that of others to whom the qualities 'cool and candid' cannot be denied, whatever may be denied to me, and the agreement in my view was common to all. Indeed, my conclusions appear to me inevitable from the language of the particular article which called them forth, but I am, in no sense, desirous to reiterate them. It is very pleasing to me to read the disavowal of the sentiments imputed to them. If the Chambers *do* render themselves the exponents of the harsh *reactionaires*, better that we know it—but if not, if we are still to interpret their sympathies to be consistent with what I grant has been the general tenour of their public exertions, we shall all be glad to receive the assurance, and therefore we reprint it and extend it. —ION.]

We find that the article in No. 269, entitled 'Reaction against Philanthropy,' has been so far misunderstood in some quarters, as to be made a theme of unfavourable remark. The gravamen of the charge brought against us is, that we approve of a return to the old system of severe punishments for criminals, and indifference towards the claims of the poor. There is certainly nothing in the article to substantiate this charge, and we must protest against any such meaning being attached to it. It is well known that we have for many years been the advocates of a mild criminal code, and that scarcely any project for the promotion of the physical and moral well-being of the humbler classes of the community has failed to receive early and efficient support from this journal. It was therefore very unlikely that any writing capable of being interpreted by a cool or candid person into such a spirit should have appeared here. In reality, the design of the article was rather to moderate that reaction against philanthropic schemes which

appears to be setting in. We admitted that the philanthropy of the past age, itself a generous reaction from the mercilessness and indifference of a preceding era, had been carried to extravagance in some points, and we expressed ourselves as prepared to see the ebb of this tide attended by many circumstances of anything but a rose-water character. We advocated, what we have all along advocated, the principles of self-reliance, of industrious application, and prudent frugality, as those most indispensable to the welfare of individuals. But so far from dictating one inhumane step, or expressing any indifference on such subjects, we both intreated that the transition, if there was to be a transition, to a somewhat sterner system, should be a gentle and gradual one, and expressed our belief that, 'by the never-failing humanity of such a society as ours,' no monstrous outrage would be committed. While we enforced the maxim, that it is incumbent on all to work, that they may not want, as the only economical one by which society in the mass could be benefitted, the claims of those who cannot work, and of those who, in particular exigencies, cannot find employment, were expressly admitted, though only on the ground of humanity. These reclaimers, indeed, bear a small proportion of space; but this was because the main object was a discussion of the *fact* of the reaction, and an exposition of the principles on which it might be presumed that the world was not to be permanently and wholly a scene of pure philanthropy, the error to which we seemed lately to be tending, and from which the present reaction takes its rise.

We can assure all who may have been thrown into doubt on the subject, that we are, and ever must be, lovers of our kind. We must, however, confess that, other circumstances being equal, we are most disposed to feel intensely, not for the idle and dissolute, but for the worthy and industrious; not for the abject soulless batteners on public bounty in all its shapes, but for the constant, modest, distressed tax and ratepayers, who struggle under many difficulties to preserve their independence, and observe the decencies of life—who make no figure perhaps in novels and orations, but who are, in very fact, the back-bone of the British empire.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

Girard College is a noble structure. It will endure for ages, as a monument of classic taste in its architect, and be gazed upon and exhibited by a portion of our citizens as an ensign of civic magnificence. Our urbane ciceroni, in showing our lions to 'distinguished strangers,' will point, with *shopocratic* exultation, to the most beautiful structure in all the Union, saying—'Behold the brightest jewel of Philadelphia!' But the 'distinguished stranger,' if sufficiently endowed and cultivated to look beyond dollars and cents, mortar and marble, capitals and architraves, will say to himself, if not audibly, 'This is indeed a magnificent monument. But of what? It records the city's enterprise, the city's prosperity. But it also records the city's pride, the city's vanity, the city's injustice. That structure tells of millions expended in superfluous ornament; in rearing a magnificent pile, beautiful to the eye, but useless for any purpose beneficial to mankind. It also tells of millions squandered in violation of the munificent donor's design,—of millions withheld from the suffering child of poverty, groping in ignorance and crawling to crime for want of the moral and intellectual light which those millions would have shed in his path, if justly, honestly expended.'

In thinking this, would the distinguished stranger be right? Answer, all ye, whoever ye are, who are morally responsible for any defeat or delay of the donor's design! Who is that boy in mean attire, with the outward signs of poverty, but

with a soaring and expanding spirit struggling within, leaving his fatherland to seek his fortune in a land of *experiment?* Wait awhile. We shall see him hereafter. This is now a land of equal rights and equal chances; where the road to prosperity is open to all who seek it with energy and perseverance; where young enterprise is not restrained by privileges, claiming hereditary rights to fruits which it has neither raised nor gathered. In such a land that exile boy may achieve greatness. Who is that old man of lofty front and stern yet benevolent countenance, in that humble dwelling in that narrow street? That is a merchant of many years, who has gone through a long career of energy, perseverance, sagacity, and success; adorned by the purest integrity, the most expansive, yet the most judicious, benevolence. That is STEPHEN GIRARD, the exile boy of many years ago, whose warehouses have been filled with the wealth of all climes, and whose wharves and stores and houses, reared to accommodate useful industry, are found in almost every street of our great city. And Stephen Girard—too proud to beg, too aspiring to waste time or talent, too self-relying for dependence on others, too honest to seek success through any indirection—is now the owner of millions, the wealthiest man in all the state, if not in all the nation. Where is his palace? Where the magnificence, the pomp, the gorgeousness becoming the wealthiest merchant? Low and vulgar must be his tastes if, with all his millions, he still takes his simple repast beneath that modest roof. Stop, friend, and listen. The soul of Stephen Girard was created for higher purposes. It soars far above the trappings of vulgar ostentation. He is a nobleman of nature, and not a lordling of traffic, whose title is conferred by the vulgar homage of a servile crowd, worshipping lace and tinsel. He is an aristocrat of benevolence and philanthropy, and not of arrogant ostentation and insolent pretension. See him intent on those architectural plans. Perhaps he is contriving a new dwelling, in which ingenuity shall be exhausted in ministering to vulgar selfishness, and expenditure lavished to eclipse all other pretenders. No. He is, indeed, thinking of himself; but not of himself as the purse-proud Crœsus, whose golden dignity demands the ministration of Oriental magnificence. He is thinking of himself as the exile boy, the humble beginner in the race of life, starting with none of the usual aids to success, with no other capital than a sound head and a pure heart.

And he is thinking how these have borne him upon the full tide of prosperity, and how they would have borne him earlier, faster, farther, if aided by that intellectual cultivation which he ought to have had at starting, and which he was obliged to snatch in going along. And he has seen in his course hundreds, thousands, with less of his intellectual power, and therefore without his capacity to rise unaided, who might have reached prosperity and usefulness if furnished, at starting, with *education*, that best auxiliary to talent and aspiration, but who, for want of it, fell in premature ruin, a burden to society. What, thinks he, has built that costly prison, and filled it with the ruins of humanity? The expenditure of the wealthy upon personal selfishness. Poor-houses are the foundations of palaces, and palaces are the foundations of prisons. *My* wealth, thinks he, shall be left to aid the poor, the houseless, the homeless, the exile, the children of want, such as I once was, and shall aid them to become what I am. And it shall render them that best of aid at starting in the race of life, knowledge of their duties. The school-house is the best of all charities, because most effective to dispense with the almshouse and the prison.

Such were the dreams, the designs of that wise and benevolent old man, that capitalist, that *millionaire*, that lord of dollars, that aristocrat of worldly

wealth, yet that nobleman of nature, beneath his humble roof, surrounded by his simple appliances. And could *he* have controlled that design, or had he left his like in representatives, hundreds now pining in want and grovelling in ignorance, or by want driven through ignorance to crime, might have blessed the land with their useful aid, instead of cursing it with their criminal hostility. But the mighty designs of Girard were superintended by vulgar pretension and sordid selfishness, and nearly sacrificed to silly ostentation. The conceptions of a giant were prosecuted by dwarfs, and our city will boast of marble when it might have boasted of *men*.—From the *Philadelphia Ledger*.

A WISE PRAYER.

[This ought rather to be called an apostrophe than a prayer. It was uttered one Sunday morning at South Place, by Mr. Hart, whose lectures we have on former occasions given. I have preserved this orison because it recognised those immutable and inexorable laws of nature which make mere prayer useless.—Ed.]

Spirit of light and life and power—which was and is and ever shall be working with ceaseless industry—creating and combining and destroying—which, diffused among all nature, makes every atom instinct with hidden life perform its share of toil in this great universe—which causes the seed to fall and rot, so that out of its corruption new and multiplied life may arise—which out of the ruins of the past and the existences of the present builds up the great and inscrutable future—which, coming out of the abyss of chaos into the boundary of time, is ever silently, ceaselessly, unremittingly preparing for the future of Eternity. Great Spirit, which still wends on untired by the work of ages—which, proceeding by fixed laws self-bound, has no sympathies, no affections, no feelings—which, careless of individual suffering, presses forward to the great end of human existence, dispensing strict, stern justice in the form of cause and effect: Great Spirit, grant that the end may be soon, that the race may be won, the goal attained—that men may see and bow to the laws which are thy expression—that in knowing thee they may know themselves; and that in submitting to the bonds of knowledge and virtue, which are freedom, they may cast off for ever the galling yoke of ignorance and vice, which is slavery.

HOW ARE MEN RULED?

Religion rules the greater mass more by home-sympathies and personal affection than by the truth supposed to be contained in dogmas and creeds. Faith is not the Ideality of Reason in synthesis with Hope; it is the result of early associations, which may not be broken without bitter strugglings and sorrowful renunciance: not by amelioration of the outward conditions alone will peace overshadow the home, for in by far the larger portion of humanity the affective nature is supreme; in hours of calmness they may see with the intellect, and perceive many truths which should guide them in action, yet beneath the passion-flood of the heart the intellect bends and succumbs powerlessly. The forest trees and mountains, intellect and science, may give to Nature her grandeur, to life its sublimity—but it is from the manifold flowerings of the human heart that life has its beauty, its mild soothing delights mossed round from infancy with unnumbered sympathies, and all those simple things which have a surer agency in moulding our actions than even the outgoings of the mighty thoughts that shake the earth with power.—H. L. H., in the *Spirit of the Age*.

Illustrative Notices.

THE various notices and lives of Robespierre which have lately issued from the press are deficient of one quality which is alone to be found in O'Brien's Life—viz., that of the opinions of contemporary writers, and subsequent adverse commentators. Bronterre O'Brien's Life contains ample and curious materials, drawn from a variety of usually inaccessible sources—the judgments of Robespierre's compeers. Besides, there are also given, what in recent notices are assumed, Robespierre's actual speeches and motions; in which, as in a mirror, the remarkable ideas of the statesman are displayed.

The 'Chartist Tracts for the Times' are the work of the Kirkdale prisoners, and, apart from their literary merits, ought to receive encouragement, as they are intended to aid the families of the writers. No. 4 is upon the 'Factory System, Trades' Unions' Strikes, and the Operative's Remedy.' We would suggest that such three-fold topics be marked in the letter-press by sectional headings. The papers are argumentative, and, in point of tone, would do credit to writers not prisoners. The subject of No. 5 is the interesting one 'What is Liberty?—How is it to be obtained?'

'An Emigrant on Cosmopolitan Grounds' solicits information on the details of emigrating. He had better apply to Mr. Spurr, 10, Williamson-square, Liverpool, if he leaves by that route. We have no private information on the matter. By the letters of some emigrants we learn that many have found Mr. Spurr a trustworthy informant.

'Numericus' writes:—'Correctness, more especially in figures, is, I believe, the order of the present day. Such being my idea on the subject, it has induced me to rectify two errors appearing in your journal of the 21st inst., copied from the *American Literary World*, and headed "Counting a Billion." You will find that our American friend and calculator has made a slight mistake. In the first place, counting a billion at the given rate of 200 per minute for twenty-four hours per day consecutively, giving the counter only one day in four years—viz., 29th of February—would take, I think you will find, 9512 years, 342 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes; instead of, as quoted by you, or rather copied by you, 9512 years, 34 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes; thus making a difference of 308 days. Again, supposing he was correct in his statement of time, he would err when he gives 19,024 years, 69 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes as the space of time that would be taken, at the same ratio of counting per minute, if the counter were only to work twelve hours per diem (or half the time): he would, of course, take double the period over his tedious task. I make the real time a man (if practicable) would take to count a billion at the speed you name—viz., 200 per minute—working twelve hours per day, exclusive of the extra day in leap-year, 19,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours, and 40 minutes.'

A friendly correspondent, who signs himself 'A Learner,' writes thus:—'At present I always take two copies of the *Reasoner*, and thus can spare one without deranging my own set. And farther, to assist it into a good paying circulation, which I should be very glad to see, I give instructions to the newsman (for none of them scarcely will get more copies than they have orders for) to keep my numbers in his window from the day of publishing till the Sunday. By this arrangement he often sells a copy or two to the window-readers and passing strangers.' This is one of the most effectual ways in which we can be served.

Contrasting Macaulay and Carlyle together, 'The British Quarterly' says—'Two more opposite men cannot be named in the same breath. Macaulay, clear, definite, elegant, eloquent, methodical; crowning his pages with antitheses and illustrations; more solicitous about the fall of a period than about the accuracy of his assertion; grouping details into a picture; fond of paradox, yet never probing beneath the surface; expert in polemics, yet seldom fighting for great truths; captivating by the grace, and dazzling by the gorgeousness of his diction, and leaving upon the reader's mind no more durable impression than that which a splendid spectacle leaves upon the mind of a theatrical audience. Carlyle, rugged, mystical, abrupt, and immethodical, unmusical, vehement, scornful, sarcastic, sardonic, and humourous; rich also in pictures; inordinately fond of paradox, but profoundly serious; striving at all times to see into the depths of things; disdainful of ordinary rules of composition, disdainful of all elegancies, graces, and *shams* of life and literature; for ever appealing to the *soul* of man, and bidding him remember that he is in the presence of the Infinite; sternly recalling those awful facts of life which frivolity endeavours to gloss over; fiercely preaching the imperative nature of duty and of earnestness; speaking in prophet tones to a heedless generation; mingling the quaintest imagery and wildest buffoonery with the saddest pathos and the dreariest gloom; a sceptic, yet a prophet; amidst alternate laughter and alternate tears, alternate exhortation and alternate contempt, he does not dazzle, he provokes; he does not captivate, he inspires; and the impression he leaves upon the mind is various and abiding, as that left by a tragedy of Shakspere. As specimens of *literature*, in the limited sense of the word, Macaulay's writings are immeasurably superior; but if literature be something more than the amusement of cultivated intellects, something more than an intellectual luxury, for the dissipation of leisure hours, Carlyle's superiority is unmistakeable. Macaulay has delighted thousands. This is no slight thing, and we should be the last to undervalue it. But he has materially bettered no one. He has deepened no man's convictions, he has given fresh strength to no human soul. His influence on his generation has been null. Carlyle, though scorned by many for his offences against literary taste, and though dreaded by others for his reckless treatment of great questions, has, nevertheless, produced a visible influence on the mind of his contemporaries; he has given a *direction* to their thoughts, and has *suggested* so much thought that he is rightfully regarded as a teacher. Carlyle has his affectations, his shams; but he has his realities. Had he not lived, some of the most active minds of our generation would have been *different;* they would assuredly have been as active, it may be wiser, but certainly different. Now it is impossible, we think, to say that any human being would have been otherwise had Macaulay never written. Some few might have written less picturesquely and less elegantly, but no human soul would have been poorer.'

Some time ago, two small works were published, entitled 'Introductory Lessons on the History of Religious Worship.' Being a Sequel to the 'Lessons on Christian Evidences,' by the same Author—and 'Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidence.' Tenth edition, revised and enlarged—of which the *Spectator* says—'Although these tiny volumes bear no name upon their title-page, we believe we are not unwarranted in naming Archbishop Whately as the author: an exhibition, to apply what Johnson says of Milton, of "a kind of humble dignity, which does not disdain the meanest services to religious literature."'

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

April 18, 1849.

MR. O'CONNOR AND HIS EDITORS.

One John McVeigh, of the Ernest Jones locality, writes (in No 597) that the late debates in the *Northern Star*, between Mr. O'Connor and Mr. Harney, were 'bickerings.' This the editor properly denies. There have been no 'bickerings' in the matter. The last discussion has been the best managed debate Mr. O'Connor ever undertook.

Mr. O'Connor invented an absurd charge against the Republicans, viz., that they were going to break up Chartism. An old political opponent of Mr. O'Connor told the same story thirteen years ago. This opponent was wrong, and Mr. O'Connor has copied his mistake. But errors are the only things in which men commonly initiate their enemies, and this, we suppose, accounts for what Mr. O'Connor has done.

Mr. O'Connor has a way of speaking of all his servants the most offensive possible. He represents all his political confederates as receivers of 'alms.' Mr. O'Connor himself does more to put down Chartism than any enemy can. Mr. Harney's defence of himself, however, was a credit to the cause. He did not fall into that low recrimination which those who went before him fell into.

Mr. O'Connor has a just cause of complaint as to the use to which his paper was put against him. But the fault is as much his own as others'. There never has appeared to be the slightest understanding in the history of the whole paper, of the proper relation which should subsist between the editor and proprietor. It seems to have been a perpetual alternation of flattery and truculency, of tyranny and turbulence, on the one hand or the other. The matter is healthier now, but Mr. O'Connor does not appear to know why.

Mr. O'Connor, however, has displayed that command of himself in this debate for which I always gave him credit. He can stop or proceed at pleasure. He has no compeer (and we hope he never will have) in personalities, when he pleases to display his powers—and his retreat in this case must be taken as indicative of his power over even his favourite amusement.

We wish when he choses to inflict on poverty his advocacy, he would observe the same self-denial. Mr. O'Connor, addressing on Saturday week (*Star* 598) some visionary people whom he calls his 'Old Guards,' his 'dear,' his 'old,' his 'honoured companions,' says that 'after Easter he shall revive an agitation for the Land and the Charter; and to tell them the truth he pants for the revival of the *much-reviled animal*.' What estimate must Mr. O'Connor form of his readers, when he speaks of sacred objects, for which so many have so recently sacrificed themselves, in this disgusting language? He must think them too low to be outraged, or that they love to be made ridiculous.

G. J. H.

THE WRITINGS AND CHARACTER OF RICHARD CARLILE.

This work is at length ready. Before this number reaches the provinces it will be published (6d.) When delivering the Funeral Discourse on the Death of Allen Davenport, Mr. Holyoake entered upon an exposition of the Logic of Death. The publication of the arguments, which were then requested, were deferred till the Life of Carlile should be prepared, as their proper place seemed to be an occasion when the Christian reader would naturally ask for them. They will be found concisely stated in this work, with various reflections on the life of a publicist, not before published.

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 150	..	473	6
A Friend in Greenwich ..	..	4	6
J. P., North Wales ..	..	4	4
An admirer of Mr. Owen*	..	20	0
Mr. Read, per Publisher	..	2	0
John Foster, Hull ..	..	1	0
J. G. B.	..	2	6
		507	10

[* This subscription was accompanied with these words:—'My dear Mr. Holyoake,—My godmamma requests me to enclose, for your acceptance, 240 small, but genuine, profile pictures of your Queen. But these profiles, I fear, will give you some trouble: when your numerous friends learn that you have so many Royal gems in your possession, you will be importuned from all quarters to send one at least as a keepsake—though it may be well known to the parties that Victoria's portrait, if seen at the post-office, is instantly seized and tattooed in a frightful manner, nay looking more like the portrait of an idle Indian, who fills up his time by torturing himself, and rendering frightful the face nature gave him. These medallions, I must inform you, are sent as a small token of gratitude in return for the favourable bulletin which appeard in your journal, No 142, regarding the convalescence of the generous and morally courageous philanthropist, Robert Owen, Esq., of Lanark.']

THE NEMESIS OF FAITH.

Mr. Watson has added this remarkable work to his Eclectic Library for special lending. It can be had at a nominal charge by friends who can call at the office. For the benefit of country readers, who cannot take advantage of this opportunity, Eugene has prepared for us a series of extracts of some of the striking passages—which we shall publish next week. The artistic connection of the whole, in which the literary beauty of the book lies, no extracts can convey—that can only be felt and understood by the reader of the work.

PASSAGES FROM MONCKTON MILNES.

In a recent pamphlet by Monckton Milnes, M.P., the following passage occurs—justificatory of continental revolutions. We think of the policy of reason just as before, and probably Mr. Milnes agrees with us; but we quote such passages to show that we are not unacquainted with them, and that we have considered them before announcing our conclusions:—

'Our disregard of the political condition of other nations is always liable to be proud, selfish, and unjust. At one moment we reprobate every disturbance of social order in foreign countries, just as if our own order and freedom had not been won by civil war, by resistance to power, and by the punishment of evil doers in high places .....For-getful of our own ancestors, who, in the field of battle, on the scaffold, in exile or captivity, have raised, stone by stone, the edifice of our civil life, we mock at the sacrifices, the labours, and the martyrdoms of other patriots, who have not succeeded in realising at once all their hopes and aims, but whose blood and tears may be just as fruitful as those of our progenitors.'

The *right* of the people to a vote in the affairs of the nation is becoming more and more acknowledged. The question raised is, as to its *safety*—would it be consistent with the maintenance of public security? Here Mr. Monckton Milnes furnishes a powerful reply:—

'In conclusion, let us not overlook the evidences of the sense of the value of social order, which have shown themselves in the very centres of revolution. Most of the great cities of Europe have been, not metaphorically, but absolutely, in the hands of the lowest class of the people for weeks together, and yet property has generally been untouched, woman respected, religion revered, obnoxious persons uninjured, strangers unterrified; whilst some acts abhorrent to humanity have not failed to meet with signal retribution. No stronger proof could be given of the force of the social instincts in these masses of men, than society going on for some time as it were, of itself, preserved by the habit of law and the sense of duty; *and no higher test could be required of the fitness of the people to share in the benefits and responsibilities of representative institutions.*'

GREAT CITIES.

One thinks, that if it were any part of the business of governments to take care of the morals of a people, they would do everything consistent with the spirit of freedom to *prevent* them from accumulating into large cities. But certainly, luxury and pomp are considerations of greater moment than the public morals and happiness!

Perhaps one of the first ideas of a total stranger to great cities, on entering London, would be that such an immense concourse of human beings, so closely contiguous to one another, must make it a very social state. Where almost the very air is warmed with the emanation of human life, where man meets the countenance of his brother every moment; where hundreds of families reside in a line, with only a few bricks between their abodes, and hundreds of others confront them at the distance of a few yards—he might perhaps imagine a lively and ample circulation of fraternal kindness. Placed in such an intimate vicinity, they will almost have all things in common. What pleasures and pains of sympathy would he not imagine where there are so many to excite and share them? He would soon find with surprise, that this crowded, contiguous state is the most dissocial of all possible states of human beings. He would find that men are drawn to the mass, and that the mass is drawn together, not by sympathetic, but selfish affections. It is a large company of strangers, each one of whom is considering how he may make his advantage of the rest, and totally unconcerned about their interests, if his own be successful.—*Foster.*

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INTIMATIONS.

The *Reasoner* is sent free by Post, the Quarter's Subscription 4s. 4d., on thin paper 3s. 3d., and issued in Monthly Parts and Half-yearly Volumes.

RECEIVED.—'Lectures to the Working Classes,' by W. J. Fox, M.P., vol. 4.—A Learner. (The opinion given on the communication of his friend was not founded on the use of the words cited.)—J. Cook, Ipswich.—M. Rough. (It is not possible to undertake the printing of the MSS. sent.)—R. H. (Both letters and friendly enclosures to hand. A Quaker friend, writing to R. H., says—'S. desires me to tell thee that the best mode of becoming a *true Christian*—not in theory, but in practice—is to imbibe the spirit of Holyoake's *Reasoner.*')—W. Sanderson. (It will be most easy to explain what we did not think could be misunderstood.)—N. S. (If obtainable, the number shall be sent with pleasure.)

☞ Dr. Prater, on Immaterialism, next week, also A. Trevelyan's and others' subscription to the Carlile monument.

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Wednesday, April 18, 1849.

The Reasoner.

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THE 'WEEKLY CHRONICLE' AND THE EPIGRAM OF ELLIOTT.

The *Weekly Chronicle* has devoted itself with ability, and some good feeling, to the consideration of questions of Association. Some time ago it had an article on the 'Tendency of Free Trade,' or some such title—I do not remember the precise subject—in which, in one leading passage, it took the same view precisely, and employed nearly the same words, which I had used the week before, in a previous letter in this series, on 'Cobden the Model Agitator.' I have not the slightest reason to suppose that the writer of the article to which I allude, had ever seen the one I had previously penned—my allusion to it is intended to bear no other construction than that the similarity of view entertained by the *Weekly Chronicle* has been, in some respects, nearly identical with my own. But in an article on the 8th inst. some passages occurred to which legitimate objection may be taken.

That journal represents that the friends of Mr. Owen 'have latterly sunk into almost complete oblivion, along with their "parallelograms" and "halls of science"—if, indeed, any such are still in existence—which nobody seems to know or inquire. So, too, the French Communists, under M. Proudhon, the *humanitaires*, led by M. Leroux, the *phalanstèrians*, headed by M. Considerant, and the *egalitaires*, marshalled under Louis Blanc, are but so many little sectarian churches, at daggers drawn with each other, and forming collectively an imperceptible minority, entirely abandoned by the versatile Parisian multitude which obeyed them so implicitly during the revolutionary fever. The same change is apparent in Germany, Austria, and Italy; everywhere Socialism, after a sudden popularity, has suffered an equally sudden collapse, and is now as much mistrusted by the poor, as it is dreaded and detested by the proprietary class.'

There are many mistakes here. Even English Socialism has shown more vitality of late than it has done in several previous years. Proudhon, indeed, makes strange war upon his compeers, which I neither care to conceal nor apologise for—but the abandonment of the associationists by the Parisian people is more seeming than real, and their churches are not so 'little' after all: and neither in Paris, Germany, or elsewhere, is it owing to their theories being 'mistrusted by the poor.' In England want of capital only stands in the way of the realisation of much that is commonly deemed impracticable, though I readily agree that on some hands the expectation of what can be *speedily* accomplished is too high.

It has oftener fallen to my lot than to my advantage to criticise the advocates of Socialism. But it seemed to me to be right to point out the errors of friends for their improvement, as well as those of enemies for their correction. Indeed, accustomed as I have been to consider myself a friend, it seemed to me to be but manly to be severe, as it were, to myself—while I was lenient to opponents. A generous man, and one emulous of improvement, makes it a principle to show no mercy to himself, while he is ever ready to show it to others. Nothing seems to me more weak and impotent than the people apologising for themselves. It seems to me that while they should always dare the judgment of their enemies,

they should be inexorable towards their own failures, and should rarely award the crown of martyrdom to any who did not attain to Success, or at least prove that they deserved it, and did all possible things to attain to it. This is the uniform course I have taken in criticism, which some of usually clear judgment have mistaken for that 'cold impartiality and captious criticism which passes over the sins of the powerful to fasten on the sins of the weak.' So different are the views that may be taken of the same thing, that it has always appeared to me braver to pass over the sins of your enemy, and fasten your censure on the faults of those with whom you ally yourself, that a proud perfection may be forced upon your friends. It may be that I have not made clear my intentions, or that I have forgotten that profound aphorism of Pope—

> Men must be taught as though you taught them not,
> And things proposed as new as things forgot.

But though I would risk much to have my friends perfect, I am in no way disposed to allow others to misrepresent them—which the *Weekly Chronicle* has done in a peculiar way. Taking up its reactionary song on the decline of Socialism, it adds—'Not so with practical *Association*. Everywhere its leaders—the Ashleys—the Morpeths—the Southwood Smiths—are honoured and beloved. Everywhere its results—the model lodging-houses, dormitories, and sanitariums—the public baths and laundries—the railway villages, the cheap excursion trains and steamers—the soup-kitchens and mendicity societies—the mutual assurance and benefit clubs—the mechanics' institutes—and the ragged schools—find an enthusiastic and efficient support. In this movement high and low, rich and poor, seem to take a common interest. Prince Albert visits the model lodging-houses, and expresses his own, and the Queen's approbation of the plan. The dignitaries of the Church, the leaders of the press, the bar, and the Senate, the most eminent members of the aristocracy, the merchant princes of the City, and the chieftains of finance—all press forward to subscribe their money, their time, and their influence in favour of every practical development of the Co-operative principle. As for the poor, they testify their approbation by hiring the lodgings, and using the baths, &c., as fast as they are built.'

Does not this last sentence in a measure answer the assumed 'mistrust' of the poor before alleged? The writer goes on to say—'And yet, in their main features, Socialism and Association are absolutely identical. Every argument that the advocates of Co-operation ever urged, is to be found in the books of Owen and Fourier; and every noble appeal on behalf of the poor, that ever won Lord Ashley the cheers of a meeting, may be capped with a corresponding sentiment, equally generous, and equally eloquent, in the writings of the proscribed Louis Blanc. Why, then, is Socialism thus detested and despised, while Association, its counterpart and derivative, is so enthusiastically admired and reduced to practice?' The answer is, Socialism is *not* 'despised' by the poor—who are quite well informed enough to recognise their old friend with its new face 'Association.' The detestation comes from other quarters. When Mr. George Dawson spoke upon this matter, now a year or two ago, he alluded in language more distinct than that I have just quoted, to these associative features of the age, and bore testimony that we owe them to the agitations of Socialism. This is true. The 'advocates of Co-operation' not only find their views in, they have learned them from, the sayings of Owen, Fourier, and their disciples.

I had myself pointed out, before I had seen this number of the *Weekly Chronicle*, the different estimation in which the press regard Communism and Association.

The fact must be admitted, though it may be abudantly denied, that the 'poor' are among those who distrust it. But let us hear the causes which the *Weekly Chronicle* assigns for the fact :—

'It is because Socialism, impatient and fanatical, seeks to accomplish, *all at once*, a series of improvements, which Association, feeling its way cautiously, and consulting the state of public opinion, is content to work out *step by step*. It is because Socialism dangerously excites the working classes by its fallacious promises of visionary felicity ; while Association, making no promises at all, quietly opens a bath here, a school there, and a model lodging further on—all which institutions pay the capitalist good interest, at the same time that they ameliorate the condition of the poor, and thus prove to both classes that their interests are really identical. It is because Socialism, by its bitter and exaggerated criticisms of existing institutions, stirs up hatred between the very classes to which it inconsistently preaches conciliation ; while Association, taking men and things as it finds them, and adapting its efforts to existing interests, contrives to make heretofore hostile classes mutually useful—and thus, by a sort of agreeable surprise, transmutes their old grudges into reciprocal good humour and amity. In one word, it is because Socialism endangers the very existence of society by attempting unnaturally to accelerate its growth; while Association invigorates the social organism, by promoting its progressive development, in a natural direction, and at a normal rate.'

This is a very instructive passage, and I entirely agree with the writer that whoever makes the mistakes he thus deprecates, puts back his cause. But is the writer sure that he does no injustice to the Socialist party, by representing them as made up wholly of this material? He has mistaken the exaggerations of the minority for the quiet resolution of the majority, who, 'accustomed to regard all the affairs of men as a *process*, never hurry and never pause.' The 'management' of their late newspaper, the *Spirit of the Age*, selected these very words of Coleridge, to indicate their views. Did not the same paper constantly and firmly labour, week by week, to inculcate a just and tolerant judgment of all classes throughout the entire people, and to advise the widest acceptance of approximations? Indeed that paper was an Associationist paper at the same time that it afforded to the larger views of the Communists a medium of exposition—thus proving that Association, in its initiatory steps, was a precursor of Socialism. True, there were among Socialists some who took exception to its views ; but what party, of any number, was there ever in which entire coincidence reigned? Mr. Owen, who may be surely cited, if any one can, as an exponent and leader of Socialism, expressed his approval of the course taken by the journal which I have named. I may claim to know who are the Socialists of England as well as this writer, whoever he may be; and I testify that I do not know half a dozen persons of any distinction who are amenable to the censures of the *Weekly Chronicle*—nor are their disciples, who stand by extremes, a majority. The *Weekly Chronicle* I think, therefore, errs greatly in describing Socialism as a great public obstacle to the 'step by step' proceedings of Association. The generous efforts that have lately been made to undeceive the public in this respect ought not to be overlooked by a journalist, who professes to write from some knowledge of the people upon whom he treats.

Through what medium, or by what means, does this writer judge the question? The *Reasoner* is the oldest exponent of the views he adverts to, extant ; and its pages prove the opposite of his allegations. If he excludes that, he must go back years for materials of his judgment—and even there I believe he will find that theory will

fail him—and if theory does not, practice will; for there has not been a scheme of practical association set on foot, in either of the three kingdoms, in which either the leaders or the operators have not been Socialists. You find them everywhere you turn. I have frequently been surprised at their omnipresence; proving to me that there is a large amount of real practical wisdom among the Socialists, which the pride of society, and the unfounded fears of the rich, prevent expanding into public and avowed action.

The sceptic, said the philosophical Reid, is one who does the church a service by pointing out the weak parts in its structure. The church has known it and profited by it; but it has always taken care to burn its instructor. So it is with society. When it has committed itself to glorifying its errors,* it likes not those who point them out. It is ashamed to own itself to have been in the wrong; and it would fain destroy its teachers, that it may amend, as it were, of its own accord, and without a witness. So it acts by the industrial reformers. It cannot cut them down very well—though it has done that in Paris—but it gives them an opprobrious name, and adopts their principles while it execrates the authors. That it does adopt their principles is evident, for the *Weekly Chronicle* writes, 'and yet, in their *main* features, Socialism and Association are *absolutely identical*.' Perceiving that this ungenerous disposition on the part of society is not to be combatted without delaying its actual reformation, many sound Socialists have ceased to insist on the recognition of their services, and have said to society—'Well, well, these Socialists *are* sad impracticable fellows, no doubt; call them by your harsh names—provided that when you have done you adopt their principles.'

It is not at all likely that persons, having forgone conclusions as to what society may attain to when fraternal co-operation is substituted for antagonistic competition, will have less confidence in the future, when they see society accept their main positions. They, therefore, do urge upon Society to attempt a higher experiment, and demonstrate how much more of the Utopian is yet within society's powers of realisation. This is mistaken by many as an indication of that disposition which refuses approximations. It is in this way that the *Weekly Chronicle* seems to have fallen into its present erroneous tone of writing. The best friends of social views, whom it has been my happiness to know, have always been actuated by opinions such as Lamartine, on another subject, lately expressed:—

'Citizens! All progress is an effort.

'All effort is pain.

'All pain has its outward manifestation (*gemissement*).

'Political [social] changes involve labour. The people is the architect of its own future. May this truth be remembered by it. Posterity looks on.

'Shame to the cowards who would draw back.

'*Prudence aux temeraires*, who would precipitate society into the unknown!

'Glory to the good, the strong-hearted, the wise, the persevering!'

Certainly the working classes of this country have many extravagancies to answer for, but withal they never practice such gross self-delusions upon themselves as their 'betters,' with greater advantages, frequently do. When in Liverpool last summer, I found the provincial newspapers quoting the following Epigram, by Ebenezer Elliott, with an air of seriousness, as something descriptive o Communism:—

* The *Times*, so late as the fourteenth of June, 1848, declared 'competition to be thing of *necessity*, a law of self-preservation, an ordinance of heaven.'

Lord send us weeks of Sundays;
A saint's day every day;
Shirts gratis, ditto breeches,
No work and double pay.
To slow and fast one meed allow,
Tell long and short they are both short now;
Let Louis Blanc take Ashley's cow
And Richmond give him hay.

I once had the opportunity of walking with Elliott over those fields and lanes which he has made immortal in his songs—and he on that occasion turned round and said, pointing to the woodland scene before us with all its glorious variety of foliage, 'There, Holyoake, if Mr. Owen were here he would cut those trees down all to one level, and pare them to one bulk, and put up in the midst his rectangular parallelogram, and make nature orderly.' Nothing could be more untrue or more absurd than such a conceit, and Elliott knew it, for he laughed at its extravagant facetiousness as much as any of us. And without doubt he wrote these lines in the same spirit of good-humoured burlesque, for Elliott is one of the people, and knows and loves them too well to join their enemies in libelling them, as being candidates for *idleness* or *mendicancy*. He knows very well that the Socialists are everywhere among the best and most willing workmen—that they never were either lazy or vagabond. If the artisan were mendicant it would be no anomaly where our Prince is also a Prince of Paupers, and where our aristocracy are proud to place themselves on the pension list—careing not to render any equivalent service to the state—unless accepting its bounty be serving it, and if so why may not its poor serve it in that way as well as the rich? But the poor would not choose to serve it in that way. They are better pleased to labour for their subsistence honourably. They do not want '*no* work and double pay'—they desire sufficient work and a *living*, not a dying, pay for it.

And as far as they are from mendicancy, farther are they from the spirit of plunder. How inconsistently are they judged! It is one day said that communism is an arid dream—that it involves more law than now—more privation than now—that its advocates are ascetics. And next day they are painted as luxurious, idle, and effeminate.

I know not who has proposed to 'allow long and short one meed.' Sir Robert Peel alluded to it in the Commons; yet no one among us attempts it, simply because society is not just enough to bear it. Not that I see any absolute wrong in it. Could I, like Asmodeus, take a wand and uncover the houses of our citizens by night, and disply all that fashion conceals, no greater surprise could be felt by the onlooker than one feels at the littleness, selfishness, and enmity which is concealed under the very respectable protest, against paying all well-disposed artizans alike.

Divide a given body of men into two classes—one all capacity, industry, and intelligence—the other all blundering, idle, and stupid. If those of capacity, industry, and intelligence, were well and competently provided for—why should *they* be unhappy or discontented because others of their fellows less gifted and less fortunate were as well provided for? Is it the part of a generous man to be wretched because others are not wretched? Is it a part of social justice that he should be discontented on such grounds? If a man be an incompetent workman, the greater is his misfortune. Why has nature denied him the imperial power of capacity, which she has bountifully bestowed on his compeers? If he be idle, the greater the misfortune of his training, which has not made industry a *necessity* of his nature, and given him that proud sense of honour by which the industrious

are stimulated to live independently. If he be stupid, is not that more his misfortune than his fault? Who would be the thrall slave of ignorance who could taste those enchanting streams of knowledge whereby a man is translated to freedom, and walks afterwards a king among men? Suppose that those of capacity, industry, and intelligence, do sit at the same table, and sleep under the same roof, have they not the superiority which nature has given them?—have they not the pride, and the pleasure, and the power of intellect, which enables them to be the benefactors of their associates to whom destiny has been inexorable, and condemned, at least for a season, to an execrable lot? The supposition is that where equality of means, shall be established, will be Association, where improvement is also attempted—and all that the children of capacity will be required to do will be, to minister to the incapacity which nature has inflicted upon a part of her family. It is capacity generously administering to incapacity, for its compensation instruction, and improvement. This cannot be realised—will not perhaps even be thought of—society will not endure it—but if it be atrocious to think of it, as some high in the world's esteem affect to tell us, what is that system under which we live, in which capacity does have to minister, not to incapacity generously, but to villany against its will? Do not intrigue and vice grow fat every day, on the earnings and ruins of honesty and virtue? Do not idleness and dissoluteness luxuriate on the products of painstaking industry? One grows very sick at what is said on looking through society, and seeing what is tolerated. Ion.

IS UNIVERSAL IMMATERIALISM TRUE?

BY DR. PRATER.

I CONSIDER that, in a few previous remarks on this subject, I *proved* the existence of something *external to the mind;* but, in justice to the Immaterialists, I must say my *proof* did not extend further. *This something external* may be matter or it may not be so; this question I shall enter into more at length on the present occasion.

Having now read the work itself ('Universal Immaterialism,') I find I had formed a somewhat erroneous view of Berkeley's theory, and that such writers as Reid and Stewart have done the same. I shall here therefore make the *amende honorable*, being well satisfied to have erred (if error it be) by the side of so distinguished a metaphysician as Reid especially.

The author of 'Immaterialism' seems indignant that Reid should have expressed himself thus—'It is denied by Berkeley that those things do really exist which we distinctly perceive by our senses, and are what we perceive them to be.'—(P. 63.) Berkeley himself is then quoted (at p. 67) as saying in his treatise—'That the things I see with my eyes and touch with my hands do exist, really exist, I make not the least doubt.' Reading these two passages together, an ordinary materialist reader would say at once—Reid was wrong, Berkeley really admitted the 'existence and reality of things,'* according to his own words. But when we come to ask *in what sense* he admitted this 'reality,' I think most readers will say that Reid was authorised to express himself as he did. The fact is—as the author o 'Immaterialism' says—Berkeley, admitting their existence, yet allowed them 't subsist in mind only;' and the author of 'Immaterialism' says these words ar very different from saying 'they do not exist at all.' No doubt they are with im materialists; but I apprehend materialists will not recognise any very essentia

* This passage is also quoted from Berkeley.

difference. But, as one of the objects of these remarks is to refute Berkeley, I shall quote his words at length. 'All those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without a mind.'—(P. 62.) Now, it is a sufficient refutation of this assertion to say that *it asserts more than any human being can know;* and this, as I shall show hereafter, is also the case with the author of 'Immaterialism;' and, consequently, this argument I beg to insist on as a sufficient refutation of the leading arguments of *both* authors. Can the mind—which, as Berzelius said, 'cannot comprehend itself or its own nature'—can, I say, the mind presume to comprehend the whole scheme of creation? Can it say, with any degree of certainty, because it can perceive *only the qualities* of matter, that no matter exists at all? As well might the reptile presume to say to man that no such quality as the human mind existed, because the crawling creature had no evidence given it of any such existence! I maintain, therefore, precisely on the same ground, that bodies and spirits, and powers and qualities—aye, even near us and around us, too—may 'have a subsistence without a mind;' and that our feeble powers may still not be able to give us any indication of their presence. For ought we know, Milton may be quite right when he says—

> 'Myriads of harmless spirits walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.'

I maintain, moreover, that a materialist may reasonably admit that something—probably matter—external to himself exists, and yet allow that he is not by nature endowed with sufficient power to say he knows much about the *real* nature of this *external something.*

But leaving the passage already quoted from Berkeley as somewhat obscure in its meaning, so as fully to justify Reid and Stewart for having interpreted it wrongly perhaps—I shall now state that, by context and implication,* it appears that Berkeley did not, in reality, deny the existence of something *external to the mind,* which was present as it appeared to us, and which caused our sensations; but, as he considered this external something was not *solid* or *impenetrable,* he called it a *spiritual existence:* and hence that such was really matter, but so different from matter as understood by men in general, that, *to distinguish it from common matter,* we may call it *spiritual matter.* In common language, we might say Berkeley believed the chairs and tables around us to exist; but to exist like what we call *shadows;* but *still, in this sense, really to exist.* Hence the author of 'Immaterialism,' in the concluding part of his prospectus for the prize, has rightly said that candidates must distinguish between the kind of matter that is denied and that kind which is not denied; which latter we may call shadows or *spiritual matter.*†

I confess this view of the subject increases the difficulty, because it reduces candidates to the necessity of proving that solidity and impenetrability are anything more than sensations. Now there is some difficulty in this; though, as Reid says, we may prove that *figure, and motion, and extension* are something more than sensations. But, as Berkeley admits an external spiritual world, and spirit may have figure, and extension, and motion, he here again prevents a logical

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* See 'Universal Immaterialism,' chapter on Misrepresentation, pp. 61-128.

† Nevertheless, we find, at p. 124, these words:—'Berkeley had two distinct convictions—one, that the sensible universe really existed; the other, that it has no material substance in it.' He should have added, but *only spiritual substance* in it, to make the meaning clear.

refutation of his doctrine: and the author of 'Immaterialism' has not forgotten this, for he, also, admits that extension and figure are not sensations.*

The chief position, therefore, I would take up is this, that I have disproved Berkeley's assertion, as stated already, and quoted from p. 62 of his Essay; and *that I deny he has refuted the common doctrine of the solidity of matter.*

The same may be said of the author of 'Immaterialism.' He, in his 'Two new Demonstrations,' has favoured us with a long string of propositions and axioms: but I maintain, however ingenious his reasoning, that he has not proved his point; and for the best of all possible reasons—because the non-existence of matter is neither susceptible of mathematical nor any other kind of proof. Mathematics have no more power over this subject than they have over numerous points in physiology and chemistry; and I contend, therefore, that none of his propositions have brought him nearer to the proof aimed at.

In the present Immaterialist's work, at p. 180, are these words:—'However irresistible our belief may be that colours exist when we do not perceive them, *they nevertheless do not exist, and cannot from their nature exist, when unperceived.*' Now this assertion *refutes itself;* because it assumes a degree of knowledge that no man can lay claim to. And though this passage is only applied to colour, and hence more justifiable; still, that the same dogmatic expression is meant to apply to matter generally is clear from the very title of the book—'Universal Immaterialism, NEWLY DEMONSTRATED.' Again, at p. 191, he puts into Berkeley's mouth—'All that I undertook to prove is the absence of a material substratum from the objects of our universe; AND I HAVE PROVED THIS!!'

Let us now say a few words about these 'Two new Demonstrations' which are to make Berkeley doubly sure. We have already said that Descartes, Cudworth, and Reid have rather been inclined to urge extension (figure), to which Reid added motion, as proofs of an external world, than solidity. On reconsidering this matter, I am inclined to think they are right;† and the author of 'Immaterialism, and Berkeley, we have also seen regard these qualities as evidence of something external to the mind. The former of these two authors therefore says, p. 200, *(Proposition 4)*, all admit that all qualities which are not sensations 'can only reside in the very same place and substance in which that one of them which is called extension resides.' Then he goes on until he comes to his eighteenth proposition, where he seems to consider he has proved by the intermediate chain of propositions, that 'feels and colours can only be present in a sentient substance;' *therefore*, at proposition nineteen, he leaps to the conclusion, that 'a tangible limit and a visible limit ARE AND CAN ONLY BE in a sentient substance and where a sentient substance is.' I would observe here in the first place, that in proposition eighteen, he draws a distinction between feels and colours, and the *cause* of feels

* 'Nowhere has Berkeley said that extension, figure, and motion are sensations, or things bearing the least resemblance to sensations.'—(Op. cit, p. 184.) It is, also, to be remembered that Descartes and Cudworth rested the evidence of a material world chiefly on *extension* (Op. cit, p. 37); so, in most part, perhaps, Reid and Stewart.

† I have nothing to add to these arguments but the persistence of things where they are during night as well as day; and the impenetrability of matter, as evidenced, *not only* by our own incapability of dissolving a wall as easily as if it were a cloud, *but also the incapability of any other animals or insects permeating such a solid any more th— ourselves.* Under such circumstances, if matter be a dream, a dream certainly cann be a dream. I insist particularly on the above as a new argument, because the *inst* of the lower animals and insects is a power probably of a superior order to reas and therefore, if even by the aid of this no animal or insect has ever been able to f its way through a solid wall, I think we have still stronger evidence even than senses and reason afford, for presuming the wall to be as it seems—viz., *really solid*

and colours; and says expressly, and perhaps justly, that the *former* 'can only be present in a sentient substance.'

Herein then I conceive to lie the sophistry of his argument, and consequently I deny the legitimacy of his famous conclusion as enounced in his nineteenth proposition: and my reason is, because he has not shown that the CAUSE of feels and colours can only be present in a sentient substance. Now *the cause* in this case is the external world, as commonly understood; therefore, he has *not* proved the external world can only be present in a sentient substance; although he goes on to the thirty-sixth proposition, in which the dogmatism of the title is fully borne out by the assertion. 'Therefore, matter, from the nature of it, cannot *by any imaginable possibility (sic.)*, subsist, be present, or reside in any object of sense:'* a conclusion, I maintain, not proved by these or Berkeley's arguments. If a philosopher tries to make a hole to get through a stone wall as easily as if it were merely the shadow of a wall (as Berkeley believed) and cannot manage it, one would think he had a pretty *substantial* argument against the identity of substances and shadows; but, if the philosopher denies the solidity of the argument, we must leave him to be convinced with his *senses* or *without them*.

A singular point, in reference to Berkeley and the author of 'Immaterialism,' is that both, admitting the shadows (so to speak) of things to exist, seem to deny that the *matter* of these shadows has anything to do with causing our sensations, whether of solidity or extension—these they still ascribe to 'a Superhuman Mind,' or to the Deity.

'*Nic Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*,' says Horace; and if these supposed shadows cannot cause our sensations, or give us an appearance of an external world, of *what use are they?* The fact is, not being able, even *to their own minds*, to prove the absence of matter in some form or another altogether, because they are obliged to allow, with Descartes, Cudworth, Reid, and Stewart, that *extension must be external to the mind, and therefore that matter exists, be it only in vapour*—they have resorted to this expedient *merely to render their tenets more difficult of a logical refutation; but, in reality, giving no more proof that matter exists in this attenuated state, than that it does not exist with the degree of solidity commonly supposed.* Berkeley very kindly has taken away the substance of things, and left us only the shadows; but he would have been more consistent—aye, and would not have been so misunderstood, by such men as Reid and Stewart, too—had he taken away these shadows as well; particularly as we find that 'the proximate cause of feels and colours is a Superhuman Mind.'—(P. 262.) The reason of this belief (common to Berkeley and our author) seems to be 'because we know there are things produced within our minds that are not produced there by human minds—nay, that are incomparably of a more powerful and stedfast nature than the things produced there by a human mind.'—(P. 263.) Again: 'A Superhuman Mind is the only admissable cause of feels and colours.'—(P. 264.)

Berkeley considered our ideas, not as states of the mind, but as separate things existing in it; and conceived they did not perish when they ceased to exist in it, *because the same ideas recurred at intervals*. He hence deduced the necessity for some omnipresent mind, in which they might exist during the intervals of recurrence; hence his belief of the necessary existence of the Deity. Dr. Brown admitted the demonstration of a God from this source would be perfect, if ideas were really different from the mind itself.†

* Again: p. 232 to the same effect.

† 'Immaterialism,' p. 186, *et seq.* Brown's view of Berkeley's treatise.

I have thought it right to give these ingenious views of Berkeley by way of making his opinions complete; and I will here add the conclusion of Hume on the subject, by way of contrast to the assumed *disproof* of matter. 'The ultimate cause of our sensations is, in my opinion,' says Hume, 'perfectly inexplicable by human reason; and it will always be impossible to decide, *with certainty*, whether they arise immediately from the object, or are produced by the creative power of the mind, or are derived from the Author of our being.' What a contrast to those who profess to *prove* the truth of immaterialism!

It only remains now to say a few words on the 'Prospectus,' in reference to the prize. We are informed, near the commencement, that the prize is offered to him who 'shall publish such arguments in refutation of the said doctrine as shall be declared conclusive;' and, as the words 'universal immaterialism' have just preceded this sentence, it seems clear that the prize is offered for the *disproof of the arguments* contained in his book in favour of immaterialism.

Now, I conceive I have clearly proved that neither Berkeley's nor his arguments are what the authors urge them to be—viz., DISPROOFS of the existence of matter.

Towards the end of the prospectus, however, he seems to require a proof that there is a material substance in the world. Although this is not so easily proved as the first point, still, if figure, extension, and motion, aided by impenetrability as *evinced by no animals or insects being able to penetrate a solid wall any more than ourselves*, do not convince a man that such wall is not the mere shadow of a wall (as Berkeley supposed), I do not know any other arguments that will. I admit as readily as any one that nature deceives us very much, particularly in dreams; but I maintain, as regards the *mere existence* of matter, that she does not; and that she has wisely given us the five senses to supply the place of reason in reference to such points. She seems to have said, 'These are reason on *such* subjects.'

THE NEMESIS OF FAITH.

WE have extracted a few passages from this book directly illustrative of the opinions of the author, and indicative of what is, strangely enough, passing beneath the tranquil surface of Oxford University.*

GENIUS AND RESPECTABILITY: OR, THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.—'There is a genius with its pale face, and worn dress, and torn friendships, and bleeding heart; strong only in struggling; counting all loss but truth and the love of God; rewarded, as men count reward, perhaps by an after apotheosis, yet never seeking this reward or that reward, save only its own good conscience steady to its aim; promising nothing—least of all, peace—only struggles which are to end but with the grave. And there is repectability, with its sweet smiling home, and loving friends, and happy family—a fair green spring, a golden summer, an autumn sinking fruit-loaded to the earth—the final winter rest following on the full finished course of gentle duty done; and for the future prospects, easy and secure. Choose between them, O man, at the parting of the ways! Choose. You may have one—both you cannot have. Either will give you to yourself—either perhaps to God. Yet, if you do choose the first, choose it with all your heart. Y will need it all to bear what will be laid upon you. No wistful lookings ba upon the pleasant land which you are leaving—no playing with life. You ha chosen the heart of things, not the surface; and it is no child's play. Flii away your soul once for all, your own small self; if you will find it again. Cou

* But of the passages prepared, two are this week omitted for want of space.—ED

not even on immortality. St. Paul would make himself anathema for the brethren. Look not to have your sepulchre built in after ages by the same foolish hands which still ever destroy the living prophet. Small honour for you if they do build it, and may be they never will build it. A thousand patriots go to the scaffold amidst the execrations of decent mankind. Out of these thousand, perhaps, the after generation remembers one young Emmett; and his name finds honourable memory, and young ladies drop sentimental tears on the piano notes as they sing the sorrows of his broken-hearted bride.'.....' Yes, genius alone is the Redeemer: it bears our sorrows, it is crowned with thorns for us; the children of genius are the church militant, the army of the human race. Genius is the life, the law of mankind—itself perishing that others may take possession and enjoy. Religion, freedom, science, law, the arts, mechanical or beautiful—all which gives *respectability* a chance—have been moulded out by the toil, and the sweat, and the blood of the faithful; who, knowing no enjoyment, were content to be servants of their own born slaves, and wrought out the happiness of the world which despised and disowned them.'

The Tract Movement.—'Now, to a single-minded man, who is either brave enough or reckless enough to surrender himself wholly to one idea, and look neither right nor left, but only forward, what earthly consequences may follow is not material. Persecution strengthens him; and so he is sure he is right—whether his course end in a prison or on a throne is no matter at all. But men of this calibre are uncommon in any age or in any country—very uncommon in this age and this country.'.....' It became necessary [for the Tractarians] to surrender tutorships, fellowships, and the hopes of them; to find difficulties in getting ordained, to lose slowly the prospects of pleasant curacies, and livings, and parsonage houses, and sweet little visions of home paradises—a serious thing to young high churchmen, who were commonly of the amiable enthusiastic sort, and so, of course, had fallen most of them into early engagements: and from this time the leader's followers began to lag behind. "They turned back, and walked no more after him." I am not blaming them. They did not know what was governing them, and, if they did, they would have had very much to urge for themselves. It is no light thing this mortifying the hopes of friends, who have, perhaps, made painful sacrifices to lift us forward. It is no light thing to encounter the hard words and hard facts of life, without sympathy, till the cause is won and it is not needed; rather, perhaps, with the coldness of those we love, the sneers of society, the three meals a-day never slacking their claims, and the wherewithal to provide them poorly forthcoming.'.....' It was enough for me to learn, as now I soon did, that all real arguments against Catholicism were, in fact, arguments against Christianity, and I was readily induced to acknowledge that the Reformation had been the most miserable infatuation. The world was an enemy dangerous enough without home feuds; and the Reformers, in allowing reason to sit in judgment in matters of faith, in appealing to common sense, and in acknowledging the right of personal independence, were introducing elements—no one of which could produce anything but falsehood—in a system which recognised none of them, which was divine, not human, and, being divinely founded, had the promise of divine sustaining. I saw that, in denying the continual authority of the Church's witness, and falling back on individual experience or historic testimony, they had, in fact, cut away the only support on which Revelation could at all sustain itsef. That, in the cry of "the Bible only" (setting aside the absurdity of the very idea, as if the Bible was not written in human language, and language not dependent for interpretation upon tradition—I say setting aside this), men are assuming the very point

at issue; for, if the Church was mistaken, why must the Bible be true? That is, why must it be wholly true? why not contain the same alloy of true and false to be found in all other books?'.....'Experience had shown that the same reason which rejected the Saints' miracles as incredible would soon make hard mouths at the Bible miracles. The notion of inspiration was no more satisfactory than that of the Church's infallibility; and if the power of the keys, and sacramental grace, and apostolic succession were absurdities, the Devil was at least equally so. And with the Devil fell sin, and the atonement fell, and all revelation fell; and we were drifting on the current of a wide ocean, we knew not where, with neither oar nor compass.'

SURRENDER OF REASON—THE STUDENT HALTS.—'Newman talked much to us of the surrender of reason. Reason, first of everything, must be swept away, so daily more and more unreasonable appeared to modern eyes so many of the doctrines to which the Church was committed. As I began to look into what he said about it, the more difficult it seemed to me. What did it mean? Reason could only be surrendered by an act of reason. Even the Church's infallible judgments could only be received through the senses, and apprehended by reason; why, if reason was a false guide, should we trust one act of it more than another? Fall back on human faculty somewhere we must, and how could a superstructure stone be raised on a chaff foundation? While I was perplexing myself about this, there came a sermon from him in St. Mary's, once much spoken of, containing a celebrated sentence. The sermon is that on the development of religious doctrine—the sentence is this: "Scripture says the earth is stationary and the sun moves; science, that the sun is stationary and that the earth moves." For a moment it seemed as if every one present heard, in these words, the very thing they had all wished for and had long waited for—the final mesothesis for the reconciling the two great rivals Science and Revelation; and yet it was that sentence which at once cleared up my doubts the other way, and finally destroyed the faith I had in Newman, after "Tract 90" had shaken it. For to what conclusions will it drive us? If Scripture does not use the word "motion" in the sense in which common writers use it, it uses it in some transcendental sense by hypothesis beyond our knowledge. Therefore, Scripture tells us nothing except what may be a metaphysical unattainable truth. But if Scripture uses one word in such sense without giving us warning, why not more words?—why not every word and every sentence? And Scripture, instead of a revelation, becomes a huge mysterious combination of one knows not what; and, what is worse, seeming all the while to have a plain and easy meaning constructed purposely to lead us astray. The very thing which Descartes, at the outset of his philosophy, thought it necessary to examine the probability of—whether, that is, *Deus quidam deceptor existat*, who can intentionally deceive us. Nor is the difficulty solved in the very least by the theory of an infallible interpretation of Scripture. For, by hypothesis, the interpretings are by the Holy Spirit, the same spirit which has played one such strange trick, and may therefore do it again—nay, is most likely to do it again and again.'

We would add one word more respecting this Oxford book, which it may be useful to say. People exclaim, in self-complacent tones, 'Oh, there is nothing new in the book. It is only Voltaire and Paine carefully dished up; a reiteration of the same old story which the great Churchmen and Dissenters of England have refuted a thousand times.' Now, this is partly true and partly false, like mo off-hand, dashing criticisms of the like kind. There is something new in the bo —something which is more to be feared than all the logic and sarcasm in t universe. There is *heart* and *reverence*—there is truth made strong by a devou earnest eloquence. It is this which made Mr. Sewell burn it, and which h made the high church party shriek out anathema while they trembled at i sincerity, revelations, and vigorous rhetoric. The book is terrible because it reverential.

EUGENE.

Illustrative Notices.

UNDER the title of Redemption Society a body of persons have associated, for the purpose of illustrating, by practical experiment, the truthfulness of the principles of co-operation and mutual aid. The Redemption Society holds an estate of excellent land, situated in South Wales, possessing qualities of the highest order for agricultural and manufacturing enterprise. One requisite to render success certain, is a favourable effort on the part of the intelligent and well-disposed of the working classes towards the experiment. The time is come when the organisation of industry, on a just and humane basis, should take the place of the present system, which permits the wealth-producing classes to toil on in the midst of the abundance they have created, and to suffer privations unparalleled. The wants and spirit of the age should be met—and as the silent, peaceful, irresistible social revolution proceeds, its course will be obviously beneficial. There will be liberty without licentiousness, equality without anarchy, and fraternity without spoliation. The members of the London district of the Redemption Society meet every Tuesday evening at the Lecture Rooms, Halladay's Coffee House, 37, Holborn Hill, (opposite Hatton Garden), where lectures and discussions take place on the objects and principles of the society. Chair taken at half-past eight o'clock. Persons desirous of information are earnestly invited to attend.

A correspondent argues thus:—In one number of the *Reasoner* it is said, 'We labour to establish the coincidence of religion with morality.' In another, religion is averred to be 'a serious practical error.' Therefore we are endeavouring to make morality correspond with a 'serious practical error.' But to make religion coincide with morality, is the opposite of making morality coincide with religion. To make what is assumed to be error coincide with what one regards as truth, is a very different thing from making the assumed truth coincide with suspected error. In one case you purify error, in the other you vitiate truth. Our proposal was to purify the error. We did not think it possible that the language we employed could be misunderstood.

N. S. is of opinion that one great step in advance towards Socialism or Universal Brotherhood, would be to establish a universal language for all nations, and to avoid, as much as possible, all jealousy and rivalry. The Latin language appears to him most suitable—and as the greatest part of Christendom are, or profess to be, of the Roman religion, it is more than probable it would be adopted. This, and the phonetic mode of printing and writing, would soon create a universal language, instead of the Babel-like confusion of tongues now used in the world.

The *Spectator*, in commenting on the 'opprobriums' of English law, says—'These things are common places, very tiresome and tedious to discuss, because they are so trite. "Common places," are they? Yes—gross injustice, coarse mockery, and silly perverseness, *are* common places in our code and practice of law; the more shame to us that they are so. If none but fools persevere in approved foolery, then truly must we confess ourselves, on this showing, a nation of fools.'

'The changes of the seasons,' says J. Michelet, 'so indifferent for the rich, constitute the basis of the poor man's life—his real events.'

In a narrative of the proceedings relative to the appointment of the Medical Officers to the Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport Hospital, by W. C. Engledue, M.D., formerly President of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, we find the following passage, illustrating the personal character of Dr. Engledue:—'I wished not to bolster myself up with advantages which were not enjoyed equally by all my brethren. I entered on the race of life free and unfettered, and free and unfettered I will remain. No man shall point the finger of scorn at me, and declare that, in my social career, I took that which I did not use my best exertions to give him an opportunity of possessing. I will run the race, and I will use my best endeavours to win, but it shall be on fair and equal terms. I will take nothing from the world which is not honestly, truly, and manfully earned. These are my feelings—my *weaknesses*. They may be designated Utopian, visionary, Quixotic, or anything else the reader may please; there is, at any rate, this quality attached to them—they cannot be disrobed of the dignity of reason—the dignity of truth.'

'Moderation' writes:—'The last *Reasoner* much pleased me. The subject of association is an all-important one, but neither of us will see it carried out extensively, because the people are not yet sufficiently imbued with knowledge to be fit for such a state. A hundred years hence, perhaps a wiser Cabet, or a more comprehensive Owen, may lead to more fortunate results. To sketch out, with any prospect of success, an associative combination of men, requires a master mind—a brain that will at once encompass all the sciences directly necessary to human happiness: among these I include physiology, anatomy, dietetics, agriculture, geology, architecture, mechanics, geography; but I do not know where to stop in subdivisions, for although there are many departments of knowledge, yet there is only one science—one large stream, in which all the streamlets run. Where is now such a man to be found to stand out of the millions of human beings, pointing as a beacon to that happiness to which all men are gravitating? I am anxious to gain all the information I can about association, and shall peruse with attention your thoughts on the subject. I have no doubt that, some day or other, I shall join some such association—but when, how, or where, I know not yet. I fear men are not yet ripe for association, as I understand it.'

A man, entering a druggist's shop in this town, (says a Bilston correspondent of the *Nonconformist*) where lay a petition in favour of arbitration instead of war, was asked by the shopman if he would sign it. 'No,' said the intelligent, 'I am a Wesleyan, and *will not* sign it, because it is *against the Bible*.' 'Indeed; how do you make that out?' 'Why, the Bible says, there shall be "wars and rumours of wars," and I won't sign it.'

Emerson says:—'Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history, our imagination makes fools of us, plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both: the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred, and Scanderberg, and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous: *did they wear out virtue?*'

Miss Elizabeth Blackwell, of Philadelphia, who has been pursuing her studie for three years past at the Geneva Medical College, received the degree of M.D at the annual commencement of that institution in February. The subject of h thesis was 'ship fever.' The appearance of the female Æsculapius on the stag was greeted with approbation.

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

April 25, 1849.

THE CARLILE MONUMENT.

Some time ago Dr. Horatio Prater published a work on the 'Injurious Effects of Mineral Poisons in the Practice of Medicine'—also an 'Epitome of the System of Luigi Cornaro for attaining old age; and an essay on the New System of Raspail,' (Every Man his own Physician) to which the Montyon prize of 10,000f. was adjudged at Paris. Dr. Prater is the Discoverer of various principles in Medicine and Chemistry, and is competent to speak usefully on these interesting subjects. We have never seen so instructive a life of the famous old Italian Cornaro as Dr. Prater has here given. The 'Student in Realities' frequently drew our attention to the chemical theories of Raspail. The 'System' of his here analysed abounds in curious opinions, such that we wonder not at the peculiar celebrity which threw him on the surface of the late Revolution. The appendix to these Essays is a curious fragment on 'Self-Mesmerism.' The reason for noticing this work in this place is that Dr. Prater has placed eighteen copies at our publisher's, to be sold at 1s. 6d. each (3s. is the proper price), the proceeds to augment the Monument List opened some time ago in Mr. Carlile's name.

A short inscription, such as would be within the limits of the prescribed Cemetery rules, might tell of the years of imprisonment which Carlile endured in furtherance of the principles of free-discussion. And such an inscription might prove instructive to the readers of epitaphs who wander over the Kensall Green Cemetery. By this means Carlile, 'though dead, might yet speak.'

The young children who survive Mr. Carlile have life before them, and so much public attention to the memory of their parent would be reflected in the advantage of higher estimate on the family.

I shall not often refer to this subject, as I think it not becoming to the memory of Carlile that any *solicitation* should be made on the subject. What has been given is acknowledged below. Any additions must be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. Watson. If they accumulate sufficiently, they will be faithfully applied to the purpose intended. If not, they will be returned to the subscribers—therefore let each send her or his address.

Many persons decline to do any thing in the matter, Mr. Carlile's public career was so strange a mixture of good and evil. This is true, as I have fully admitted and considered in the 'Life' of him which I have just published. But let us reverse the world's maxim. Let the great good he did live after him, and the evil be interred with his bones. G. J. H.

SUMS SENT IN.

Thomas Watts, Islington ..	1	0	0
Arthur Trevelyan, Wallington* ..	1	0	0
Mr. Duncan's book, per Mr. Wilde	0	1	6
A Friend	0	1	0
R. Cornish, per Mr. Sanderson ..	0	1	0
Miss E. L. Dyer	0	1	0
S. B., per Mr. H..	0	2	0

NOW READY,

The Life, Writings, and Character of Richard Carlile. By G. Jacob Holyoake. Price 6d.

To speak of him as intrepid, would be to use a word at once inadequate and inappropriate; to use an expression of Marshal Soult, he was an *impassable* man.—*Quarterly Review*, on Buonarrotti.

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1. His Parentage, Apprenticeship, and Marriage.
2. The Publisher and the Prisoner.
3. The Editor and the Atheist.
4. His Death and Character.

LETTER FROM MR. WHITE.

Mr. White writes—'I have been very ill since I last wrote you. The room in which I am confined is nearly as dark as midnight, the main portion of light being admitted through a door, which also admits a miserably cold breeze. There are also two other doors leading into the room, which is a sort of hall, or public thoroughfare for the turnkeys; and whenever either of the two doors are opened, the draught of air is so great that my papers are swept off the table. I am scarcely a week without a severe cold. I received the *Reasoners* sent by my friends for several weeks, but latterly they have been discontinued. I wish that some of your readers could forward them, as I take a great interest in their contents. I am thankful to you for your uniform kindness to me since my imprisonment here. Through your notice in the *Reasoner*, Mr. Mark William Norman, of Ventnor, Isle of Wight, has sent me postage stamps several times; and an anonymous reader of yours sent a dozen stamps through Mr. James Farrell, 62, Richmond Row, Liverpool. This last week, I have received a letter from Arthur Trevelyan, Esq., informing me that he had forwarded a post-office order for one pound, to the care of Mr. Farrell, for my use—which I have to-day received. You will oblige me by acknowledging the same. I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Trevelyan for his kindness.

Kirkdale Gaol. G. WHITE.

* Mr. Trevelyan has also forwarded £5 for the use of the Family.

THE SEA-GULL.

BY LORD MORPETH, NOW EARL OF CARLISLE.

Fly on, fly on, thou noble bird,
What hand could aim against thy life,
When you so nobly brave the storm,
And gather pleasure in the strife?
Fly on, fly on, and boundless roam
Far, far o'er thine own lake and sea,
Since their high waves thou mak'st thy home,
Since their fierce storms are bliss to thee.

But stop, oh stop! I pray thee tell,
(If aught of good be in the tale.)
What impulse makes thee kiss the swell,
And why you court the rising gale?—
For oh, I feel, when fate doth bring
Its storms upon life's troubled sea,
'T would be a glorious, happy thing,
Could we but brave those storms like thee.

Then pry'thee tell, when storms o'ercast;
When hearts and hands begin to fail,
When cares that first but blew a blast
Have risen quite to blow a gale—
Oh, tell us how with hearts as light
As seems thy will, thy wing, thy form,
How we may live in such a night,
How we may brave out such a storm.

When slander's tongue, its arts employ
To blight a virtuous, honest name,
When envy's hand would smite the boy
Who seeks to gain a living fame—
Oh, tell them how such storms to brave,
For much they need thy magic tale,—
Already are they on the wave,
Already yield they to the gale.

And when some poor and honest man
Is struggling manful 'gainst his fate,
Or when some youth has formed a plan
(And hard's his task!) to rise, be great,
Or when some tender heart's exposed
To vile temptation's gilded form,
Oh, teach them how such gale's opposed!
And how to live out such a storm!

Or should some noble, free-born hand,
E'er say or hope that free they 'll be,
Or should some despot's iron hand
E'er 'tempt to grasp or bind the free,—
Oh, pry'thee tell them then thy tale,
How wide you roam, how far you range,
How you oppose the fiercest gale,
And yet you never, never change.

And 't seems to me that 't would be sweet,
When malice swells its hideous form,
When all the perils deign to meet,
Or envious critics raise a storm,—
That 't would be sweet to learn from thee,
How unconcerned we then might sail,
Or how to ride this troubled sea,
And laughs at all the furious gale.

Head of Lake Ontario, June 1842.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

The idea of transmitting intelligence from place to place through the medium of electricity, is by no means new; but it was not until a few years back, that any contrivance sufficiently practical was brought before the public.

In the year 1837, Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone obtained their first patent for an electric telegraph. This patent has been subsequently followed by several others, in which the instrument has been gradually divested of much of its complexity, and expense; it is now in operation on most of the lines of railway in England.

Its construction and operation are made to depend upon two principles. First: 'That if a magnetic needle be suspended near a wire, through which the electric current is passing, the needle will have a tendency to place itself at right angles to that wire. The north pole will point to the right or left, according as the direction of the current is reversed.' Second'y: 'That a bar of soft iron may be rendered a temporary magnet by the transmission of an electric current through a wire coiled spirally around the bar.'

The application of the first principle is effected by causing two needles on the front of the instrument to deflect to the right or left, indicating any letter as determined. In order to call the attention of the clerk the second principle is employed, by converting a piece of soft iron into a magnet, which attracts its keeper, setting loose some machinery for ringing a bell, which can be stopped at pleasure.

The telegraphs at the different stations are joined by wires, and the wires, at the terminus, are connected with the earth.

Now, suppose the clerk at one station wishes to converse with the clerk at another. The handle for ringing the bell is turned, the fluid passes through the instrument along the wire to the next station, through that instrument, and so on until arriving at one terminus; it returns through the earth to the other terminus, goes over the same process again, and arrives at the instrument whence it started, having rung all the bells in its passage. The clerk then motions to what station he intends to convey the message, and is answered after every word by certain signals indicating whether he is understood or not. — J. D., in *Queenwood Reporter*.

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The Reasoner.

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HOW FAR MIGHT THE GOVERNMENT PROMOTE ASSOCIATION?

Would it be an impossible thing for the Parliament to appropriate some piece of waste land, capable of sustaining a thousand poor families; to build suitable habitations for them—I mean not elegant, but plain, substantial houses (houses, by the way, which should give a vote to the occupier), and well drained and ventilated, so as to be salubrious? The buildings might be arranged on a co-operative plan, so far as the common conveniences are concerned which are already being realised in model washing, lodging houses and baths. There would be no great objection to a public kitchen and a public table; for I presume those adults who were very hungry would make no permanent objections to a dinner in company. In such a colony as is here supposed to be instituted, trades and manufactures should be introduced in such proportion as would enable the residents to supply themselves, as far as possible, without barter—in fine, to render them self-supporting and self-dependent. Let proper superintendents and directors be appointed by the founders of the colony. Let it be understood that whoever came were to perform such work as might be appointed to them to do. Let the hours of labour be so ordered so as not to exceed the average extent of strength of the parties who are to perform it. Their remuneration would be wholesome shelter, wholesome food, sufficient clothing, and a useful and sound secular education for their children. The surplus products of the colony, when there were any, should be disposed of, to repay the cost of its foundation and expense of direction; and afterwards it should become the property of the colonists, who would have before them the prospect of ultimate competency. There should be no air of charity about the place—no personal humiliation—but perfect order and an absolute enforcement of duty, as nothing less would ensure the productiveness of the place.

These arrangements made and announced, let the government invite the really destitute, and able families of the unemployed, to enter such a colony. Let there be no qualification as to opinion—let all shades of politics and theology be equally eligible. And let the coming, and staying or leaving, be equally *optional*. Many would not come, many would not stay—but if they perished, their blood would not, as now, be at the door of the law, which binds up all property and leaves the poor to perish, or degrades them in the poor-house. There should be no degradation here. The colony I allude to should be such a place that a man of independent spirit could come to it. The principle of regulation should be, as far as possible—Assistance without interference, help without dominion. You cannot alleviate poverty at once. You cannot make the ignorant happy in a day. To supply the poor, the absolutely poor, with the means of rising, is all that is required. The more there can be left to their own exertions the better.

Great numbers of the working classes would refuse any such asylum as this above sketched. To be forced to work whether they would or not, at what shall be appointed for them to do—to be required to work a given number of hours—to be restricted to plain food, to plain homes, to plain clothes. O no, they will

have none of it! They would call it 'unheard-of tyranny.' They forget that there is no tyrant on record, no Draco, Nero, Caligula, or Nicholas, whose edicts were ever half so brutal and inexorable as the edicts of Destitution. There is no tyranny like Want. Yet under this tyrant the unemployed live, and call it Freedom. If they get employment they must accept it or perish, though it should be offered by their most deadly enemy. They must work any number of hours, as in the factory they do. They must work also at whatever they shall be ordered, even though greatly injurious to life, and all under the iron penalty of death. In return for this submission there is the scanty pittance—the unwholesome home, in the fœtid alley or damp cellar—the ragged attire—the unwholesome food—no education whatever for children (for the poor cannot pay for education beyond a few pence per week, and for a few pence anything worthy the name of education cannot be had)—and withal there is no provision for the future, no self-emancipation. The poor labourer, like the poor horse, is, when worn out, abandoned *to* die, or is killed off with official parade—commonly called Poor Law support. For myself, I should prefer the Slavery which insured health, a wholesome home, a useful education for children, and a prospect of ultimate competency, to that conventional Freedom which, in leaving men free only to starve, dooms them to ignorance, dependence, and the grave. No amount of shouting 'Centralisation,' and 'Middle Class Rule,' would, for one moment, confuse my choice. It would be pretended, perhaps really believed, that in this species of colony men would be too much governed. They are too much governed already. As there is no tyranny like anarchy, so there is no government so bad as the absence of government. The colony would substitute the government of intelligence for the *iron* rule of chance and poverty. And show men that a wise compliance with certain duties will promote their interests and improvement, and compliance becomes a sublime duty: and it can be proved that men do yield a more implicit and offensive obedience to vice and tyranny, than will be demanded of them, in Association, for virtue and freedom.

If the thing can be done in a better form, so much the more readily I should hail it. If any 'Land Plan,' or 'Model Lodging House' scheme will reach the evil more effectually, let such schemes be preferred. But as some would prefer one and some another mode, there is, perhaps, need of them all; and this experiment ought to be fairly tried—it will extend itself if once found advantageous.

The colony plan would, when once found to be paying, present by far the most comprehensive experiment for the guidance of capitalists, who would soon find it to their interest to unite all possible co-operative advantages together on the most eligible terms; and the best state of society is likely to result for the scheme of self-dependent intercourse, as the competitive principle will always keep the world in antagonism. Indeed, it admits of strong doubt whether anything less than colonisation will meet the evil which threatens the state. The unemployed English, ever augmenting, will become like the Irish, of whom Carlyle says, truly enough, 'that it is vain to think of palliating the monster, vain to try feeding him by Indian meal, or rates-in-aid; he will not be fed—he has a stomach like the grave, the whole world cannot feed him.' Help him to feed himself. It can be done in Ireland, it can be done in England—and little else is needed.

Our supposed colony might receive the dependent poor from the various parishes, who could be called upon to sustain the parties contributed to the colony upon some equitable arrangement, which would relieve the state from some part of special expence on this account. The parties thus drafted and rendered self-sustaining on the land, would be as much abstracted from the labour market as

if they had emigrated to a distant land. Thus, all that remained would be improved in position, and those who were colonised would be saved.

There are doubtless various objections to the plan here spoken of, but none so serious as the evils it would meet. And many of the objections which were formerly urged have been withdrawn, even by political economists. We have been asked why we have not replied to the arguments of Mr. Mill, which we published some time ago. The reason is simply that Mr. Mill admits enough for practical purpose. He allows that the community scheme 'is not what is commonly meant by impracticable,' though the results would be much less favourable than Socialists suppose. A speech lately given in *Chambers' Journal*, by Marius André, deputy of Var, admits that 'the state has a duty, imposed on it by nature, to find work for operatives *as far as its power extends*.' How far its 'power extends' is matter for debate. Sir Robert Peel has shown, in an indirect way, that this power touching Ireland is much more extensive than was a few months ago supposed. 'Tait,' for February, writes: 'We observe that Mr. Lawrence Hill has recently addressed a letter to the Chief Commissioners of Woods and Forests, in which he mentions the propriety of settling the children of ragged schools on the waste lands of the New Forest, as the best means of employing them.' The writer in 'Tait' having shown its inapplicability to ragged schools, says—'The "farmed out" children of the large parishes, and generally the poor who are now enclosed in workhouses, would more fully answer the conditions of this recommendation. They could all, in different degrees, become useful in the reclaiming of waste land—with the exception of infancy, and extreme old age. Even in villages formed by the Unions, the two extremes would be better than in existing circumstances. The communities, placed under wise management, would be more nearly self-supporting than by any other method that could be named. Industry would replace the frigid torpor that undoubtedly now exists in workhouses. The parish guardians would not be relieved from that responsibility which now they seem so willing to devolve upon contractors, who do a large business in pauper children. They would be, therefore, compelled to select with great care, and to oversee with extreme watchfulness, the persons to whom they committed the management of the poor; and we by no means believe the substitution of villages for workhouses, of profitable industry for aimless idleness, impossible.' Next the argument will be carried higher. We have seen Mr. Charles Pearson, M.P., propose a species of Gaol Communities. We need only to humanise his plan. What he adapts for criminals, might be extended to honest men. What he would employ to *reform* criminals, would, if employed, *prevent* them. What ought to be done will be done, eventually, whatever prejudice may say to the contrary.

On the 1st of July, 1848, Mr. Cobden, after reading the *National Wealth Tract*, No. 2, published on that day, wrote to the author saying—'I suggest that you make the striking events of the day the pegs for your arguments. What a lesson is there for you to moralize on in Paris! Turn it to good. Trace the blood of generals, citizens, and workmen, which crimsoned the streets of Paris. Trace it up to the innocent but ignorant authors of the tragedy. *It was Louis Blanc, honest enthusiast as I believe him to be, and his followers, who really dug the trenches, raised the barricades, and converted the streets of Paris into a field of battle.* They who taught the working men that a government can feed and employ the people, instead of teaching them as a fundamental condition of freedom, it is for the people to feed and clothe themselves, aye and to support and pay government. They it was who, by appearing to have deceived the working men, but who, in reality, were self-deluded, that provoked the terrible outbreak which led to such

havoc and slaughter.' Mr. Cobden is not obliged to be infallible, any more than any one else; and he does not at all appear to understand this matter. The French people, whom Louis Blanc advised, never wanted the Government to feed them, only to give them facilities to feed themselves. Their demand was—'That *all* should have labour who are willing to labour, and that all who labour should live; that they should have *food, clothing, shelter*, and be able *to love* and *to hope*. Surely this is not so very extravagant. Even the enemy of Louis Blanc, Chevalier, writes: 'The mother idea of Louis Blanc's Organization of Labour is that human society may govern itself principally, if not absolutely, by the idea of *duty*.' It will be very hard, when the world's prejudice a little subsides, to persuade it that there was anything so very bad or dangerous in all this. We will still believe, with the *Coventry Herald*, that 'if government can take the raw recruit and thump, drill, and pipe-clay him into a good soldier, so that, at the word of command, he will march against an enemy even to the cannon's mouth—surely it might drill and march an army against the greatest of all enemies—want.' ION.

Eclectic Gatherings.

BY PANTHEA.

III. SELECTIONS FROM GOETHE.

THE following translations are from a very valuable work of Goethe's 'On Natural Philosophy in General' (Zur Naturwissenschaft im Allgemeinen), and from a collection of sayings entitled 'Individualities, Maxims, and Reflections,' (Einzelnheiten, Maximen, und Reflexionen). They are not presented in the order in which they appear in the original, and are merely offered as a small selection from a great mine of intellectual wisdom—containing those thoughts which especially attracted my admiration, arranged according to my own taste.

The next number of the 'Eclectic Gatherings' will contain some translations from Novalis, another celebrated German author of recent times. These, also, have been selected and arranged in the same manner. So far as I am aware, none of the passages in either collection (except the last extract from Novalis) have been translated into English before.

NATURE.

(Written about the year 1780.)

Nature! By her we are surrounded and embraced: we are unable to escape from her, and unable to sink more deeply into her. Unasked and unwarned she takes us into the circle of her dance, and carries us on with her, till we become weary and sink into her arms.

She is ever creating new forms; what is, never was before; what was, comes not again; all is new, and yet ever old.

We live in the midst of her, and yet we are strangers to her. She incessantly converses with us, yet never betrays her secret. We constantly work upon her, and yet have no power over her.

She seems to have founded everything upon individuality, and to make nothing from the individuals. She is ever building and ever destroying, and her laboratory is inaccessible.

She exists solely in her children, and the mother—where is she?

She is the only artist; from the simplest materials she produces the greatest contrasts, and without the appearance of straining comes the greatest perfectio

——the strictest precision, ever overlaid with something tender. Each of her works has a being of its own, each of her appearances has an isolated idea, and yet all melt into One.

She performs a drama: whether she herself beholds it we know not—and yet she plays it for us who stand in the corner. In her is an eternal Living, Becoming, and Moving, and yet she advances no farther. She is for ever changing, and at no moment does she stand still. She has no idea of permanence, and she has annexed her curse to finality (stand-stillism). She is firm. Her step is measured, her exceptions rare, her laws unchangeable.

She possesses the power of thought, and continually reflects, though not as a human being, but as Nature. She has reserved to herself a peculiar, all-embracing meaning, which no one can learn by observation.

All men are in her, and she is in all men. With all she keeps up a friendly sport, and rejoices the more men win from her. With many she keeps this up so secretly that they play to the end before they are aware of what they are doing.

The most unnatural things are still a part of Nature: even the coarsest Philistinism* possesses some of her genius. He who does not see her everywhere, sees her nowhere rightly.

She loves herself, and ever clings to herself with innumerable eyes and hearts. She has separated herself in order to enjoy herself. She constantly lets new enjoying-ones grow up to communicate with her insatiably.

She rejoices in illusion. She punishes, as the severest tyrant, the man who demolishes this in himself and others. She clasps to her heart, as a child, him who follows her trustingly. Her children are countless in number. To none is she niggardly throughout; but she has darlings on whom she lavishes much, and to whom she sacrifices much. She has attached her protection to greatness.

She sends forth her creatures out of Naught, and tells them not whence they come and whither they go. All their business is to walk onwards—*she* knows the path.

She has few springs of action, but they are never worn out—they are ever active, ever manifold.

Her frame is ever new, for she constantly creates new spectators. Life is her fairest invention, and Death is her arrangement for possessing more life.

She wraps man in darkness, and ever incites him towards light. She makes him dependent on earth—sluggish and heavy, and ever agitates him upward.

She imparts necessities, because she loves motion. Strange, that she should attain all this motion so easily. Every necessity is a blessing: quickly satisfied, quickly arising again. If she gives more to any one, it is a new source of pleasure; but she soon again returns to her equal balance.

She puts all moments to the longest course, and is every moment at the goal.

She is frivolity itself, but she does not allow the same to us, whom she has formed for the greatest earnestness.

She permits every child to play with her, every fool to criticise her, and thousands to pass her stupidly over and see nothing—and in all she takes pleasure and finds her account.

Her laws are obeyed even when they are resisted; we work *with* her, even when we attempt to work *against* her.

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* This term denotes a style of thought and belief to which Goethe and his intellectual co-labourers were specially opposed. I think there is a particular description of it in Carlyle's Miscellanies, Vol. II., in the article on Modern German Literature.—P.

She makes all that she gives a blessing, for she first makes it indispensable. She delays, that we may long for her; she hastens, that we may not be satisfied with her.

She has neither speech nor language, but she creates tongues and hearts through which she feels and speaks.

Her crown is love. Only through that can she be approached.* She has isolated all, in order to bring all together. She deems a life full of trouble compensated by a few draughts from the goblet of love.

She is all. She rewards herself and punishes herself, rejoices herself and torments herself. She is rude and tender, lovely and terrible, impotent and omnipotent. She knows neither Past nor Future. The Present is her eternity. She is benignant. I praise her and all her works. She is wise and quiet. We can force no explanations from her, hector no present from her, that she does not choose to give us. She is subtle, but it is to good purpose, and it is best not to observe her art.

She is whole, and yet ever incomplete. In the way that she goes on, she may continue to do for ever.

To every one she appears in their own form. She conceals herself under a thousand names and terms, and is for ever the same.

She has placed me here; she will lead me hence. I trust myself to her. She may reproach me; she will not hate her work. *I* have not spoken of her. No—that which is true, and that which is false, she has spoken all herself. All is her blame; all is her praise.

APHORISMS.

I.

We live in the midst of derived appearances, and can nowise tell how to come to the primeval question.

Men are so overcome by the endless conditions of appearances, that they cease to become conscious of the Condition-Causing.

The idea of a *beginning* is entirely denied to us; therefore, when we see anything, we think it has always been there. This is the reason we are so fond of the box-within-box system.†

There are many problems in Physics of which we cannot speak properly without calling in metaphysics to our aid; not, however, the wisdom of schools and words, but that which before, with, and after physics, was, is, and will be.

'Natural system' is a paradoxical expression. Nature has no system: she has and she is Life, and action from an unknown centre to an undiscoverable circumference. Therefore, the contemplation of nature is endless. We may study minutely the most isolated phenomena, or, turning to the whole, follow the track in the broad and high.

All that we call, in the higher sense, invention or discovery, is the significant practice and realisation of an original feeling of truth—which, long fashioned in stillness, leads us unseen to a fruitful knowledge with lightning's swiftness. It is

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* Here follows a sentence which I cannot feel sure of translating correctly, and therefore omit. Its meaning is very similar to that of the sentence following.—P.

† '*Der System der Einschachtelung.*' Such as that of the earth resting on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, &c.—P.

a revelation, developing itself from the inward to the outward, which suggests to man his likeness to the Deity. It is a synthesis of the world and of spirit, which gives the most blessed assurance of the eternal harmony of existence.

The highest would be to comprehend that all facts are already theory. The blue of the sky opens to us the fundamental laws of chromatics. We need not seek for anything *behind* the phenomena—they themselves are the instruction.

All that has life, forms an atmosphere around it.

The smallest hair casts a shadow.

Nature is not troubled about errors; she herself can never act otherwise than rightly, undisturbed as to what the consequences may be.

One need not travel over the whole world in order to understand that the sky is everywhere blue.

The Beautiful is a manifestation of unseen laws of nature, which, without this visible shape, would have remained for ever hidden from us.

There are only two true religions: one, that which recognises and adores the holy that is in us and around us, entirely without form; the other, that which recognises and adores the same holiness in the fairest form. All that lies between these, is idolatry.

'Perspicuity is a right division of light and shadow.'—*Hamann.*

Hear!

Reason is directed towards that which is growing—Understanding, towards that which is finished. The former cares not to ask 'whereto?' the latter thinks not of asking 'whence?' The former rejoices at development—the latter wishes to keep all at the same point, in order to make use of it.

Lichtenberg's writings may serve as most wondrous wishing-rods: when he makes a jest, a problem lies hidden beneath it. In the great empty space between Mars and Jupiter he put a bright fancy. When Kant had carefully proved that these two planets had consumed and appropriated to themselves all the matter in this space, Lichtenberg said lightly, in his own peculiar way, 'Why should there not be invisible worlds?' And has not he spoken with perfect truth? Are not the newly-discovered planets invisible to the whole world, except to the little band of astronomers, whose word and whose calculations we are obliged to take upon trust?

When I look at the enlightenment and enlargement which the present times have witnessed in the realm of Physics, I feel like a pilgrim who, going towards the East in the morning twilight, gazed with impatient joy on the increasing clearness, and looked for the advent of the light with longing; but who, when the sun at length appeared, was forced to turn away his eyes, which were not able to endure the glory for which he had so much wished and hoped.

II.

We sometimes ascribe our circumstances to God, sometimes to the Devil, and are mistaken in both cases: in ourselves lies the riddle—we who are the product of two worlds.

Man ranks so high, because the otherwise unrepresentable is in him represented. What is a lyre, and all its mechanical contrivances, compared with the ear of the musician? Indeed, we may say, what are the elementary appearances of nature themselves compared with man, who must bind and modify all, in order to make them assimilate in some degree.

A great error: men think themselves more than they are, and prize themselves at less than they are worth.

'We more willingly confess our moral errors, faults, and infirmities, than our intellectual ones.' That is because Conscience is modest and soon sinks into shame; but Intellect is proud, and to be obliged to confess an error reduces it to despair.

He who does not esteem himself too greatly, is much more than he is aware of.

He who bears with my faults is my master, though he be my servant.

Individuality calls forth individuality.

The most original authors of recent times are not original because they bring forward something new, but because they are as capable of saying old things as if they had never been said before.

Mastership often passes for egotism.

This love of truth is shown in this—that the individual knows how to find and prize everywhere that which is good.

The best that we get from history is the enthusiasm which it arouses.

F. Read, instead of springing with enthusiasm out of his chrysalis condition, endeavours to replace the already grown and unfolded limbs into the old case.

Truth belongs to men—error to the age. Therefore was it said of an extraordinary man, Le malheur des tems a causé son erreur, mais la force de son âme l'en a fait sortir avec gloire. (The misfortune of the times caused him to fall into error, but the strength of his soul enabled him to pass out of it with glory.)

Truth is a torch, but a monstrous one; therefore, we all seek to approach it hesitatingly, for fear of being burned by it.

Results which are the same, or at least similar, are produced by the powers of nature in different ways.

It is an unfortunate situation—in which, nevertheless, many observers are to be found—that they add to any view a corollary, and then think that both are equally important.

Our fault is, that we doubt what is certain, and try to fix what is uncertain. My maxim in inquiring into nature, is to hold fast what is certain, and let the uncertain pass by.

If I know my relation to myself and to the outward world, I call it truth. And thus every one can have his own truth, and yet it is ever the same.

What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

Madame Roland, on the scaffold, asked for writing materials to record the strange feelings which hovered before her on the last way. Pity that she was denied; for, at the end of life, thoughts hitherto undreamed of come to the soul that is firm—like blessed spirits that come gliding down in brightness from the mountain-summits of the past.

III.

In New York there are ninety different sects, each of which acknowledge God and the Saviour in their own way, without interfering with each other. In our inquiries into Nature, indeed in every inquiry, we should carry out this principle; for what is the meaning of every one talking of liberality, and, at the same time, hindering others from thinking and expressing themselves in their own way?

Our advice would be that every one should follow his own chosen path, and not suffer himself to be imposed upon by authority, constrained by public opinion, or led away by fashion.

Every inquirer must look upon himself as one who is summoned to be a juryman. He has only to consider how far the proposition before him is complete and sup-

ported by good evidence. Upon this he forms his opinion and gives his vote, whether it be in agreement with that of the person concerned, or not. He is equally quiet about it, whether he is in agreement with the majority, or whether he finds himself in the minority; for he has done his part, he has uttered his conviction—and he is not master of souls and minds.

But in the scientific world these ideas have never become accredited: the ideas of mastership and of ruling have prevailed throughout; and, as few men are really independent, the mass draws along the units with it.

The histories of philosophy, the sciences, or religion, all show that opinions are spread in masses, but those ever gain the advantage which are more comprehensible—*i.e.*, which are more agreeable and suitable to the human spirit in its common condition. Indeed, he who develops himself in a higher manner than the rest, can always say that he has the majority against him.

Nothing is more pernicious to a new truth than an old error.

Piety is not an end, but a means whereby to attain through the purest spirit's-peace to the highest development. On this account it may be remarked, that those who set up piety as an end and a goal, mostly become hypocrites.

People dispute much and will continue to dispute on the benefit or the mischief of spreading the Bible. To me it is clear, that it will do harm—as it has done—when used dogmatically and fantastically; and that it will do good—as it has done—when used didactically and feelingly.

The most pernicious prejudice is, that any kind of inquiry into nature should be laid under a ban.

To comprehend nature and to apply it with directness, is given to few: between knowledge and practice men willingly find a space, which they carefully cultivate, and, in so doing, altogether forget both the matter in hand and its application.

I would willingly be truthful with you, without our separating, but it cannot be. You act falsely, and place yourself 'between two stools.' You do not gain adherents, and you lose your friends. What can come of that?

Our whole work lies in this, that we should give up our existence in order to exist.

All that we do and attempt is a toil; well for him who is not weary thereof.

Authority. Without it man cannot exist, and yet it brings as much error as truth with it: it renders permanent individual things which should pass away, while it shuns and lets pass things that should be firmly preserved; and it is the main cause that Humanity is not free from sin.

Nothing is more adverse than the majority; for it is made up of a few powerful leaders, of rogues who accommodate themselves to them, of weak beings who assimilate themselves to them, and the great mass which rolls after them without in the least knowing what they are about.

When at last I make myself calm before the primeval phenomenon, it is only resignation: but it is extremely different whether I resign myself on the borders of humanity, or within a fancied boundary of my limited individuality.

In all times it has been only individuals, not the ages, who have worked for Science. The ages poisoned Socrates, and burnt Huss—and ages have ever remained the same.

The appeal to posterity springs from the pure, vivid feeling, that there is that which never dies, and which, though now unrecognised, will, at last, rejoice the majority by means of the minority.

PROGRESS IN BRISTOL—THE BISHOP'S SPEECH.

MR. EDITOR,—We are but a 'slow set' in Bristol, compared with other towns of the same or lesser magnitude in the kingdom; resting satisfied, to a great extent, with the fame we once had, of being the second city. Nevertheless, there are evidences occasionally of our making some mental progress, however stationary we may be, commercially considered. As evidence of what I have stated, I would instance the following remarks, made by *our* Bishop, at a recent meeting of the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.' He was advocating the superiority of our colonies over the United States for emigrants from this country—(an opinion, I believe, in which you do not concur)—and said: 'emigrants might find themselves [in the United States] located among a people who, from causes which they must all sincerely deplore, were actuated by feelings of a most unfriendly description towards this their native country. Far from wishing to cast the blame of this deplorable state of things upon their kindred on the other side of the Atlantic, he was willing to admit that the greater blame belonged to our fathers and grandfathers, to whom we owed the first American war and all the lamentable circumstances accompanying the independence of the United States. He believed that now, however persons might differ on other parts of history, there was nobody who did not regret that the independence of America was brought about in the way in which it was, or who did not feel that England ought to have known her interests better, and have been taught by the light of history that, wherever colonies had grown to that strength, and had attained to that prosperity: that they were able to maintain their own independence, it was to the true interests of all parties, but most of all to the interests of the mother country, that they should be allowed to become independent; because, then, they would become useful allies, and contribute to increase the wealth, prosperity, and greatness of the mother country. Because, too, they would then become traders with, and customers of, the mother country, and would aid in the mutual encouragement of trade and manufactures, instead of being separated colonies having hostile and angry feelings. Unfortunately, in the case of America, the wrong plan was that acted on by our fathers, and all the bad consequences followed.'

This is encouraging in a double sense: it must be gratifying to Bristolians to have a gentleman holding such enlarged views as spiritual head of the establishment in this diocese, if it be only for the influence it must have upon his numerous clergy; and it is particularly so in relation to the position he holds of legislator for life in a certain house.

There was a meeting the same week of the 'Young Men's Society,' to memorialise the Secretary of State to save the life of an unfortunate girl, then under sentence of death here, and to express sympathy with Mr. Shore. The object aimed at by the 'Young Men's Society,' as stated by the chairman, is—'To lay hold of the young when temptations were most numerous—when circumstances were most powerful in their influences, and when their minds were most easily acted upon. It laid hold of them—gave them the hand of fellowship—trained and educated them in the way they should go. Of those so trained and educated in the society, more than forty now occupied the position of British schoolmasters, and upwards of forty more were ministers of the gospel, making altogether upwards of eighty public men who had been connected with the society. Every scheme set on foot for the amelioration of the miseries of our fellow-creatures the society laid hold of, and helped it forward, and in this manner it assisted all other societies devoted to the improvement and elevation of man.'

The Rev. G. Kerry admired the society for 'Its catholicity; it was, he thought, based upon as broad and as wide a basis as possible for anything of the kind to be. The only question put to candidates for admission to the privileges of membership was, "do you believe in the authenticity of the holy scriptures?" and if they answered in the affirmative, and could produce good evidence that they were men of moral character, they were at once admitted. In consequence of this broad basis it numbered amongst its members individuals of all denominations—Independents, Wesleyans, Baptists, Churchmen, &c., all found a welcome.' The 'catholicity' of the society I deny; but that its base is 'as broad and as wide as possible for anything *of the kind* to be,' is very likely. A friend of yours and mine, Mr. Editor (J. R.), a philosophical Deist, was refused admittance because he could not subscribe to a belief in the authenticity of the Bible. The members are, however, more liberal in politics than they are in religion. In speaking to the case of Mr. Shore, Mr. W. Foote said—'Every individual possessed some influence in the world, and it should be his care that this influence should be exercised for the good of mankind. Many were apt to depreciate the position in which they were placed, and their opportunities of doing good; this was like a person not being content to be a star because he was not a sun. Each man contributed to the formation of the character of a society, just as rivulets did to the origin of rivers. All had some means of doing good, and he would advise them to use it, remembering—

'Tis infamy to die and not be missed,
To let the world forget thou didst e'er exist.'

Mr. Thomas Barnett followed—'The signs of the times were,' he said, 'declaratory of the progress of the people. He firmly believed that during the last twelve months they had made far greater progress than in any equal period since the world's creation. The genius of liberty was abroad, and although bloodshed had, in some instances, followed in her wake, that could not be wondered at, considering she had been so long trampled on by despots.

SENTINEL.

THE CHILDREN OF MURDERERS.

SIR,—I have chosen to address you on a subject of profound interest, a subject which *should* speak to every heart—but a subject which should only be conceived in a truly devout feeling. May it never be a theme for lips inured to mockery and scorn.

How contented could I live in a state of society where the children of murderers could stand fairly forth unexceptional in all things, undefamed by thought, word, or deed. Now they are subjugated to painful outrages. Outraged by those who yell in court—outraged by those who gather in brutal clamour round the gallows tree—and outraged by the showman who caters for the depraved, alike in that splendid show in Baker Street and the low booth at the fair—but, more than all, outraged by the cold, calculating, sinister bearing of too many of those usually denominated respectable people. Proper officers put down the yeller in court; the beastly rabble at the gallows and the show-frequenters clear off, sated with their unenviable repast, or lusting for something new. The most unrelenting curse comes of the respectable world. They keep the wounds of the murdered ever green, the murderer's infamy ever uppermost, his children ever branded and proscribed.

With other information, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge have furnished the people with a full and correct account of all the revolting particulars of an execution in the island of Ceylon. In the wood-cut which accompanies the article, the father and mother are delineated as fulfilling part of the sentence imposed upon them, in beating up their children in a mortar; while a savage monarch sits enthroned, viewing with delight the revolting spectacle. The English people have been inured to these sort of scenes of late. From one source and another they have obtained correct pictures of the most diabolical doings in the world. As they yield to the influence of the many-voiced press, and the loud rumbling of the missionary's gong, they shudder at the royal ruffian of Ceylon. But while they have been stretching out their necks and straining their eager eyes to far-off lands, they have overlooked their own fallen state. Let them remove 'the veil of familiarity' which hides them from themselves. They will acknowledge to what a fearful extent they are mimicking the savage. To English people it is not enough the murderer is tried, cast, condemned, and buried within the prison walls. We must further have the social proscription of the victim; for victim he is, either of society or of the unequal proportions of the elements of organisation, which precipitated him into crime, and which we have no right to assume are mingled in the same degrees in his descendants. Both physiology and policy forbid the assumption. Let society, therefore, wear rather a friendly than a frowning air towards those who most need kindness to save them from despair. If it be not right that the innocent man should suffer for the offence of his neighbour, neither is it right that the child should suffer for the crime of his father. M.

THE NEXT STEP TO ASSOCIATION.

Suppose that, by some chance, all the recently-devised Co-operative establishments happened to be erected *side by side*. Each institution having already proved separately successful, there is no reason to presume that their contiguity would diminish their attraction. On the contrary, the existence of a public bath next door—of a laundry beyond—of a mechanics' institute and reading room further on—of a public kitchen, and a school, hard by—and so forth—would mightily increase the convenience of a model lodging house; while this, in its turn, would favour the development of the neighbouring institutions, by furnishing them with a large and regular body of customers.

The obvious advantages of such a grouping suggests the expediency of pushing the experiment a step farther, and of including in the plan of the model lodging house, all these hitherto detached facilities. A public reading room and library—a laundry and baths—a school room—a *restaurant* for supplying or cooking meals—a bakehouse for furnishing bread at cost price—and several analogous facilities might be immediately added to a model lodging, without any presumable risk of failure.

Such, we believe, is the next step which the Associative spirit is destined to take. It must put together, cautiously and in succession, the several forms of co-operation, which it has prudently essayed one by one. This done, other elements may, in like manner, be separately tried, and, if successful, grafted in their turn on the Associative residence; which, by a repetition of this tentative process, will, in the course of time, be brought to perfection.—*Weekly Chronicle*, April 8th.

Illustrative Notices.

Mr. Thomas Clark, who is spoken of as an entended candidate for Sheffield, has just gone through the operation of being praised by Mr. O'Connor. In the *Star* of April 21, Mr. O'Connor 'says' he does not like to praise men, because those whom he has most praised have generally become his greatest revilers. This is certainly a strange preface to prefix to a man's character. For if it has been possible for the 'generality' of those whom Mr. O'Connor has praised to become his 'revilers (which implies falsehood, if not ingratitude), there must have been some mistake in his praises, and does he not thus forewarn us to be very careful in accepting the recommendation he now pens? Mr. Clark may deserve all that Mr. O'Connor says of him, but Mr. O'Connor does not write so as to cause it to be believed.

Clara Coulthard, who, if she correctly describes herself, is the 'Bride of Christ,' says, in her tract entitled, 'There is nothing True but Brethrenism,' some things which would do credit to one of less faith. 'In truth, what is called error of doctrine, verbal error, is nothing.' Afterwards she adds—'I come *to fight against practical evil, not error of doctrine. It is practical evil which keeps the accuser in his place; it is practical godliness shall cast him down.* The *Christian world*, to use an expression which Dr. Pusey calls *"facetious"* shall utter its inane cant; but by the right spirit inside, working in quiet strength, God's own sons and daughters shall turn the Devil out.'

The Derbyshire Advertiser thus amiably characterises Mr. Burke's *Ethnological Journal*:—'Written in all the puny pride of human intellect. A daring infidel publication. We warn our readers against its poison.' Yet Mr. Burke is an acute Theist, and an earnest champion of the Christian theology,. How incapable some people are of distinguishing their friends.

In an 'Historical View of the French Revolution,' by *Michelet*, is the following passage on Clootz:—'The German Anacharsis, Clootz, was, or imagined himself to be, an atheist, like so many others, from hatred of the evils that priests have occasioned *(Tantùm religio potuit suadere malorum!)* But with all his cynicism and his ostentation of doubt, this son of the Rhine, and fellow-countryman of Beethoven, felt strongly all the emotion of the new religion. The most sublime words inspired by the great confederation are in a letter from Clootz to Madame de Beauharnais; nor did anybody express anything more strangely beautiful on the future unity of the world. His accent, his German slowness of utterance, his smiling serene countenance, and that beautitude of a mad genius, inclined to jest itself, added amusement to enthusiasm.'

Of the London Phonetic Society, having for its object the dissemination of the spelling and printing reform in the metropolis, we are desired to say that all persons who are interested in this subject may receive further information on applying to the Secretary, Mr. George Vasey, Phonetic Depôt, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

The *Progressionist*, No. 14, quoted in full the article on Mr. Miall in No. 141 of the *Reasoner*, the editor adding, 'We have watched with interest the late discussion in the *Nonconformist*, and also the remarks of Mr. Miall, and fully concur in the strictures of the *Reasoner*.'

Mr. Owen appears quite to have recovered from his late accident.

Baptist Noel states that 'The Greek legislators, wishing to secure for the republic the greatest military force by means of the most complete social unity, forbade dissent from the popular superstition. A man who disbelieved the power of fictitious and corrupt deities, was thought to be a bad citizen, and was as such condemned. Draco punished dissent with death; Plato would have it denounced to the magistrates as a crime; Aristotle allowed but one established worship; and Socrates was sentenced to death as a nonconformist. In the Greek republics, the union between the state and the religion was so complete, that the rights of conscience were wholly disregarded. Men did not inquire about what was true, but what was public. The republic must be a great unity for attack or defence, and the religious independence which would break that unity must be exterminated. Heathen princes had yet more powerful motives than republican magistrates to unite themselves strictly with the priesthood.....Well-paid soldiers have been the first instrument of their power; their second has been a well-paid priesthood. Priests have lent to despots, in aid of their selfish designs, the portents and the predictions of superstition; and despots have, in return, invested the superstition with splendour, and punished nonconformity with death. Heathenism presented no obstacle to this union. The superstition, being a corrupt invention, offered nothing which was disagreeable to corrupt rulers; and the vices of rulers were not uncongenial to an equally corrupt priesthood.....By the aid of superstition the despot fortified his tyranny, and by the aid of the despotism the priest gave currency to his falsehoods. Thus the union of the state and the priesthood was an alliance of force and fraud. Neither party was strong enough to rule alone But when the priest preached for the despot, and the despot governed for the priest, both the more easily kept their feet upon the necks of the people, and made the universal degradation subservient to their greatness.'

'"Once, once for all—if you would save your heart from breaking, learn this lesson—once for all, you must cease, in this world, to believe in the eternity of any creed or form at all. Whatever grows in time is a child of time, and is born, and lives, and dies at its appointed day, like ourselves. To be born in pain and nursed in hardship—a bounding, imaginative youth—a strong, vigorous manhood—a decline which refuses to believe it is a decline, and still asserts its strength to be what it was—a decrepit old age—a hasty, impatient heir—and a death-bed made beautiful by the abiding love of some few true-hearted friends; such is the round of fate through nature—through the seasons—through the life of each of us—through the life of families, of states, of forms of government, of creeds. It was so, it is so, it ever shall be so. Life is change—to cease to change is to cease to live; yet, if you may shed a tear beside the death-bed of an old friend, let not your heart be silent on the dissolving of a faith." This is what the old ruin said to me Arthur. Arthur, did the ruin speak true?' —*Nemesis of Faith.*'

Rev. B. Godwin, D.D., in reference to Mr. Shore's case, says:—'"Once a priest, always a priest!" A man who has taken "holy orders" can never relinquish them! He may be a drunkard, a robber, a murderer—he is in holy orders still! He may renounce Christianity, he may embrace infidelity and utter blasphemy, he may turn Mahommedan, he may burn the Bible and bow before the shrine of Juggernaut—he is in holy orders still! Nay, even should he be degraded by the Bishop, censured, excommunicated, yet the Queen's advocate assures us not the Bishop himself can possibly release him from his ecclesiastical bonds by depriving him of his priestly character.'

The Reasoner.
May 2, 1849.

MR. COBDEN'S WAKEFIELD SPEECH.

Mr. Cobden enjoys the enviable distinction of being the 'foremost man' of our English world; and there is no man who would bear the honour more modestly, or, holding his views, use such power more wisely. Our premier exercises far less political influence than Mr. Cobden. He has attained to more than the eminence of the late Mr. O'Connell, to whom he presents a striking contrast. Compare the judgment with which Mr. Cobden alludes to the success of an agitated reformation, saying that (with due precaution and general help) 'it will come as soon as possible'—and the specific predictions of Mr. O'Connell, repeated with the same confidence after a dozen falsifications.

Mr. Cobden's Wakefield speech has been largely canvassed after very different fashions. One expression which fell from him was to the effect that he had put his motion for Financial Reform before the House of Commons 'in a very *modest* way.' This has been interpreted by some writers into a confession of hypocrisy on the part of Mr. Cobden. In the same speech Mr. Cobden gave an instructive and practical exposition of the etiquette of the House of Commons, touching the *motives* of the aristocracy in upholding our naval and military forces. These topics involve too much to be fairly discussed this week; but next week the letter of 'Ion' will be upon the 'Promises of the Middle Class,' and include a consideration of the objected passages in this Wakefield speech. We are not the apologists of Mr. Cobden. Such an office is not necessary with regard to him, and the possession of it would be justly regarded as officious and offensive. Upon matters upon which others have expressed their opinions freely, we claim to express ours, and, as we take the liberty of disproving what appears to us erroneous in his views, we regard it as a duty to express approval, which we distinctly feel due, when his conduct is variously contested. G. J. H.

THE SYSTEMS OF FOURIER AND OWEN.

Whoever contents himself with abusing he systems of such men as Fourier and)wen, has never grasped their full signifiance. What are such systems at bottom ut the impatient aspiration of the soul after iat elevation of humanity, towards which ll education tends? The chief mistake of uch men is that they view results with teleopic eyes. The summits on which their opes dwell, seen through the refractive atiosphere of their systems, assume a delusive contiguity; the balm-trees of the desert are at hand, but recede as we advance. A philosopher imagines that he has found the lever which in a lifetime can raise humanity from wretchedness to bliss; he declares the omnipotence of circumstances, and proposes to *create* them. Thus he makes man the plaything of man's own handicraft. He, the creator, must bow before the work of his own hands. This proposition of the philosopher dethrones the agency whose supremacy he wishes to establish, and virtually refers the origin of all influence to man. Pestalozzi, in bitterness of heart, exclaims—'The amelioration of outward circumstances will be the effect, but can never be the cause, of mental and moral improvement.' The truth was branded on his soul by the issue of the first French révolution. To a certain extent, however, Mr. Owen is right. His system is rather incomplete than fallacious; he props the stem, but forgets the root. He is a Pharisee without knowing it; he traffics in the mint and cummin of human nature, and for this reason can never lay hold of the world's heart.

But let us regard his system, and all such systems, with a hopeful eye. They are evidences of discontent, rather than of depravity. Man longs for truth as plants love sunshine; he struggles after it, and in his efforts seizes upon the nearest helps. Doubtless the world's wants could find fitter utterance than this of the circumstantial theory; but even this is better than stupid apathy. While there is life there is hope; and here is life evident enough—struggling, wastefully it is true, but nevetheless, by proper treatment, to be turned to good account. By and by we shall find a meaning for this fanfaronnade which, for some time past, has split the ears of society in England and elsewhere.—J. T, Marburgs, Hesse Cassel, *Educational Times*.

CARLILE MONUMENT.—Received: J. Foster, Hull, 1s.; W. E. B., per Mr. Watson, 5s; J. W., £1 1s. Total: £3 13s. 6d.

REASONER FUND.

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		548	6

MRS. GRENFELL'S SONGS.

These performances were entitled to an earlier notice, which, however, has not been possible. The song of 'The Irish Wife to her Husband' we believe we have spoken of before. It breathes the same genial spirit which was remarked in the song in honour of Mr. Owen. To an actual knowledge of Irish life and character, which the song of 'The Irish Wife' bespeaks, there is wedded a sentiment of social improvement. We happen to know that this song was in the hands of D'Almaine and Co. some months ago, long before Sir Robert Peel's great speech on Irish domestic reformation was delivered, or it might be supposed to have been written after perusing it, so exactly does it embody the best spirit of that unexpected oration. We sent the 'Marches' to a lady more deeply read in musical mysteries than ourselves. Writing in reference to them, she specifies the merit of 'The Hibernian Absentees' Return,' and adds that 'The Duke of Rothesay's March' is 'positively pretty.' Were we at liberty to mention the source of this opinion, we are sure that it would be considered of more value by our readers than anything we could say on the subject.

HYDRO-CARBON GAS.

By this newly-invented gas, we hope shortly both to illuminate the rooms of Queenwood, and to cook our provisions; the works are nearly completed. They were originally intended for the ordinary coal gas, but as the fame of Mr. White's success reached us, Mr. Edmondson, after a careful investigation, decided on giving a preference to the new invention. Some account of the matter may not be uninteresting.

We learn from a lecture on hydro-carbon gas, reported in the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, that—'A hundred and fifty years ago, Sir Isaac Newton predicted that water would one day be found to contain the very elements of fire—an inference which his mighty mind drew from observing its highly reflective and refractive powers. Sir Humphrey Davy verified the prediction, and asserted that, at some future day, gas would be made from water, surpassing the ordinary coal gas in brilliancy and purity.' Mr. Stephen White has now invented a gas—made by the decomposition of water and resin, or, instead of the latter, oils, fats, or any other cheap substance containing much carbon—which does surpass the ordinary coal gas both in brilliancy and purity, being perfectly clear and without smell. As water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen, in the proportion of one pound of hydrogen to eight of oxygen, or of two volumes of the former to one of the latter; and, as hydrogen is combustible, and oxygen a supporter of combustion, nothing but an easy method of decomposition was necessary for rendering water subservient to all the purposes of flame. This Mr. White has accomplished, after many years of labour, by allowing a stream of water to fall on a mass of iron and charcoal heated to redness. The water is thus decomposed, forming protoxide of iron (Fe O), and with the carbon forming oxide of carbon (C O), the latter, with hydrogen being given off as gas. But these, of themselves, yield no light. Hence he found it necessary to pass the gas through another retort, in which it might be mixed with some solid substance, bi-carburet of hydrogen (C2 H2), made by the decomposition of resin, oil, or fats—which, owing to their richness in carbon, give light to the flame, and make a pure hydro-carbon gas, free from any of the injurious and obnoxious substances found in the ordinary coal gas. The gas is then passed through condensing pipes into the gasometer, without any purification. To make 1000 cubic feet of this gas, forty pounds of resin or fats and twenty-five pounds of water are necessary, which cost about one shilling—fuel, about threepence; so that the whole 1000 cubic feet of pure hydro-carbon gas only cost about one shilling and threepence, scarcely more than the half of the expense usually incurred for an inferior article. The Commissioners of Southport have concluded an arrangement with Mr. White for lighting up that town within about two months.

That it can be produced at a cost far beneath the patentee's estimate, is confidently asserted by many gentlemen.

W. M., in *Queenwood Reporter*.

MR. CHARLES BUTLER.

The *Globe* says that 'This gentleman, once the well known and highly respectable chemist in St. Paul's Churchyard, has forwarded us a statement of his unfortunate case, and requested us to aid him in recovering his position in society. He was *wrongfully* accused, and *wrongfully* convicted of felony—sent to the hulks—found to be innocent—set at liberty—pardoned—and *ruined*! The Law, or its administrators, had fallen into an error, and Mr. Butler was *forgiven* or *pardoned* his imputed felony! The brand, however, was upon him, and there it will remain, until the public feel the injury done to him as to themselves, and make him reparation.'

These cases are becoming frequent, and demand some public notice. If the government restore a man to liberty, it is doubtless done only with the concurrence of the highest law officers of the crown—and that which satisfies them ought surely to satisfy the public. It becomes a fair question to ask whether the public are not, in some matters, less just than the government? What encouragement is it to the crown to rectify false convictions, if those who are most interested—the public—refuse to ratify it?

G. J. H.

INTIMATIONS.

The *Reasoner* is sent free by Post, the Quarter's Subscription 4s. 4d., on thin paper 3s. 3d., and issued in Monthly Parts and Half-yearly Volumes.

RECEIVED.—Miss E. L. D. (The answer must be understood conditionally—*i.e.*, the assent as depending on the treatment of the subject.)—*Manchester Spectator*, No. 12.—Supplement to *Glasgow Herald*, No. 4822.—*Preston Guardian*, No. 271.—W. Alexander.—Messrs. Evans and Offord. (A statement of the moral—in contradistinction to the mystic—aspect of their views would be used.)—Hugo. (Enclosures received.)—F. Hilton.

*** We have received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Bevan, of the Evangelical Alliance, respecting our recent strictures on the 'Prize Essays on Infidelity,' offered by that body. We shall give the communication next week.

Mr. G. White acknowledges the receipt of £2 from Arthur Trevelyan, Esq.

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The Reasoner.

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THE PROMISES OF THE MIDDLE CLASS AND ETIQUETTE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

We hear much of the promises of the middle class, and how they have deceived the working class. But there must be some mistake. The middle class can hardly have deceived the working class by promises, seeing that the working class never believed them. Where the pledges said to have been given have never been received, deception is impossible.

When debating last summer with the provincial Chartists, many of them alleged, in justification of their opponency of the middle classes, that they had been deceived by them. I answered that I thought they should blush to say so. The middle classes could not have promised any government grant, for they had none to give, nor any eleemosynary gift, for nothing of the kind had been heard of—it could only have been some results of the Free Trade measures which they predicted, which had not come to pass. But as the working classes never believed them on this matter, they could never have been deceived by them. If indeed the working classes did not think for themselves, but took the whole thing upon the word of the middle class, they gave up their independent judgment, and have little right to complain. If indeed they did exercise their own judgment, and accepted Free Trade, believing that more good would come of it than has come of it, they have been deceived by their *own* calculations in the same way as the middle classes themselves have been, to a great extent, deceived. If the Chartists permitted Free Trade to be enacted, not because it was right, but because of something they were to get from the middle class by their acquiescence—they were traitors to political integrity—then they sold their country for party purposes. For if they believed Free Trade in itself injurious, they ought to have opposed its passing on the proved ground of its intrinsic wrongfulness. But few, if any, ever attempted this. There can therefore be no pretext set up of deception practised upon them which does not impugn the honour or the understanding of the party deceived.

We are always shouting 'Progress,' and hooting down all who advance. A very few years ago no politician in this country was permitted to correct a mistake into which he had fallen, under penalty of being denounced as a 'turncoat.' It was Sir Robert Peel, Tory as he is, who taught the public better, by braving its insane ire in this respect. Whoever put off error, and put on truth, was an object of reproach. The infallibility of every man in politics was held as a sacred dogma. Whatever opinion he once announced was held to be the *true* one; and he was expected to hold by it for ever. It was not seen or not acknowledged that consistency was not necessarily a virtue, in relation to uniformity between former opinions and present ones: it is only a virtue as indicating coherence between present profession and present practice. These must always be consistent with each other. It is pleasant to find a man always of one opinion through a long life, but that satisfaction depends upon the fact of his having fallen into the truth at once. If this rare fortune has not been his, we ought to be pleased to find him changing. Yet even educated men, even whole ranks of intelligent Tories, assailed Sir

Robert Peel for his honourable inconsistency in accepting Free Trade theories, when his convictions were changed. His assailants should have answered his arguments, and then they would have effectually corrected his decision. But they had no faith in sincerity. They did not believe that changes went by conviction, but by policy or venal expediency. And the same rule of judgment is applied to the middle classes, in current discussions on their conduct. Nobody seems for one moment to suppose, or allow, that infallibility might not belong to the middle class—that their calculations might be erroneous—that they may have been themselves deceived in the results of their pet measure. For if this were allowed, there would be no imputation that they are deceivers, for that implies a perfect knowledge, at the time, as to the results of the untried measure, and that they knew that it would disappoint the class whom they yet declared it would benefit. Some popular political disputants would be none the less effective advocates of liberty, if they manifested less faith in venality and hypocrisy, and now and then ventured to believe that those whom they oppose might have intended that which was right and patriotic as well as themselves. Free Trade was a just measure in itself, and therefore we were in its favour, without for a moment supposing that it would do more than demonstrate the inefficacy of so special a measure to remedy the general evil of competition—which, indeed, it would augment. In a commercial point of view, Free Trade seems to have been a successful measure—it has added to trade, and averted calamities—as Mr. Cobden showed in his Wakefield speech. But the chief advantages of Free Trade to the popular cause arise out of its indirect influences and effects. In the same way, and in no other way, was the Reform Bill an advantage.

In the speech to which I have referred, Mr. Cobden remarked that he put his motion on Financial Reform in the House of Commons in a very 'modest way.' This has been regarded in various lights; but the most noteworthy is that which ascribes this course, which good taste dictates, to hypocrisy. It is very strange that the poor, who are very sensitive—indeed, I have known many men, reared in the hardest and rudest circumstances, who yet had feelings so refined that a cold word or an unkind look fell upon them with more pain than a blow—it is strange, then, so it seems to me, that the considerateness which belongs to politeness (well defined as benevolence in trifles) should not be popular among the poor; and that when they censure the genteel, that they do not make exceptions in favour of gentleness of speech. Yet it is this which seems to give most offence.

It is not enough for the ends of reformation, as some suppose, that we boldly speak the truth. Reformative success depends upon the kind of truth, and upon the judgment with which it is told. Of this no hint is given, though most necessary; for the number of people who open their lips and speak right on, and speak truthfully, too, and as bluntly as any could wish, is very great. But sad experience teacheth us that they leave Right pretty much where they found it, and some put it farther back than ever.

The recommendation to tell the truth bluntly is popular, because it requires no thought to act upon it; whereas great thought is required to tell the truth so that right shall be won by it. It is plainly not all truth which we may tell. We are not free to utter any falsehood; but of all possible truth, we must select that which it is *useful* to tell. Should we tell *all* truth, we should proclaim secrets, outrage affection, break promises, commit breaches of sacred confidence, and, in short, violate the truth to tell the truth. What *ought to be* spoken, ought to be spoken clearly and boldly: but it requires nice judgment to decide what ought to be uttered. Every man knows much truth which he would rather die than utter.

Mr. Cobden, with that quiet severity which he sometimes uses, described, in his Wakefield speech, the rule which obtains in the House of Commons respecting things to be said there. 'It is not considered etiquette to attribute motives for the votes given in the House of Commons. We must not state what we know to be the fact as to what influences votes in Parliament. It is actually forbidden us to say that the counties are represented by the aristocracy, whose families are connected with the service by land and by sea—and that the members of those aristocratic families keep up an enormous expenditure for the army and navy in order that their younger sons may find berths. It is considered very improper that any of these allusions should be made.' If Mr. Cobden means by these latter words to speak of the aristocracy as a *body*, doubtless he falls into that wholesale and illegitimate accusation which has been used so offensively against the middle class. Doubtless many members of the aristocracy believe that the army and navy ought to be sustained, and act quite conscientiously for the public good, as they understand it, quite as patriotically as Mr. Cobden himself. Did they believe otherwise, they would do generally, as some of them do as it is, send their sons into other channels of public life. When Mr. Cobden says he 'knows it to be a fact' that they act upon family and selfish notions, he judges the motives of others in that same pernicious way which has so long made political controversy an arena of personalities. Nothing renders a politician an easier victory than this species of error. The House of Commons wisely forbids the imputations of motives in their assembly, and it would be well if they were forbidden out of the House.

You cannot accuse without great caution. Generalisations in science have to be stated circumspectly and with qualification. A generalisation finds a resemblance in perhaps one point only, and that resemblance probably in only the majority of a class. If you accuse in inexact language a class of stones of possessing a certain property, which is not possessed by all, the exceptional stones will not be scandalised as the same number of men would, whom you happened to include in a carelessly-worded, disparaging, general assertion. It is of no use that you say to the person whom you have wrongly accused—'O, I did not mean you; I meant to allow that there were exceptions.' Men naturally suspect that he who is incapable of speaking with accuracy is incapable of thinking with accuracy, and if they acquit you of incapacity, they convict you of carelessness.*

Facts make up accusative propriety; and if the facts are not absolutely universal—and with grades of human character they never are—the application of accusation must always be *special*.

It is a wise maxim in jurisprudence that ten guilty men had better escape than that one innocent man should suffer. So with rhetorical and public judgments. The one innocent man condemned will do both judge and justice more harm than the ten guilty who escape.

Men live on good opinion to a great extent. When, therefore, you take away a man's good name, you take away that which is in many cases the basis of self-respect. In the advocacy of a good cause, then, let us beware how we proceed with personalities, lest we undo in one direction what we seek to do in another.

Thomas Cooper, D.D., Bishop of Winchester, in 1589, issued a pamphlet with this title:—'An Admonition to the People of England: wherein are answered, not onely the slaunderous vntruthes, reproachfally vttered by Martin the Libeller, but also many other Crimes by some of his broode, objected generally against all

* *Vide* 'Public Speaking and Debate,' p. 77.

Bishops, and the chiefe of the Cleargie, purposely to deface and discredite the present state of the Church.'

Even the Bishop of Exeter would not now, in 1849, think of inditing such a title-page against his most decided opponents. It is not that truth and falsehood, or right and wrong, have changed; but that good taste and private justice are in the ascendant. We no longer (in good society) attack the motives, but the principles, of men.

Let us apply the rule we have been illustrating to Parliamentary controversies. If every member were to say what he believes to be true, or what he 'knows to be the fact,' of another, our legislative assemblies would soon come to resemble those of the United States, in one of which, not long ago, a member in audience, being tired in listening to the member in possession of the house, got up and said, 'Mr. Speaker, I should like to know how long that there blackguard is to go on tiring me to death in this manner.' The Irish House of Commons, before the Union, furnishes a specimen of what must happen if sentiments are to be expressed without rule. 'I will not call him *villain*, because he is chancellor of the exchequer—I will not call him *liar*, because he is a privy counsellor; but I will say of him, that he is one who has taken advantage of the privileges of *this* house to utter language to which, in any other place, my answer would have been a blow.' Such were the expressions used by Mr. Grattan towards Mr. Corrie, and a duel was the immediate result. We endeavour to keep clear of this blackguardism—not because it is unimportant whether a man lies or not, but because we have learned the good sense of not impugning integrity upon suspicion, nor diverting a discussion on principles into the arid and endless channel of personalities.

Inasmuch as Mr. Cobden keeps clear of these things in the House of Commons, he does wisely: and whoever shall keep clear of them out of the House of Commons will do well. But he who, in the House of Commons, should attempt their introduction, would, like Mr. Ferrand, make shipwreck of his reputation, unattended by any man's sympathy. ION.

THE VILLAGE OF HUMDRUM.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

MAN is still in bondage to the elements; and since the beastly maxim is even now prevalent that the strong should take care of themselves, and use the weak as their tools, though to the manifest injury of the weak, the use of machinery has hitherto been but a trifling boon in comparison with what it may be. In the village of Humdrum, its thousand able-bodied men and women, without machinery, and having no intercourse with the rest of the world, must work fourteen hours out of twenty-four that they may all be housed, fed, and clothed, warmed, instructed, and made happy. Some ingenious hands invent water-mills, which saw, plane, thrash, grind, spin, weave, and do many other things, so that these thousand people need work but five hours in the day to obtain the result of fourteen by the old process. Here, then, a vast amount of time—nine hours in the day—is set free from toil. It may be spent in study, social improvement, the pursuit of a favourite art, and leave room for amusement also. But the longest heads at Humdrum have not Christian, but only selfish, hearts beating in their bosom and sending life into the brain. So these calculators think the men of Humdrum shall work fourteen hours a-day as before. 'It would be dangerous,' say they, 'to set fire to so much time. The deluded creatures would soon learn to lie and steal, and would speedily end by eating one another up. It would not be Christian to leave them to this

fate. Leisure is very good to us, but would be ruinous to them.' So the wise men of Humdrum persuade their neighbours to work the old fourteen hours. More is produced than is consumed. So they send off the superfluities of the village, and, in return, bring back tea and porcelain, rich wines and showy gew-gaws, and contemptible fashions that change every month. The strong-headed men grow rich, live in palaces; their daughters do not work, nor their sons dirty their hands. They fare sumptuously every day—are clothed in purple and fine linen. Meanwhile the common people of Humdrum work as long as before the machines were invented, and a little harder. They are also blest by the 'improvements.' The young women have red ribbons on their bonnets, French gloves on their hands, and shawls of India on their shoulders, 'tinkling ornaments' in their ears. The young man of Humdrum is better off than his father who fought through the Revolution, for he wears a beaver hat and a coat of English cloth, and has a Birmingham whistle, and a watch in his pocket. When he marries he will buy red curtains to his windows, and a showy mirror to hang on his wall. For these valuable considerations, he parts with the nine hours a-day which machinery has saved; but has no more bread than before. For these blessings he will make his body a slave, and leave his mind all uncultivated. He is content to grow up a body—nothing but a body. So that if you look therein for his Understanding, Imagination, Reason, you will find them like three grains of wheat in three bushels of chaff. You shall seek them all day before you find them, and at last they are not worth your search. At Humdrum nature begins to revolt at the factitious inequality of condition, and thinks it scarce right for bread to come fastest into hands that add nothing to the general stock. So many grow restless, and a few pilfer. In a ruder state, crimes are few—the result of violent passions. At Humdrum they are numerous—the result of want, indolence, or neglected education; they are, in a great measure, crimes against property. To remedy this new and unnatural evil, there rises a court-house and a gaol, which must be paid for in work; then Judges and Lawyers and Jailors are needed likewise, in this artificial state, and add to the common burden. The old Athenians sent yearly seven beautiful youths and virgins as a tribute to the Monitaur. The wise men of Humdrum shut up in gaol a large number, a sacrifice to the spirit of modern cupidity: unfortunate wretches who were the victims and foes of society; men so weak in head or heart, that their bad character was formed *for* them, through circumstances, far more than it was formed *by* them, through their own free will. Still farther, the men who violate the law of the body, using the mouth much and the hand a little, or in the opposite way, soon find nature taking vengeance for the offence. Then unnatural remedies must oppose the artificial disease.. In the old time, every sickly dunce was cured 'with Mother-wort and Tansy,' which grew by the road-side, suited all complaints, and was administered by every mother in the village. Now Humdrum has its 'medical faculty,' with their conflicting systems, homœopathic and allopathic—but no more health than before. Thus the burden is increased to little purpose. The strong men of Humdrum have grown rich and become educated. If one of the labouring men is stronger than his fellows, he, also, will become rich, and educate his children. He becomes rich, not by his own work, but by using the hands of others whom his cunning overreaches. Yet he is not more avaricious than they. He has, perhaps, the average share of selfishness. So he gets and saves, and takes care of himself—a part of their duty which the strong have always known how to perform; though the more difficult part—how to take care of others, to think for them and help them to think for themselves—they have yet to learn, at least

to practice. Alas! we are still in bondage to the elements; and so long as two of the 'enlightened' nations of the earth, England and America, insist on weaving the garments for all the rest of the world, not because they would clothe the naked, but that their strong men might live in fine houses, wear gay apparel, dine on costly food, and their mouths be served by other men's hands—we must expect that seven-tenths of mankind will be degraded, and will hug their chains, and count machinery an evil. Is not the only remedy for all the evils at Humdrum in the Christian idea of wealth, and the Christian idea of work?

NEW PREMIUMS AND DEBATES ON THEISM.

THE *North of Scotland Gazette*, of April 17, tells us, in a leading article, that 'During the latter part of last century, a gentleman belonging to this district bequeathed to trustees a considerable sum of money, to accumulate for the purpose of affording premiums, at intervals of forty years, for the two best treatises on the existence and moral attributes of God. The first competition took place about 1812, when the first premium of, we think, £1200 was awarded to the late Dr. William L. Brown, of this city, and the second, of £400, to John Bird Sumner, now Archbishop of Canterbury; but neither treatises has now much hold on public attention. Notwithstanding the ability and fulness of many of the recent Bridgewater Treatises, those acquainted with the state of opinion and feeling at the present time among the speculative minds of Europe, will admit that there is room for a fresh discussion of the subject, and that it is invited on somewhat different ground from that hitherto occupied.

'Within these few days, we see a re-issue, by the agents for the trustees, of proposals for, and conditions of, a fresh competition on the foundation just referred to. It is a salutary proviso, that the judges have it in their power (if unanimous) to decline awarding either of the premiums, should all the treatises forwarded happen to fall beneath the standard of merit sufficient to entitle to such a reward. One thing only appears to us wanting, in order to insure full public confidence, and that is, the *appointment* and *announcement, without farther delay*, of the adjudicators. [This is what we told the author of the essay on "Universal Immaterialism."] We accept, as given in good faith, the assurance of the trustees, that in this appointment nothing will be regarded but that eminence of character and qualification which will insure a satisfactory decision. But the estimate of qualification is open to be affected a good deal by the idea entertained by those with whom the appointment rests, of what will *now* constitute a thorough discussion of the subject. If what would have been adequate to the exegencies of the times forty years ago, were to be regarded as what would be so now, it would indicate a very imperfect idea of the qualifications demanded even for an appreciation of the great questions involved in a discussion of Theism pertinent to the wants of the present times. For example, no one who has not a profound and extended acquaintance with the spirit and bearing of the speculative thinking of Europe during the nineteenth century, can, whatever his other attainments, be qualified to decide on the relevancy or force of an argument in proof of an independent Deity, or of an illustration of his attributes and providence adequate to the wants of our time. The phases of opinion vary from age to age, and a new or more profound evolution of the forms of scepticism demands, at least, as profound and fresh thinking to meet them.'

We think the editor of this *Gazette* displays a proper appreciation of what is wanted. And on many accounts we should like to see Archbishop Whately chief candidate in this matter.

On the other side the Atlantic the same question is being agitated in a different manner. From Mr. G. Vale's *Monthly Beacon*, of New York, we find that a challenge has been issued by various Christians, who 'have learned with regret of the progress which Infidelity has made throughout the States of the Union.' The names of the challengers not being given, we have no means of judging of the respectability of the parties, beyond what is implied in the fact that the Society of Liberals, meeting at the Eagle Hall, New York, have appointed Mr. Vale to meet the Christian Champion—who maintains the proposition of a Spiritual God creating matter out of nothing. Mr. Vale maintains the Eternity of Matter, but admits a power in Nature equal to all it produces, including mental faculties—that power he is willing to call God. These are the curious grounds on which the question has by this time been debated.

G. J. H.

THE DRAMA OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

When I found myself in London I felt happy, for I was my own master. I had vague dreams of working my way in the world, and making myself famous; I felt energy enough in me for anything; the sight of so many new and wonderful objects made me seem to be in a new world, and I felt proud of walking up and down the streets. I took a small room in a lodging-house in Holborn, dirty and comfortless enough in all conscience, but it was cheap, and I wanted to make my money last as long as possible. The third night after I was in London I went to Drury-lane Theatre. I had never seen a play; it was enchantment; I doubted whether such delight could be intended for mortals. I went again, and again. By day I haunted the private door of a small theatre near my lodging, thinking it would be blessed to be even a candle snuffer, and looking with respect on the little boys who distributed the handbills. I contrived, by a lucky accident, to scrape acquaintance with one of the actresses, a pretty creature, and a great favourite with the manager; she spoke a good word for me and I made my *début* as a silent page; but I had talents, and was soon promoted to talking parts. I was a great favourite with the women of our company, and I enjoyed the way of life amazingly. True, we were rogues and vagabonds in the eyes of respectable people, but really I don't think we were much worse than our neighbours, and we thought no small things of ourselves, I can assure you. As drinking was not one of my faults, I managed to keep my chin above water, and to live very gaily for a couple of months. I was better worth then than I am now, though nobody, perhaps, will believe it. After all, I have only left one stage to come on another; for what is saying mass I should like to know, but acting a solemn charade? And in the sermons, which are a sort of programme, is it not asserted that the whole affair will finally be wound up by a magnificent *tableau* of a 'Last Judgment,' a grand display of 'Lakes of Fire,' 'Devils,' 'Ministers of deathless Wrath,' who will sweep away some into everlasting destruction; whilst a fair city of gold and precious stones, full of light, music, and rejoicing, will appear for the reception of the rest? I would not wish for a more theatrical *dénouement*. To all this is to be added the terrible excitement for these blessed ones of seeing 'the smoke of the burning rising up for ever and ever.' I hardly know which fate would make one shudder the most, if one believed it.

[From Miss Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury's romance of 'Zoe.']

THE GUESSING JEW.

[A TRANSLATION FROM HEBEL.*]

ELEVEN people sailed down the Rhine from Basle in a boat, which was fitted up with every convenience. A Jew, who wished to go to Schalampi, obtained leave to take his seat in a corner, and go with them, if he would behave himself, and give the boatman eighteen kreutzers to drink. Now when the Jew slapped his pocket, something did chink 'tis true, but there was only a three-penny piece in it, and an old brass button. Nevertheless he accepted permission gratefully. For he thought: 'On the water I shall be able to earn something at all events. Many a man has got rich on the Rhine before to-day.' At starting, and from the Head Inn, everybody was very merry and full of talk, and the Jew as he sat in his corner with his knapsack on his shoulders (for he would not take it off) had to suffer a good deal, as these poor people often must do; more's the shame. But after they had passed Hüningen, and the Schuster Island, and Märkt, and Isteiner Klotz, and St. Veit, one after the other became still, and began to yawn and look down the long Rhine, till at last some one cried: 'I say, Moses! dost thou know of nothing to help us to kill time with? Thy fathers must have thought of many things when they were in the wilderness!' Now, thought the Jew, it is time to shear the sheep; and he proposed 'that every one in turn should ask all sorts of curious questions, and, with permission, he would take a turn too. Whoever could not answer was to give the questioner twelve kreutzers; and whoever answered well, was to receive a twelve kreutzer piece.' The whole company agreed, because every one thought of amusing himself with the stupidity or the wit of the Jew; and each asked what he liked.

For instance, the first asked: 'How many eggs could the giant Goliath eat fasting?' Everybody said, it was impossible to guess that, and paid the twelve kreutzer-pieces. But the Jew said: 'He could eat *one;* because, whoever has eaten one egg, does not eat the second fasting.' He had won the money.

Another said: 'Stop a bit, Jew, I will ask thee something out of the New Testament, so that thy twelve kreutzer-piece shall not escape me. Why did the apostle Paul write his second epistle to the Corinthians?' The Jew answered: 'Most likely he was not amongst the good people, else he could have spoken to them instead.' So he won another twelve kreutzers.

When the third saw that the Jew was so well versed in the Bible, he tried another tack: 'Who is it that always makes his work as long as he can, and is yet ready with it at proper time?' The Jew answered: 'The ropemaker, if he is industrious.'

'What pays the tinker best, and his customers worst, yet pleases them most?' asked a fourth. 'Sott sawder!' said the Jew.

Meantime they neared a village, and some one said: 'That is Bamlach.' Then the fifth demanded: 'In which month do the people of Bamlach eat the least?' 'In February,' said the Jew, 'because there are only twenty-eight days in it.'

The sixth said: 'I know two brothers, and only one of them is my uncle.' 'The uncle is your father's brother. Your father is not your uncle,' said the Jew.

Just then a fish jumped out of the water, and the seventh asked: 'Which fish have the eyes nearest together?' 'The smallest,' answered the Jew.

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* One of the most popular writers of Germany, but from the quaintness of his style very difficult to present to an English public. The above extract is from the 'House Friend.'—ED. *Q. R.*

The eighth proposed as a question: 'How can a person ride in summer from Basle to Berne all the way in the shade, though the sun shine as hot as it can?' 'Where there is no shade,' said the Jew, 'the traveller has only to get off and walk.'

The ninth asked: 'If a man start on a long journey without gloves, how shall he best make his hands warm?' 'By keeping his fingers close,' said the Israelite.

'Why does a cooper creep into a cask?' asked the tenth. 'If the cask had doors, he could go in upright,' said the Jew.

Now there was only the eleventh remaining. He asked: 'How can five people so divide five eggs that each shall have one, and one shall remain in the dish?' The Jew said: 'The last one must take the dish along with his egg, and then he can let it lie there as long as he will?'

Now it was the Jew's turn, and now it was that he intended to net a good draught. With many bows and knavish smirks he proposed: 'How can two trout be fried in three pans, so that a trout keep in each pan?' Nobody could guess this time either, and one after another gave the Hebrew the money.

After a while, when the eleven asked him to answer the riddle, or pay his forfeit, he walked uneasily up and down, shrugging his shoulders and rolling his eyes, but at last said, 'I am a poor Jew.' The others replied: 'What does all this preamble mean? Out with the riddle.' 'Don't take it amiss,' was the answer, 'I am a poor Jew.' At last, after much entreaty to tell the answer only—as they would not be offended at anything—he put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out one of his pieces of money, and laid it on the table, which was in the boat, and said: '*I do not know myself;* here is my fine.'

When the others heard that, they stared, and thought the thing was not fair. But as they could not suppress their laughter, and were moreover rich and good natured, and the Jew had shortened the way for them from Little Kems to Schalampi, they were content, and the Jew took out of the boat—some industrious youth shall reckon it out for me.

How many guilders and kreutzers? One twelve kreutzer-piece and a brass button he had already. He won eleven twelve kreutzer-pieces by guessing, and eleven by his own riddle; then he paid back one piece, and gave the boatman eighteen kreutzers, as they had bargained.—H. H., in *Queenwood Reporter*.

FEMALE PRINTERS AND EDITORS.

We present a curious scrap of information relative to those females who have discharged the laborious duties of printers and publishers. It was given at a Printers' Festival in Rochester, (N. Y.) a few years since, by Mr. Josiah Snow:—

Anne Franklin.—The first newspaper printed in Rhode Island was at Newport, in 1732. James Franklin, a brother of the Doctor, was publisher. He died soon after, and his widow continued the business several years. She was printer to the colony, supplied blanks in the public offices, published pamphlets, &c. The 'Newport Mercury,' which is now regularly issued, grew out of this printing office, in 1756, and is the oldest paper in the country. In 1745, Mrs. F. printed for the government an edition of the laws, containing 340 pages. She was aided in her office by her two daughters. They were correct and quick compositors, and very sensible women. A servant of the house usually worked at the press. Gregory Dexter, an early settler of Providence, usually worked for her when she had a large job, or an almanac, to get out. It seems printing with type was not

her only business. Read her advertisement:—'The printer hereof, prints linens, calicoes, silks, &c., in figures, very lively and durable colours, and without the offensive smell which commonly attends linens printed here.'

Mrs. Sarah Goddard was also a printer at Newport, in 1776. She was born in Rhode Island, and was the widow of Giles Goddard, a printer of New London. She received a good education, and was well acquainted with many branches of literature. She had the management of a newspaper, and conducted it with much ability for two years, when John Carter associated with her, under the firm of Sarah Goddard & Co.

Mrs. Margaret Draper was the widow of Richard Draper. She published the 'Massachusetts Gazette' and 'Boston News Letter,' after his death. It was the first paper established in North America. All the newspapers, excepting hers, ceased to be published when Boston was besieged by the English. She left Boston with the British army and went to England, where a pension was settled upon her for life by the government.

Mrs. Cornelia Bradford was the widow of Andrew Bradford, who did in Philadelphia in 1742. She continued in the printing business for a number of years, and retired with a sufficiency of 'worldly lucre.'

In the same city, Mrs. Jane Atkin, at the death of her father, in 1802, continued the business. Her reputation was high from the productions which issued from her press. She was also noted for her correctness in proof reading.

Mrs. Zenger, the widow of John P. Zenger, who published the second newspaper established in New York, carried on the business for years after his death. She was a modest woman; the exact reverse of her husband, who managed to have as many libel-suits on hand as a certain literary character of our time. The consequence was, Zenger got into full intimacy with the prisons for giving public utterance to his liberal views. Mrs. Zenger conducted the 'New York Weekly Journal' with ability, for three years, until 1748.

Mrs. Mary Holt, widow of John Holt, and publisher of the 'New York Journal' in 1793, was appointed printer to the State. The paper did powerful service during the Revolution.

Anne K. Greene was born in Holland. In 1707 she succeeded her husband in publishing the 'Maryland Gazette,' the first paper printed in that State. She executed the Colony printing, and continued the business to her death, in 1775.

Mrs. Hassebotch.—The first printer in Baltimore was Nicholas Hassebotch. He was succeeded by his widow, who did up business with expedition. In 1773, a Missionary had a Bible in his hand, explaining it to a party of Indians. He pronounced it to be 'the Gospel—the truth—the word of God.' 'What!' said one of them, 'did the Great All-powerful make this book?' 'Yes,' rplied the Missionary, 'it is his work.' The Indian, taking the literal import of the words, answered indignantly, 'I believe it to be a great lie. I go to Baltimore last month, when I see Dutch woman make him. The Great Spirit want no Dutch woman to help him.'

Mrs. Mary K. Goddard was sister to William Goddard, of Rhode Island, who established the 'Maryland Journal.' Coming from a State where free toleration was allowed, he was apt to write rather harshly. He was several times mobbed, and had to finally quit the State and return to Providence. His sister Mary conducted the paper for eight years, took in job work and acted as Post Master until 1784. She was spirited in her writings, and nothing but her sex saved her from frequent flagellations.

Mrs. H. Boyle published a paper at Williamsburg, Va., in 1774. It favoured the Crown, and lived but a short time.

Clementine Bird succeeded her husband in the 'Virginian Gazette,' in 1772. T W. Jefferson was a contributor. She died in 1775.

Mrs. Elizabeth Timothee, after the death of her husband, in 1773, continued publishing the Gazette in Charleston, (S. C.) Conducted the press two years, when her son took it.

Anne Timothee, the widow of the son of Elizabeth, just mentioned, after the Revolutionary war ceased, revived the Gazette, which had been established by the elder Timothee. It had been discontinued while the British troops were in possession of Charleston. She was appointed printer to the State, and held the office until 1792.

Mary Crouch was the widow of Charles Crouch, and born in Rhode Island. Her husband established a paper in opposition to the Stamp Act, in Charleston, (S. C.) Mrs. C. continued the paper until 1780, when she removed to Salem, (Mass.) and took her press and type with her. She published a paper in Salem for some years, and returned to Providence with a purse sufficient for 'creature comforts' during her life.

Penelope Russell succeeded her husband in printing the 'Censor of Boston,' in 1774. She was a very industrious and active woman. She not only set type, but while at her 'case' invoked her muse, and put up type on tragical events in an interesting manner, without any written copy.

In Connecticut, Mrs. Watson, the widow of Ebenezer Watson, who died 1777, continued one of the publishers of the 'Courant,' at Hartford, for two years, when a gentleman of steady habits took her as his partner.

THE POLICY OF THE PEOPLE RESPECTING FINANCIAL AGITATION.

[Amid the divers opinions expressed on the Financial Agitation and its relation to the middle and working classes of this country, we have seen nothing which has so comprehensively described the whole question as the passage we are about to quote from the last number of the *Spirit of the Age*. We think the remarks suggestive, instructive, and worthy repetition.—Ed.]

We are quite alive to the truth that no mere scheme for reducing the national expenditure and alleviating the public burdens and taxation can solve, or go any great way to solve, the great and complex problem of the social well-being and good government of the nation. But we would take the opportunity to state explicitly, though it may be imperfectly, the reasons why the present middle class movement in favour of Financial Reform has our hearty appreciation, our absolute adhesion, and our warmest sympathy and support. To sum it up in the fewest words, it is because we recognise in this movement a true national progress—not, perhaps, a march in precisely the direction in which our own views would lead us, but, what is far more important, a genuine undoubted progress in that direction which the most active and influential mind in that direction desires, and which is, therefore, appropriated to the time, and entitled to the support of all to whose judgments it comes home as real progress, however much diverging from their own individual and peculiar route. But we have an additional interest in this movement—a further and a special hope connected with it. There are only two principles by which a nation can be governed—the aristocratic and the democratic principle. The history of every nation is made up of the progress and struggle of these two principles: that struggle has now fairly commenced in this country, and will not cease until the principle of democracy attains its final triumph. The

middle class of the country leads the vanguard, and is on its march to cut off the enemy's supplies. Can our social or political reformers suggest to us a better strategy? The next step will be an invasion of the enemy's camp itself, by a large extension of the franchise. As for their strongholds, the Crown and the House of Lords, the former is not against us, and the latter, with the camp in our hands, we can at any time starve into submission. Is not this course sufficiently bold and rapid? And when the field is thus our own, will not the time have arrived, more speedily than by any other mode of warfare, for arranging among ourselves those modes of social organisation and amelioration, which the most enlightened opinions can offer for the adoption of the general will? It may be said these anticipations are Utopian: this is purely a middle class movement, and its most complete success can have no better result than the rule of the middle class, and a commercial, instead of a titled and landed, aristocracy. Be not deceived! Exclusive middle class rule is utterly impossible as a permanent characteristic of modern civilisation. None but a landed aristocracy contains within itself the elements of durability, as an exclusive governing faction of a country: and its death-struggle is approaching here. We repeat it, there is no mistaking the great struggle of the day in this country, consciously or unconsciously; and, with no dubious consciousness, we believe in the mind of *its* most active leaders it is essentially a democratic struggle. There may be danger, as in every struggle, not of victory itself, but of the mode of victory and of its immediate results. And what is to be most anxiously desired here is, that there should be no standing aloof of different classes of the community engaged in the same cause—no chance given to one class alone to win the fight, lest it should be tempted in the hour of victory, by a natural weakness of humanity, to seek to assume the fruits of that victory to itself. It is a possible contingency that the middle class of this country—if they should find themselves in a condition by their own unaided efforts to dictate the expenditure and general policy of the country, and the regulation of the franchise—might for a time commit the mistake, which France exhibits, of attempting an exclusive government of its own. But let the movement assume a clearly popular character before its consummation, by the co-operation of the masses of the people, and such a result becomes impossible. It is, then, the policy and the duty of all political and social reformers, of whatever class or party, to promote union of effort in that really democratic movement which carries with it, for the time, the greatest available power and energy of the country. And for ourselves, we confess that we have faith in the destinies of our country and in the sagacity of our countrymen, and that we are hopeful of proximate union as well as of ultimate success. ERNEST.

WHO ARE THE TEACHERS?

THE men that write books, Carlyle says, are now the world's priests—the spiritual directors of mankind. No doubt they are; and it shows the folly and madness of trying still to enforce tests, that you do but silence a man in the pulpit, to send his voice along the press into every corner of the land. God abolished tests for all purposes, except of mischief and vexation, when he gave mankind the Printing Press. What is the result of sustaining them, but that we are all at the mercy now of any clever self-assumer? And while our nominal teachers answer no end for us, except the hour's sleep on Sunday, the minds of all of us, from highest lords to enlightened operatives, are formed—in reading rooms, in lecture rooms, at the bar of public-houses—by all the shrewdest, and often most worthless, novel writers or paper editors. Yet even this is better than nothing—better than that people should be left to their pulpit teachers, such as they are.—*Nemesis of Faith.*

Illustrative Notices.

W. E. B. has forwarded some verses on Carlile after reading his Life, recently published. The whole piece is too long for quotation, but it contains some forcible lines which we extract where they occur:—

His life, the scoff of the unfeeling age,
His death, the signal for the slanderer's rage—
He, higher than a king upon the throne,
Stood on his hearth and in the world alone.
Hail! nature's noble (now the free-man's pride),
Who lived unconquered, and unconquered died.

The light of reason Paine bequeathed to us—
Through the thick clouds of prejudice didst thou
Cleave a broad gap to let it shine, and thus
It falls on us, as on thine honoured brow.
Now Liberty hath found a thousand tongues
The moving multitude her praise prolongs.

From a notice in the *Northern Star* of Saturday week, it appears that Mr. White is removed from the quarters he recently described—as himself and fellow Chartist prisoners are now in a yard by themselves.

The controversy opened by Mr. O'Connor in a new style, in the *Star*, between himself and Mr. Cooper, has produced a long letter from Mr. Cooper in reply. The letters on both sides are utterly unlike those of their former discussion.

John Pym, in the *Standard of Freedom*, said:—'Next Saturday the body of Rush is to be displayed, dangling from a gallows, on the castle bridge at Norwich, in the centre of a natural amphitheatre covered most probably with spectators. This man still lives. He has a week to live yet. The clergy are at him to make a Christian of him. On Sunday the congregations will be praying for him. It is a query worth hinting to the clergy and the congregations, whether they could not make a Christian of the gallows? Prayers for the conversion of Rush are very well, but there might be also something in prayers for the conversion of the Law.'

Mrs. Wolfe Tone, widow of Tone the brave 'united Irishman,' is reported to have died at Georgetown, Pennsylvania, in the eightieth year of her age.

Mr. Gilfillan wrote a short time ago in *Hogg*:—'But sure we are that, so long as that malignant and infernal dream of "Communism" (first suggested, in this country at least, by Godwin) even hovers before the minds of the masses, there remaineth no rest for him, nor for any ruler, nor for any country, nor for mankind; and it is faith, and not fire, that can finally dissipate and destroy it.' Now nothing can be more satisfactory than this. For if 'faith' is the only eradicator, it will live. If reason cannot root it out, it is invincible.

J. E. S. writes:—'I have just read the following prayer in the *Leeds Times*, taken from the *Literary Gazette*, as the prayer taught to the children of Scarborough wreckers in times of yore:—"God bless daddy! God bless mammy! God send a ship ashore before morning! Amen."'

The Weekly Chronicle has opened its columns to Louis Blanc. This tribute of that journal to Associative theories deserves acknowledgment. The editor will, in the end, analyse Louis Blanc's articles (now in progress) with a view to their refutation.

A dinner is announced in commemoration of Robert Owen's Birth-day. Tickets are to be had at our Publisher's.

The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel writes:—'God has called his ministers in this country to an honourable but arduous work.....They have to defend, in this day of mental activity and fearless research, the inspiration of the scriptures, the truth of Christianity, and even the being of God: not only must they invade the carelessness of the fashionable classes, and bring down the towering pride of nobles who scorn to hear that they are perishing sinners, who, without humble faith in Christ, must lie under the wrath of God for ever; but they have to address the judgment and the conscience of men of literature and science, lawyers, physicians, engineers, and editors—Goliaths, who scorn those that cannot grapple with them with a giant energy like their own, and who are not to be reduced to discipleship by any child's play. They have to recover to Christ Chartists and Socialists, whose hate of religion is embittered by their detestation of the political institutions with which it is allied. Mechanics and operatives—whose rude energy is no more to be drilled by authority, and who never again will be the tame human herds which in other days the pretenders to apostolic descent could drive to what theological pastures they pleased—now claim a brotherly, frank, and respectful attention: while the thronging myriads, who, in the cities and manufacturing districts of the kingdom, are disconnected with the churches of Christ, cannot be brought to listen to the gospel without much self-denying assiduity.'

The pleasantest conceit in death we have ever met with is that of Charles the Second, as given in the *Church of England Quarterly Review* (April, 1849.):—'The King (Charles the Second) blessed his children; spoke a word of remembrance touching his concubines; begged pardon of his wife; and then apologised to those who had stood around him all night for the trouble he had caused. He had been, he said, *an unconscionable time dying;* but he hoped they would excuse it.'

The People's-Charter Union held their half-yearly meeting at John Street, on Wednesday, April 18th. The report of the Council was approved, and letters were read from Messrs. Cobden, Scholefield, G. Thompson, and G. Dawson, in reply to the address to Mr. Cobden. The following officers were elected—Council, Messrs. Addiscott, Bainbridge, Carloss, Donatty, Field, Hetherington, Harding, Holyoake, Hoppey, Holliday, Hyde, Ivory, McGuinness, Nicholls, Perry, and Watson; Treasurer, R. Moore; Secretary, J. D. Collet. We extract from the report the following sentence, in which we heartily concur—'Your council take this opportunity of acknowledging the kindness of the directors of the John Street Institution, and their sense of the service rendered by them to the cause, not only of freedom of speech, but of social order, by permitting the use of their Hall to all parties at a time when others, by shutting their doors to the people, made secret associations almost unavoidable.'—On Friday, May 4th, a public meeting, convened by the People's-Charter Union, was held at the Sloane Square Institution to further the cause of Financial and Parliamentary Reform. Mr. Richard Moore presided. The following resolutions were proposed by Messrs. Addiscott, Hyde, J. D. Collet, and Beal, and carried unanimously:—'That while we hail with satisfaction the Financial Reform Movement, we see with still greater pleasure the increasing conviction among all Reformers, of the inefficiency of our electoral system; and we cordially hope that the present movement will be speedily directed towards Universal Suffrage—the only permanent safeguard against class legislation, or excessive taxation.' 'That in the opinion of this meeting, the first step towards Reform—whether Financial or Parliamentary—should be the exemption of the press from all taxation, and its liberation from all control but that exercised by a court of law.'

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

May 9, 1849.

MR. ROEBUCK AS CANDIDATE FOR SHEFFIELD.

Mr. Roebuck, in his address to the electors of Sheffield, alludes to some 'wild principle of the Communistic theory.' This is unbecoming Mr. Roebuck. Accustomed as he is to accurate thinking and to employ exact language (which indeed always go together), we are surprised at this vagueness of allusion. The prejudice of the day will apply the imputation to all who are friendly to Association, while it is not relevant of any party in this country—and it becomes a libel on many of Mr. Roebuck's friends, who bear the name which he uses opprobriously.

Apart from this matter, we read his address to the electors of Sheffield with much pleasure, and we hope that the constituents of that radical town will do themselves the honour of returning Mr. Roebuck to Parliament. Mr. Thomas Clark is likely to be brought forward as a candidate. When a bad Tory or a suspicious Whig is likely to be returned, we can understand the policy of opposing his return by a Chartist candidate. But when Mr. Roebuck is in the field—one of the most independent and useful Members of obsequious St. Stephen's—we think that all good Roformers should unite to insure his election.

Logicians have often to point out the misunderstandings which arise through the popular associations connected with certain terms. Very few people stop to distinguish between *the duality of modes and the oneness of principles*. Mr. Roebuck has the misfortune to have a progressive mind, and to be capable of adapting his modes of action to the new states of times and parties—yet preserving the integrity of his principles. This, which is wisdom in him, will be sure to go against him in Sheffield, unless the radicals there are better informed than in most towns. Mr. Roebuck, with that boldness which characterises him, says—'The experience of many years has, I hope, made me wiser, and taught me the mode most conducive to the practical application of the principles which I profess; but from the principles themselves I have not departed.' This seems true, but many of his political opponents will not believe him. Those used to a certain form of enunciation—suspicious, crude, ill judged, sweeping, highly spiced with the accusative, and antagonistic—understand little else, and they regard that sort of thing as 'spirited.' The *Northern Star* calls it 'fire,' and people so educated believe that all radical principle must be associated with the same language, and when they find a departure from this language, they conclude that there is departure from principle. Mr. Roebuck will, we fear, from appearances, encounter this prejudice largely in Sheffield. If he qualifies his assertions, so as to make them just and unanswerable, he will be called 'tame.' If he rushes headlong forward, and, it may be, destroys or seriously puts back reform, he will meet with much noisy applause as a first-rate patriot. But if he calculates his steps, so as to secure victory in his progress, he will be denounced as a 'trimmer.' We will quote his advised statement of the Suffrage question, to which language similar to that just described has been already applied, and our readers shall judge for themselves:—*

'Words on the subject of the Suffrage are in daily use which I do not understand, and to which I have never assented. The wildest dreamer that ever puzzled himself with endeavouring to frame a constitution, never really proposed to himself what the words Universal Suffrage signified. Men, women, and children, rogues, thieves, vagabonds, and honest men have never all been herded together in the mind of any man and endowed with the franchise; but if not, there is exclusion on some principle. To discover the right principle of exclusion is the great difficulty; and my opinion is, that most political men and writers have exaggerated the dangers of confiding the power of choosing representatives to a large number of persons. I have myself great confidence in the good sense and good feeling of my fellow countrymen, and believe that they may be safely, if generously, trusted. I therefore, though with every other man opposed to *Universal* Suffrage, believe the safe tendency, the really wise tendency, is to extension; and that due precautions being taken by *registration*, and by requiring a known and established domicile, added to precautions for excluding all criminals and *vagabonds*—this last is a well known legal term—you would go far in establishing the restrictions required for safety, and you would avoid nearly all the dangers resulting from having discontented a large section of the population. The real extent of the restriction would in-

* A correspondent, whose views are entitled to consideration on this question, expresses regret—'That Mr. Roebuck thinks something more than manhood is required, to entitle a man to a voice in choosing those to whom his life, liberty, and property are to be confided. It is not now with him that the obligation to obey the laws gives the right to a voice in making them.'

deed be large—but I believe we should in this way obtain all the well instructed and rational working men.'

Except the qualification of '*well* instructed,' to which so few can lay claim—not very many of those who enjoy the Suffrage now—this explanation seems satisfactory. (Since these remarks were written Mr. Roebuck has been elected without opposition.) G. J. H.

EMERSON.

But, to come back to Emerson (whom, by the way,
I believe we left waiting), his is, we may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange;
He seems, to my thinking (although I'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made)
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl co-exist;
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashion'd people like me,
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself—just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson.
So perfect a balance there is in his head,
That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
Life, Nature, Love, God, and affairs of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab in it;
Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her,
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer;
You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion,
With the quiet precision of science he'll sort 'em,
But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post-mortem*. *A Fable for Critics.*

HOW FAR IS MESMERISM TRUE?

Having always regarded at least the majority of persons who are disposed to read the *Reasoner* as desirous of ascertaining *truth* on all questions, I beg to state in reference to 'self-Mesmerisation'—alluded to in your journal—that a further experience of two years, on the subject of Mesmerism generally, has only confirmed the doubts put forth in the Appendix to my 'Essay on Poisons,' as to the reality of the so-called 'higher Mesmeric Phenomena.'

I will therefore distinctly state, that I have now *no doubt whatever* that Clairvoyance, Viewing at a Distance, Medical Instincts, Community of Thought, and all similar so called *elevation of the human mental powers*, are nothing more than delusion on one side or the other. The experiments *of my own* I stated in the 'Appendix,' I still think are true. It seems right that your readers should know that Mesmerism cannot aspire to produce greater effects on the system than Ether or Chloroform, and seldom indeed even those. It has this advantage, however, that it does not kill.

I write these remarks to prevent any future Townshend* from wasting a year or two in drawing up an elaborate and ingenious theory of a fact which—does not exist. H. PRATER.

* Author of 'Facts (!) in Mesmerism.'

JENNY LIND.

A correspondent of the *Spectator*, No. 1087, averred to speak on the best information, directly contradicts the report that Jenny Lind had been induced to quit the stage by scruples of a religious nature: 'her religion we infer,' says the *Spectator*, 'has a wider and stronger faith, including *art* within its ministering influences.' 'It appears that her reasons are a natural fatigue after great and protracted exertions, and allegiance to that power which is said to conquer all things.' It seems therefore that the opinions we published some time ago, in opposition to the general conjecture, were the right ones. We were led to our conclusions on no ground of private information, but by following the rule—wherever facts are wanting, and conjecture must be had recourse to—to conjecture the best things, not the worse. It is quite disproved that the Bishop of Norwich exercised any improper influence over her. G. J. H.

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POPULAR NOTIONS OF POLICY.

Emerson, who borrows a name from the prize-ring—which is not exactly the most elegant treasury of words to borrow from—says that the English have 'pluck;' but I have not noticed whether any traveller has said that policy is a characteristic of us, (whom the Americans, in their determination not to call us by any name existing before the date of their Independence,) style the 'Britishers.' In fact, policy is not common among us, nor popular. If it were common among us, it would be popular of course—but a thing may be popular and yet not common, as witness the readiness with which the people often applaud to the echo many sentiments which they do not practice, and indeed do not think of practising.

If you look around society you may observe a good deal (yet I like not that phrase 'a good deal,' as I never can realise any meaning attached to it, except that of a good *deal* of cards—a game which I never had any taste for—I will therefore say *much*)—you may observe *much* pertinacity, which is probably thought to be policy. But pertinacity cannot be policy, for pertinacity is blind, and policy is seeing. Mere pertinacity or determination may exist, with policy to carry it out, or it may exist without it, and be opposed to it. Policy being a term commonly used to designate the conducting of the affairs of government, and the affairs of government not being often conducted in a straightforward manner, policy is very much supposed to mean crooked contrivances for overreaching. All which is very properly detested, but honest indignation carries us too far when we detest policy because we have seen policy abused, or rather have seen so much bad policy and so little good. Policy is really an excellent thing in itself, but, like many other things, it is liable to be misconceived and perniciously applied. Policy is art applied to the conduct of public affairs and (what is not frequently thought of) of private life. Policy is to men what art is to artizans—that system of rules whereby a given operation is executed. Policy is the rule or rules—the art, in fine, whereby an individual or nation lives. A mode of proceeding which is governed by rules of forethought calculated to effect a proposed object, is, when applied to manual operation, called art—when applied to conduct, is called policy. In applying the term policy to private life, I am aware that I use the term in a somewhat extended sense, but still I believe in no improper, or unnatural, or strained sense. I suppose that policy came to be associated chiefly with government because men are more prone to attend to public than to private affairs: they look abroad first and at home last, thinking perhaps that if public affairs are looked well after, that home affairs will look after themselves—whereas the contrary is more likely to be the case. For if every man's household was in proper order, the Cabinet would be obliged to be pure—it would necessarily be so, for the frauds of governments only exist upon the vices of the people.

In that excellent proverb—which, by the way, we oftener hear of than see practised—'Honesty is the best policy,' we find a passing recognition that policy in private life is at least a conceivable element. Yet we seldom hear policy spoken of with respect. The man who should regard life, as life is, as a process—should observe it narrowly, and calculate means to ends—is commonly suspected of

finesse, though he may proceed on Puritan principles of strictness utterly unknown and unappreciated by his censors. The reason of this error may be that some persons regard policy as being the same with expediency; whereas expediency is the contradiction of the right, while policy, intrinsically, is the realisation of the right—the considered, forethoughted realisation of the right, by means the most practical of which existing and contingent circumstances admit. As I understand policy and expediency, policy means the realisation of the right by calculation—expediency is the evasion of the right by artifice. But I would not charge any man with acting on expediency, in the sense in which I have explained it, unless I knew that he knew what the right was, and yet endeavoured to put it away by contrivances for that end. I say that I would be sure of this, because I have found men doing the very opposite to that which I knew to be right, acting on so distorted a conception of it that wrong seemed right to them. In the judgment of policy, experience has furnished me with but one general rule (which, however, is of extensive application), viz., that all the steps of a wise policy are consistent with themselves—that is, if I make my meaning clear, policy should be the realisation of the right by means consistent with the right—not by means contradictory of the right. For when, in the pursuit of the right, we forsake the right, we do violence to our own principle. This policy commonly defeats itself; for it is not safe to do evil that good may come, for the good, when it does come thus, comes with a curse upon it.

Any, however, who use in controversy the definitions here ventured on, had better ascertain in what sense others use the same words, and allow the right of difference to others. Solve, as far as you can, that difficult problem — the maintenance of truth to you, without offence to others; bearing in recollection the aphorism of old Montaigne, that all sciences are useless without honesty and good nature—an aphorism that admonishes us of our duty to the truth, and guides us in its enunciation. It is not enough that you hold your own opinion modestly, you must let it be seen that you do so. If you lay down new distinctions without this precaution, you will be thought to be dogmatic, although nothing may be farther from your real nature. It is often fatal to the cultivation of mutual improvement and a good understanding, to be thought to set yourself up as an authority. Persons may give this impression without meaning it, without wishing it—indeed, disliking, utterly detesting it—indeed, regarding it as offensive, and censuring it in others: therefore take care, not only that you mean well, but that your meaning is understood. If you once fall into the infallible habit, you will find it out very late; for opponents will not admonish you of it, as they will naturally think you do not want to avoid it; and, unless you have a reflective and faithful friend, you may go on seeming, and being taken for, what you are not, for ever—that is, the ever of life.

I should make some application of the term Policy to public questions, and show its meaning, as I have explained it, by illustrations; but I have this week undergone great fatigue, and I am brief for a reason which would abridge any species of prolixity—I am *unable*, absolutely too tired, to be long. ION.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS OF THE AGE ON QUESTIONS OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROGRESS.

SIR,—We are not quite so brutal as the last generation in our treatment of criminals. A sign of improvement is evident in the feeling with which our offending brethren are regarded as well by the framers of laws as by the people generally. Faith in the universal efficacy of hanging has been considerably

shaken. We begin to doubt whether a savage vindictiveness—so detestable in individual character—is nevertheless essential to that of civil government; and there is even strange talk about schools of reform being substituted for prisons, and the law of kindness introduced into the place of the law of terror. There are those moving who are not ashamed of showing sympathy for the criminal, and we are cheered with the hope that the slight advances which have been practically made in the right direction, will, ere long, be followed by a series of ameliorations in our criminal code, which will tend to eradicate its harshest features, even if it does not lead at once to the more rational endeavour to check crime by the removal of the mass of incentives to a life of depravity—which, at this moment, unfortunately beset on all sides a very large proportion of our uninstructed and half-starved brothers and sisters.

I asserted in my last, that 'The religious teachings of the day form a barrier to the carrying out of the great reforms which are needed for the present generation,' and in this one question there is painful evidence of the fact. Fearful crimes, followed by the accustomed vengeance which society takes on the criminal, have been lately furnishing a source of mental exercise to that dreary class of readers who can only be tempted to buy a pamphlet r newspaper when it contains such stimulating matter as the records of humanity's deepest degradations and wretchedness. I will not attempt to moralise on this painful fact; the heart sickens at the sound of the thoughtless and sometimes brutal remarks that are heard on all sides in connection with these appalling events. Let us charitably hope that some of the readers and listeners are acquiring a habit of reflection after the perusal of the dismal details, and that 'voices from the crowd' will be heard protesting against the barbarous levity, and against the barbarous customs of society, which tend to foster it. From the 'crowd' such protests must come. *The Church utters them not.*

An Exeter paper, which I have just received, gives the usual account of an execution there. From the previous number of that journal I copy the following extract:—'Certain benevolent and most estimable individuals of this city are making an effort to save the life of the wretched murderer who was tried, convicted, and left for execution last week. The very reverend the Dean (of Exeter) in a sermon which he preached last Sunday afternoon, met this movement with an authoritative exposition of the Church's view of the matter, proclaiming the punishment of death as the scriptural penalty for murder. "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;" and the very reverend Dean, taking this to be a revelation of the will of the Almighty, as applied to this particular case, and to all other cases of murder, after having delivered his sermon with the air of a man charged with the custody of the decrees of heaven, descends from his pulpit as if conscious that he had done a great good for society in thus standing up for a sanguinary law of retaliation.'

No doubt he has a firm impression that he has been performing a sacred duty. He is, I believe, a worthy, conscientious man. I knew him years ago. He is blessed with as comfortable and benevolent a countenance as ever a church dignitary could desire: a kind spoken man—rather nervous—one who would not much like fastening the rope round the condemned felon's neck—but who yet, in defence of '*God's own words*,' strengthens the hands of Jack Ketch to perform the holy office by quoting texts, which must no doubt comfort the soul of the humble functionary, when he reflects that he, too, is God's minister, carrying out his gracious will, which the Dean has only the privilege of expounding.

The merits of the Dean's sermon we cannot discuss, having no further notice of

it than the short extract above. There is little doubt, however, in my mind that it would be found 'a settler' for all who rest the decision of such questions as this on Bible authority. It was no arduous task to find an apology for capital punishments from the word of God. Few pages could be turned over without affording him a text or an example which should strengthen the faith of his hearers in the divine origin of the policy he defended. To say nothing of the laws Moses received direct from God, and which commanded stoning the luckless Israelites to death for all sorts of trifling and out-of-the-way offences—he might easily have shown his hearers that, from the days of Noah to those of Nebuchadnezzar, the power of divinity was chiefly set forth by a series of capital punishments on the grandest scale imaginable. First, the whole human race were drowned for their wickedness—then whole cities were destroyed by fire from heaven—when the Egyptian King held God's people in bondage, in one night the Angel of the Lord passed over the land and slew all the first-born, from the first-born of Pharoah on his throne to the first-born of the captive in the dungeon, and the first-born of the cattle (how these latter had offended, perhaps, he could explain better than I can); but if this was the way the Almighty dealt with his enemies, surely we ought not to be so squeamish about sacrificing one human being, and that one a criminal. He could have told how, when Korah, Dathan, and Abiram rebelled against Moses, the earth opened and swallowed them up, they and their wives and little ones; and he could have gone on to Samuel hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal—and rejecting Saul from being King over Israel because he had shrunk from destroying the captive women and children—and he could have mentioned similar performances on the part of David, 'the man after God's own heart,' in his day and generation. He could have illustrated the text which says 'without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins,' by quoting that instructive lesson contained in the twenty-first chapter of the second book of Samuel, where it is related that because King David was so wicked as to number his people, God sent an angel who smote seventy thousand men with pestilence, although David himself expostulated—'Lo! *I* only have sinned—but these sheep! what have they done?' And if the very reverend gentleman had a particular desire to engage the affections of his audience towards the gallows, he had only to turn back to the twenty-first chapter of the same book to show the mighty efficacy of a sacrifice of this kind to appease the wrath of God—seeing that the same King David stayed a famine, which had lasted three years, by hanging up seven of Saul's sons before the Lord at the beginning of barley harvest, on the hill in Gibeah. Oh, he might have gone on quoting till this time, and still have found fresh matter to sustain the argument for capital punishment from the pages of the Bible.

I am quite aware there are many eminent teachers of religion who would never quote these portions of holy writ if discoursing on the subject of crime and punishment. They say that frail and erring human beings have no right to assume the power of taking vengeance on one another, that power belonging to the Almighty alone, according to the text—'*Vengeance* is mine, I will repay saith the Lord!' But they overlook the fact that, in many of the judgments recorded in the Old Testament, there was no miracle on the part of Deity to stamp them as a judgment from heaven. Samuel used the carnal weapon called a sword, to hew in pieces God's enemies; and the hanging of Saul's sons was the simple act of King David, yet this latter act was so pleasing to God that he stayed the famine which was consuming the Hebrew people. Whilst these ugly stories remain in the book, and you shudder at the very thought of rejecting a single line of them from their place in God's revelation, so long must they be unanswerable arguments on

the side of those who defend cruel and vindictive systems of legislation. But you point triumphantly to the new covenant. You say, if God, in his infinite wisdom, winked at these enormities in the olden time, he has since revealed to us a purer law; we have the teachings of Christ for our guide—the new commandment of love, which cannot sanction aught that savours of vengeance or cruelty.

This would, perhaps, settle the question, if the teachers of religion in this country consented to cut out the beautiful moral teachings of the *man of sorrows*—and taking them alone as their sacred scriptures, would set aside all the rest as unsuited to the moral culture of the people. But whilst in connection with them they have such stories as that of Annanias and Sapphira—who, for uttering a falsehood, were sent out of this world without even a moment's notice, whilst we have a St. Paul delivering his opponents over to Satan, that they may learn not to blaspheme. Above all, whilst the text I before quoted—'*Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins*'—is for ever in the mouths of the teachers of Christianity in this country—whilst they instruct their hearers from Sunday to Sunday that, but for the sacrifice of the innocent for the guilty—but for the cruel crucifixion of Christ, God's justice and vengeance would have compelled him to consign the whole human family to endless torments, and that even now hell gapes for the greater portion of those we see around us—whilst these things are taught, I say again, your religious teachings stand in the way of human progress. The sentiments of mercy and pity are blighted and withered in the bosoms of the people—that of justice is no less outraged. There is a counteracting influence against all that you may possess, that is truthful, and loving, and gentle in your morale of Christ's teachings. Behold, 'wars and bloodshed,' oppression and suffering, ignorance, crime, and cruel punishments, are still causing the nations to groan, and yet you have preached your doctrines for eighteen hundred years.

5, Enfield Cottages, Kingsland Road. W. A.

LECTURES ADDRESSED CHIEFLY TO THE WORKING CLASSES.* BY W. J. FOX, M.P.

It is with an interest at once pleasing and painful that we write a notice of this fourth volume of Mr. Fox's lectures; for, in the 'Prefatory Address,' he tells us that it will be, 'in all probability, the last.' So many associations are linked to the name of Fox, so much hope in the power of his tongue to say for us, with force and eloquence, what we cannot say so well for ourselves; so many kindling and proud memories of his achievements, for was he not a Working Man, a 'Norwich Weaver Boy?' so much glad respect to see him in the position he now occupies in the Parliament of England; that the words we have quoted fall sadly on our ear, like the farewell of a wise and noble friend. How deeply we miss the constant communications of a mind and heart like his. How selfish we become when ill health and toil withdraw the benefactor, the guide and servant, from us. And then we bethink ourselves that we have nothing to offer to our gifted brother, in return for his services, but our deep respect and grateful recollections. The working men of England will not forget William Johnson Fox, for he has never forgotten them. With that brave phalanx of our day—including such names as William Cobbett and Ebenezer Elliott—will we rank the name of William Johnson Fox. These are names dear to every man of the people. They have done something to show what

Lowly men can feel and do.

* Vol. IV. London: Charles Fox, 69, Paternoster Row; 1849.

They are the harbingers of better days, as well as the pioneers who have carved out and made no secret of the way. And it is for us to honour these men, who have been both our servants and masters; it is for us to strain up that steep from whose heights they beckon us on; it is for us, not to disgrace ourselves and give the lie to their bold augury by lying apathetic in the slough of ignorance and debasement, or rising up mad and furious in the vain effort to snatch what must be toiled for; to grasp, by a sudden tumultuous effort, what can only be won by steady discipline and cheerful endurance from the lapse of time. It is importunity and opportunity upon which we must rely: importunate in the temple of Knowledge and the school of Discipline, and opportune in the course of events.

Mr. Fox has helped to teach us this, and something more. He has shown us how the simple manliness of an intelligent working man is not inconsistent with those courtesies of speech and bearing which characterise the gentleman. Let us take this to heart. It is not every democrat who deserves the praise. He has, too, another merit, to which our readers must not be insensible. Though proud to belong to the people, he is not blind to their faults. He has never flattered them at their own expense, nor sought to exalt them by degrading others. He has been an elevator, not a leveller; an intelligent brother, not an insidious parasite. He lays before them the fruits of his experience; he tenders to them wise counsel; and, while he urges them to assert their rights, to hold fast and unfalteringly demand the enaction of their principles, at the same time he exhorts them to act with that dignity, honour, and forbearance which alone can secure and consolidate their triumph.

The fourth volume contains, besides the lectures, a prefatory address which deserves deep attention. It is full of good counsel, high political wisdom, and fraternal affection. A better 'word' has not been addressed to the working classes, from one of their order, for many years. It points out the true source of political power in self-culture, wise organisation, and deliberate, persevering effort. The working classes must be their own instructors, their own redeemers. They must get what they can, keep what they get, and then set about obtaining more. They must be magnanimous, and demolish classes by honouring the good and brave in all. 'No retaliation,' the maxim of the brave Toussaint L'Ouverture, must be their maxim. Political freedom must be won, at all costs, but not for the purposes of political vengeance. They must work for the triumph of principles for the sake of principles, do what is right, let the issue be what it may, and above all rely on themselves for their own mental and moral elevation, without which all political institutions are but mist-palaces, wanting in durability, because without foundation in the heart of man.

The lectures in this volume are varied, striking, and eloquent. They are not new, having been delivered in the National Hall, Holborn, in 1846, but they are instructive and elevating, worthy of a place on the book-shelf of the working man. And now we must, perhaps, bid farewell to Mr. Fox as an author. But we hope he may live many years, and repose upon the triumphs of the past, for no one can say that all his labours are vanity, or that the seeds which, in his long career, he has sown so profoundly around him, have not sprung up to invigorate the hopes of the present and yield a rich harvest in the future.

We append two extracts, taken almost at random from these lectures, which abound in striking and effective passages.

Mere Theory.—'When a reformer finds the machinery of government not working well for the purposes of government; when he sees that the commons of England are not in the Commons' House of Parliament; when he sees that here-

ditary legislation does not bring the sure accompaniment of hereditary wisdom; when he complains that men are linked together in society, and yet are not reaping the advantages, or enjoying the rights of society; and when he says that all this might be, and should be, differently ordered; when he begins to talk of men being born free and equal, and of all having a right to life, liberty, property, and the means of happiness—why he, in like way, is put off with—"Oh, yes; that is mere political theory!" When a philanthropist ventures to doubt whether the taking away of human life be the best way of amending human life; when he recoils from the disgusting spectacles exhibited under the name of justice; when he hints that punishment might be so ordered as to correct the individual, and thus act with a better influence on society; when he speculates on the question, whether those who are often hardened in guilt by the treatment to which they are subjected, and are at last cut off altogether in the prime of life, might not, under other influences, become peaceable members of society—whether, instead of making them glorified saints, as we sometimes do, they might not be made tolerable, and decent, and even useful members of the community; why, he, again, is turned round upon with this universal mode of settling matters—"Oh, yes; that is mere theory; very pretty, very philanthropic, truly; but it will not do for practical men." And so, again, when the young enter upon life, with truthful and glowing hearts; when they think that there is something like reality in friendship and affection; when they reckon upon something generous and good in human nature; when they turn away disgusted from the dark, and sordid, and selfish pictures that are presented to them by many who profess to be true delineators of human society; they are dismissed with a smile of pity, and a sort of lofty commiseration for "their mere theory, which will wear off as they get along in the world." In fact, it is one of the most easy, and, by the frequency with which it is used, it seems to be the most favourite way of getting rid of any notions which are not congenial with the habits of those who call themselves eminently practical; because, taking the world as it is, they have conformed to the world as it is; they endeavour to make to-day as much like yesterday as possible, hoping that the resemblance will be transmitted into to-morrow; and they assume to themselves very great credit for being above all these "theoretical notions." Like Goldsmith's Britons,

> Pride in each port, defiance in each eye,
> The lords of practicality pass by—

until the humble, thinking man almost feels that there is some degree of wrong, of sinfulness in theory.'

God Save the King.—'The production of it is ascribed to a Dr. John Bull—whether it is from him that the population have derived the name I don't know—but a Dr. John Bull, organist to James I., is said to have been the author of the music of "God save the King;" and, for aught I know, of the words too; the one is worthy of the other. Dr. Burney, in his "History of Music," describes this Dr. John Bull's compositions, and says, that he had no idea of doing anything more than putting down notes, that he had not a conception of melody, and that the sound of his strains is comparable to nothing but the continuous motion of the clapper of a mill, or the rumbling of a post-chaise. Well, thus originated a song which has served for every sovereign, from James I. to her present Majesty Queen Victoria. The virtues that are ascribed in it to one have been successively ascribed to others; they have been hereditary: each one who succeeded has been great and noble; and the nation has, according to this expression of its wish, very earnestly desired that the reigns of each might be prolonged in a way which,

if the wish could have been granted, would have very much spoiled the chances and virtues of their successors, who, in their turns, have inherited this self-same expression. An awkward thing is implied in that song; it seems as if those who chant it were most earnestly bent upon God's saving the sovereign, as if that were one of the most doubtful points in the world. They intercede with the Deity, chant to the Deity, over and over again, as if they would hammer it into the hearing of Providence, that salvation was wanted, not for the inheritor of all possible virtues, but for a desperate class of incorrigible sinners. And with this great overflow of Christian piety on the one hand, there is a preposterous bathos in the expression of indignation on the other:—

Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics:
Frustrate their knavish tricks;

and so on. That is, first, these enemies are to be scattered as if with a thunderbolt; being thus scattered, spread abroad, dispersed, annihilated, they are to be "made to fall;" and then, after they have been scattered, and when they are fallen, their political tricks are to be frustrated, and their politics to be confounded. The pyramid stands upon the wrong end; there is a regular going down, as if a person was to be sentenced to the old punishment of treason—to be hanged till he was half dead, then to have his breast cut open, and his heart taken out and burnt before his face; and not only so, but to be whipped at the cart's tail, or to be imprisoned for one month, and pay a fine of five shillings.'

EUGENE.

MEMORANDA OF OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS IN EDUCATION.*—BY CAROLINE SOUTHWOOD HILL.

'THAT which is begun by life,' says our deep-searching Emerson, 'must be conducted to its issues by life.' Of no human undertaking is this truer than of the training of the human character. What years of untiring constancy are needed to make our own being all that our best nature points to! How much more difficult, then, must it be to aid another's being to be all that its best nature points to! How difficult, in education, to resist the thousand temptations to undue dominancy on the one hand, and indolent *laissez-faire* on the other! Yet both these must be avoided, if the educator would do justice both to the freedom and the well-being of the young pupil. The teacher's life must be perpetually fed from the well-springs of a strong and buoyant resolve—he must unite 'with much power always much more love,' to sustain the unformed beings who depend on him for everything. Such a course needs special description and enforcement now. For the 're-action against philanthropy' is visible in education also.

There are Reformers who advocate for their children the very same doctrines of passive obedience to supreme authority which they protest against in Governments. Like Governments, also, they point to those who, acting on the principles of love and freedom, fail in preserving proper order; and thence draw the same inference—that the 'principle of love' is an amiable error, the development of freedom a dangerous fault, and that Order can only reign—in Warsaw. This error, (which seems to me far less excusable in parents than in Governments) probably arises from a non-perception of the fact that the parent *makes all the circumstances* of his child, and is therefore responsible if, through failure in these,

* Sold at Watson's.

the child's character is deficient. As soon as a man becomes a parent, he is made the representative, to the child, of Nature herself, in all her unwearied power, in all her unutterable tenderness. His will should be as intelligent and beautiful as the laws of the material world, and as irresistible in its workings. How should we know what to do, if gravitation ceased to act sometimes, Nature being tired? or if the sun did not rise, Nature being peevish? The parents' actions are as gravitation and sunshine to their child, and if they fail therein, they have no right to complain of the child's inevitably-consequent failings.

Are we then to expect parents to be exempt from human frailties? No, but a sense of the great responsibilities due towards children should induce persons *not to become parents*, unless they are able to give a child fair chance of growing up healthy in body and mind, and are alsowilling to suffer much in training it to become so. When these conditions are intelligently and faithfully fulfilled, we shall probably hear no more of the inherent stubbornness of child-nature. I may add that my own childhood's experience was so happy, that the stories of floggings, and lockings-up, &c., which I sometimes came to in reading, were always looked on as impossible and therefore amusing horrors, of the same species as dragons and giants. When I emerged into real life, and discovered what so many other children suffered, the sick anguish I felt surpasses words to describe. It is therefore that I feel so anxious to show that parents have but to fulfil their own part well, to ensure peaceful and affectionate co-operation from their children.

Records of education conceived and executed in a high spirit, are some of the most valuable contributions which the matured few can make to the benefit of the striving many. It is a pleasant duty to say that Mrs. Hill's little book belongs to this class. For a few pence, she has given us a series of beautiful and practical lessons in the training of the innocent, and the re-claiming of the faulty. The following observations will show the spirit in which she laboured:—

'Direct attacks upon the evil seldom fail to produce another and often a worse species of evil than that against which one is warring.....Nothing is bad that is natural; if anything seem so, it is because other parts of its nature are undeveloped, so that one particular part stands out in disproportionate magnitude. "Overcome evil with good:" that is to say, cultivate the faculties which are deficient in strength, until you have brought them all into proportion. Good seems to me but another name for proportion; and bad, another name for disproportion.'—p. 15.

'It is a rule very strictly observed by me, not to crush manifestations of feelings, but to be content to let those feelings right themselves: and I trust for this to the general influence of the whole of my discipline. I am never better pleased than when a fault disappears, I know not how. I then hope it has gone naturally, and that some good has taken its place in the heart, instead of some worse evil, as is but too frequently the case after our active corrections, as we term them.' —p. 16.

The 'History of A.,' besides its moral charm, is interesting for its useful suggestions on intellectual training. The following extract from A.'s adjective-book will show the simplicity and genuineness realised by this teaching of children to 'be what they are,' as 'the first step towards becoming better than they are.'

'I am cowardly when I don't like fighting—before I go into the bath—when I'm deceitful. I am happy when I see mamma—when they don't fight with me—when they dance. I am made when I was a little child. I am good when I do my lessons. I am wicked when I go and see wicked people hunt the squirrel. I am round all about me. I am manageable by S. I am red when I'm very cold—

when I'm hot. I am comfortable when I'm dead—when I'm in bed—when there is a dinner-party. I am white in the globe of my eye. I am delightful to S. I am sad when somebody goes away. Don't I feel sad in my face? I am merry when S. is not angry *on* me. I am proud when I have got new shoes. I am more than a bit. I am shameful when I beat a little boy like B. I am unjust when I go before C. in a race.'—p. 31. PANTHEA.

THE POOR OF CRIPPLEGATE.

The *Cheltenham Chronicle*, of April 12, in noticing the 'City Mission Magazine,' says, of the parish of Cripplegate, 'It appears that in this large parish of 19,255 souls, where there is at present only *one church*, seating 1550 persons—that so far from this not accommodating a willing congregation, 906 of these sittings were vacant in the morning, 1233 in the afternoon, and 1230 in the evening of one Sunday in January last, when a visit was paid to it! The entire parish stands on so small an area, that it would not take five minutes to reach the church from any part, and yet such is the result, and the palpable necessity for using other means to "compel" the people to come into Christ's fold. We cannot hope that this evil is to be remedied by the people reading their Bibles at home, for alas! we find that more than one-fourth of the families in the large city of London, have not even a copy of the Holy Scriptures! and *one adult in every seven of the same class is unable to read one if they had it*.....It is difficult to give even a sample of the almost brutal state of the congregated mass of living souls. The majority of the houses are *very dirty*; and the stairs, which are common property, are in many of them seldom, if ever, cleaned. In one of the courts a man, who had resided there eleven years, had not, he said, in the whole time ever seen a paint or a colouring brush: some of the people seem to care little about keeping the places in which they live clean. On a board in one of the courts is the following significant notice—"The inhabitants of this place are respectfully informed there is a dust-hole." Scarlet fever, typhus, measles, cholera, and other diseases are the natural results of filth, neglect, and bad food. From one court in Whitecross Street, no less than ten persons were conveyed to the Fever Hospital in one week; and in Artichoke Place, which contains only *two houses*, last autumn there had been ten cases of fever, and five deaths!

'One missionary remarks—"In one room I found a mother, and her daughter about 16, sewing braces 3½d. a dozen; *neither of them had gowns*—they had pledged them for food. There were two other children.

'"In another place I found a poor widow, who had taken up the craft of her husband, and was sitting with a sitrrup on her knees and an awl in her hand, repairing her shoe. She had some little ones."

'The variety of character which presents itself in 2000 families almost defies classification. There are the working mechanics and labourers; some of them only get a little work, and are fearful lest they should lose that little; many of them have large families of five, six, seven, and eight children; the wife has to "*turn to*" to help to keep them, children and domestic duties are neglected, the house—apartments we should rather say, for few have a house—may not be so clean, but then "'tis bread they want;" the children are forming bad habits, and growing up in neglect of God, his house, his Sabbath; all their strife seems to be for this life; and when reminded by the missionary that there was a life to come, they answered, "Ah, well! we must take our chance about that like others." What others? Others all around them. This is what they, on every hand, behold. Let it be remembered, that each of the 2053 poor families in Cripplegate,

contains within it the elements of good or evil to society—a saving or a cost—a blessing or a curse; nor let it be forgotten in this day, when there is so much talk from one end of the land to the other about retrenchment in our national expenditure, that "godliness is also profitable to this life," to communities as well as to individuals. Is it not to the interest, then, of all to improve the social and religious state of the people? or shall we recklessly and *unfeelingly (!)* leave them to be *guided* and *gulled* by the Owens of England, or the Cabets of France?'

[What could the worthy scribe who penned the last sentence know of the schemes of Owen and Cabet, when he can speak of the poor being left to be 'gulled' by them—after drawing such a deplorable picture of the system under which they are at present dying (not living)? If any man can 'gull' them into a change, it must surely be for the *better*—both physically and morally—for worse there can scarcely be.]

CAN ANY MAN, OR BODY OF MEN, LEGALISE MURDER AND ROBBERY?

SIR,—In a late trial before Judge Denman, the culprit, John Smith, was sentenced to death for the murder of a female named Lawrence. After the counsel's able defence for the accused—who was proved to be most decidedly insane, there being no ostensible motive for the murder—the Judge, in summing up, is stated to have made light of the plea of insanity—which exhibits, in his position, unpardonable ignorance respecting cerebral physiology, which science proves that the *plea of insanity should be much more largely employed in criminal cases*; and then, instead of lawyers, medical men would be appointed as judges. Among the numerous insane individuals who annually appear as prisoners at the assizes, I never read of a more decided case of insanity than that now mentioned. The lunatic, now judicially murdered, ascended the scaffold smiling at death—an infliction, evidently no punishment to him, a salutary example to others!

No wonder murders are greatly on the increase in this country, where so little respect is paid to the sacredness of human life by those in power, who countenance legal murders, often of the innocent—for, at their instigation, countries are invaded by hired land pirates, who massacre the inhabitants, violate the women, slaughter the children, take all the plunder they can find, and, when afterwards it is called a British colony, the plundering is still continued—by heavy and unjust taxation. With such a horrible example, need any one be surprised at the number of murders, and large amount of other crime committed in this country?

Human life I esteem sacred. How to slay our fellow men can be esteemed honourable, is beyond my comprehension. I can see honour in saving life, but none in taking it away. The most we can allow is, that in very peculiar circumstances to take away life may be deemed a *dreadful necessity*, but honourable it can never be.

This nation might act on peace principles. I am quite satisfied that civilisation has advanced too far for us to expect attack from other nations. But the great hindrance to such a glorious change is, the number of aristocrats who are supported out of the taxes. In the army, navy, and in civil situations, in countries which can only be kept possession of by force of arms, to act on peace principles would, therefore, abolish a convenient source of wealth to the younger branches of those families—who act on the unjust law of primogeniture. And the powers that be continue such means of providing for junior aristocrats, rather than legalising the division of estates, and abolishing the dreadful trade of the man-butcher—which leads to crime of every description.

A country taken possession of by a legalised banditti never can justly belong to the robbers a bit more than a stolen watch can belong to the thief who steals it.

Wallington, Morpeth. ARTHUR TREVELYAN.

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

SIR,—Observing a proposed constitution for a Socialist Society to be established in America, it occurs to me that other lands possess advantages beyond America in respect of climate, food, clothing, and dwelling—although, perhaps, on the point of *safety*, some may be disposed to doubt. I have a brother who has been recently employed in exploring the South Sea Islands contiguous to New Holland—and from his account, derived partly from observation, and partly from statements made to him by intimate associates who have resided on these islands, the natural advantages of these islands appear to be unsurpassed. The archipelago of Louisiade, Rook Island in Dampier's Straits, New Britain, Woodlark Island, and various others in the South Seas, easily reached from Sydney, appear to be places well adapted, from their fertility and beauty, for the establishment of a Socialist colony. These places lie from 5° to 15° S. lat.—and the natives, although savage in some islands, are still in others capable of being controlled or even rendered useful. The islands are at various elevations above the water—some, however, being flat, and probably unhealthy, notwithstanding that the natives appear vigorous and healthy. Prairie and woodland are conjoined in some of these places, in others it is entirely forest land, the timber being of the very finest description. Tara, yams, cocoa-nuts, plantains, sugar-cane, mangoes, and bread-fruit, grow wild, and fish and wild fowl abound. Indian corn, grapes, olives, figs, oranges, coffee, &c., are, in all probability, capable of being cultivated there. In such a climate little labour or capital would be required for the erection of dwellings and for the supply of clothing. Objections will, however, present themselves on account of the presumed insalubrity and excessive heat of these islands. But it may be observed that Woodlark Island and Rook Island already contain Catholic Missionary settlements, and cases of individuals who have lived on some of these islands a considerable time are not uncommon. The most expensive part of colonising one of these fertile spots would be the passage thither—including the passage to Sydney, about £25 per head—and the purchase and provisioning of a small craft for discovering a convenient settlement. The price of a small vessel in Sydney, capable of carrying twenty-five subscribers, my brother found upon inquiry to be about £200: provisioning the same would perhaps amount to another £100. Once located, money would be a minor consideration—skill and labour being the means that must be relied upon for supplying the wants of the society. It may be asked, how could a body of men located there make money sufficient to purchase such European articles as would conduce to their comfort and happiness—such as musical and philosophical instruments, books, &c.? To which I reply, that the trade carried on on these seas in sandal wood, tortoise shell, and bechelemar *(pêche de la mer)* a kind of slug eaten by the Chinese, is very profitable; besides, raisins, coffee, &c., might be cultivated, and sold in Sydney. The pioneers of such a scheme should be in number not less than fifteen, as fewer than these would be in danger. On Rook Island, however, only *three* priests have established themselves, being supported by faith, which has not always been found an efficient protection against the natives.

Micham Green, Surrey, May 3, 1849. HENRY PARROTT.

[Our correspondent wishes to see a company of emigrants settle in these islands. As many persons continue to emigrate, we have no objections to aid their judgment by any directing facts which offer themselves to our notice. We are not personally acquainted with Mr. Parrott, and his letter must be taken upon its intrinsic contents. Being authenticated and apparently impartial, we have ventured to use it.—ED.]

Illustrative Notices.

After what has been *understood* respecting Mr. Roebuck's theological opinions, the following account of his Church of Englandism, lately rendered to the electors of Sheffield, is worth preserving:—'I am myself a member of the Church of England. I was educated as a member of the Established Church; and, after a careful consideration, I have seen no reason to leave the fellowship of my childhood and youth. But this determination has been formed after consideration, and is the result of my own will, utterly independent of that of any other man. What, then, I have demanded for myself—the right that I have vindicated in my own person—I demand for all others. I insist upon religious as well as civil liberty. If my mind be enthralled by arbitrary will, and not led by the suasion of reason, I am more a slave than if you put my body into chains. While I demand for all this freedom, which I have exercised myself, I proceed yet further: I hold every coercion on this subject impolitic, as well as unjust. You may compel to outward observance, and to false declarations; you may create hypocrisy and discontent; but at word of command you cannot make men believe. With this view, therefore, I am led to deprecate, on all proper occasions, every attempt to make establishments which exist for the purpose of promoting any peculiar religious opinion state establishments. In a country like ours, of complicated relations, of long-established habits and opinions, I cannot expect that my opinions on such a subject should be immediately acceded to; and I am not prone to feel hurt or to take offence when I find men differ from me concerning it. But though we cannot change at once what has been long established, we can far more easily prevent new steps in a wrong direction; and, therefore, to any extension of such religious establishments I shall direct unceasing opposition.'

Mr. Clark, in his speech at the Cowper Street meeting, said—'At a recent banquet held at Wakefield, at which seven hundred merchant princes attended to do honour to Mr. Cobden, whilst the Royal Family was toasted, "The Army and Navy" was omitted. Was not this an admission by those seven hundred merchant princes, that you were to be trusted with power and property, without the surveillance of brute force?'

At the Cowper Street meeting Mr. O'Connor said, that 'whoever offered them less than the "old animal" meant to bilk them of all.' T his is that political intolerance which has made Chartism so offensive.

The Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* writes:—'Among the German population of Bohemia religious delusions of the wildest kind are beginning to prevail; a revival in the nineteenth century of some of the sects that amazed the world in the age of John of Leyden and the Anabaptists appears impending. In some districts the principles of the "Adamites" are said to be gradually extending; in the towns of Hohenmauth, Luze, and Chotzen, many of the wealthier inhabitants have joined the society. The text, "by faith ye shall remove mountains," is a chief article of their creed, and one of their practices is to lie on the earth by the sides of rivers and streams with the ear to the ground listening for the footsteps of the coming Messiah! Whether they adopt another usage of the ancient sect of the same name is not stated. But the whole foundation of religious teaching and belief is undermined and shaken, and to a much greater extent among the Germans than the Czechs; the Friends of Light and the Rationalists are the one extreme, and the fanatics, who accept the most monstrous doctrines, form the other.'

The following notice to the public, and instructions to all postmasters, sub-postmasters, and letter receivers, has been published by order of the Postmaster-General:—'Henceforward, newspapers printed or published in any of the Channel Islands or in the Isle of Man, and sent by the post between any of such islands and Great Britain or Ireland, or sent by the post in Great Britain or Ireland, will be liable to the full letter rates of postage according to the scale for charging inland letters by weight; with the exception of such of the newspapers alluded to as may be printed in the French language.' This is following up the Act passed in the last Parliament, to take from the people the only escape they had from the oppression of the stamp upon the diffusion of political knowledge. This shows how steadily the aristocracy war against knowledged in the people—unless it is imparted by themselves through their instruments, the clergy, in the shape of what they call National Education. National Education, with them, means the clergy and creed-primogeniture and tithes—more church and plenty of catechism. Catechisms, in the hands of the clery, is merely mind-twisting, and making children repeat what they cannot by possibility understand. The aristocracy hold the fee-simple of the tithes of the kingdom, and the clergy are the life-renters and the instruments of the aristocracy, to keep the farmers in order and the serfs in obedience—and enforcing the Game Laws. E. S.

Mr. Edward Baines, of Leeds, the champion of the voluntary system of education, has declined a *viva voce* discussion, to which he was challenged by Dr. John Watts, of Manchester. He is delivering a course of six lectures, in Manchester, on the sufficiency of the voluntary principle.

The *Times* has furnished these instances of Protectionist reasoning:—'The Corn Laws have been repealed, and there is a great deal of distress. *Therefore* all that distress is owing to the repeal of the Corn Laws.'—'I got out of bed on the wrong side this morning, and the post brought me news that my cow died last Thursday. *Therefore* my getting out of bed on the wrong side killed my cow.'—'I ate an unusually good breakfast this morning, and now (3 p.m.) feel unusually hungry. *Therefore* my breakfast has caused my present appetite for dinner.'—'Last year I entered into partnership with a tallow-chandler, and have now ten children. *Therefore* the number of my family is owing to my trade.'—'Yesterday I sent an express for my doctor, and to-day I am in bed. *Therefore* the doctor has made me ill.'—'I learnt the Latin Grammar when I was 10 years old, and am now a particularly stupid man. *Therefore* the Latin Grammar has dried up my brains.'

At a banquet of the 'Socialist Priests,' held at the 'Garden of Liberty,' near the barrier Poissoniere, three priests attended—namely, the Abbés Tranchard, Montlouis, and Percy. A toast given by a M. Bruat is thus reported:—'To Jesus of Nazareth, the father of Socialism—to that great revolutionist whom the Pharisees, those other "Moderates," put to death upon the cross between two thieves.'

Some time ago a speech was delivered by Mr. Robertson, on the 'Distribution of Electoral Power.' It comprises the ablest analysis of the 'short comings' of the Reform Bill which we have seen. It has been printed so as to be sold at four copies a penny for general circulation. It is well worthy this distinction.

Carlyle's article in the *Spectator* of April 14, on 'Ireland and Sir Robert Peel,' has been reprinted by a gentleman in Bungay, for distribution among the clergy, farmers, and poachers of Suffolk. G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

May 16, 1849.

LETTER FROM THE REV. W. BEVAN.

Adam Street, April 25th, 1849.

SIR,—In reply to the inquiries to which you have called my attention, I forward you a copy of an announcement which I presume you have not seen. It supplies the information you seek.

I remain, yours truly,

WILLIAM BEVAN.

Mr. G. J. Holyoake.

Copy of the 'Announcement' forwarded.

PROPOSED PRIZE ESSAYS ON INFIDELITY, BY WORKING MEN.—The Southern Division of the British Organisation, in connection with the Evangelical Alliance, having had the subject of Infidelity assigned to them by the Conference for investigation; and a sum of money having been liberally placed at their disposal to promote that object;—It was Resolved, at a meeting of the Committee—

'That a Prize of Twenty Pounds be offered for the best Essay, and another Prize of Fifteen Pounds for the second best Essay, on the Principles and Operations of Infidelty among the Working Classes. The Competition to be Limited to Persons of Those Classes. The Essays to be about Sixty Octavo Pages of ordinary letter-press, and to be sent in for Adjudication not later than the 1st August next. The Copyright of the successful Essays to be the property of the Council, to whom is reserved the right of subsequently determining on the question of publication.'

In answer to several letters of inquiry addressed to the secretary, the Committee announce.

'That the Design of the Essays is to show, 1. What are the Infidel Opinions which obtain among the working classes: 2. What are the Causes to which the diffusion of such principles may be ascribed: 3. What are the Agencies employed in spreading such principles: 4. What are the Influences and Practical Effects resulting from such principles and agencies in the personal and social condition of the working classes: 5. What Remedies my be most efficaciously employed. *** It is not intended to limit the writers to these topics. They are indicated for the purpose of explaining the general view of the subject which the committee contemplate.'

In addition to the prize offered to working men for essays on the subject of Infidelity, as affecting their own class of society—and with the view of exhibiting the aspects and influences of Infidel opinions upon other classes of the community, the Committee offer

A PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS

for the Best Essay on 'Infidelity (whether British or Foreign), its various aspects and modes of operation.'

The competition to be open to Persons of all Classes. The essay not to exceed a moderate sized octavo volume. The first edition of the successful essay (to the extent of not more than 2,000 copies) to be the property of the council, and to be sent in for adjudication not later than the 1st March, 1850.

As soon as replies are received from the parties who have been requested to act as Adjudicators, their names will be advertised.

Communications on the subject of the essays may be addressed to the Secretary, Rev. W. Bevan, 7, Adam-street, London.

Each Essay to have a Motto inscribed on it, and to be accompanied with a sealed letter having the same Motto, containing the Name and Address of the Writer, and which will not be opened till the determination of Adjudicators is known.

CARLILE MONUMENT.—Previously acknowledged, £3 13s. 6d. J. Body, 5s.; for Dr. Prater's book, 1s. 6d.; Dr. Lees for ditto, 1s. 6d.; a Friend for ditto, 1s. 6d.; A. B., per publisher, 2s. 6d.; Luke, 2s. (from the interest derived in reading Mr. Holyoake's just-published Life and Character of Richard Carlile); H. Robinson, 11, Greenside-street, Edinburgh (who, if necessary, will send another subscription), 5s.; a Friend, 1s.; Eliza, Derby, 2s. Total: £4 15s. 6d.

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 153 ..		548	6
Thomas Billington		2	0
A. B., per Mr. Watson		2	6
Henri., Derby (who adds, 'Could all *give* equal to their sincere wishes for the success of the *Reasoner*, the friends of social progress would have little cause for complaint)		2	0
Thomas Brittain, sen. ..		1	0
John Brittain, jun. ..		1	0
G. Virtue, per Mr. Brittain	*	1	0
John Stockwell, per ditto		1	0
Starling Kendall, per ditto		1	0
A Friend, per Mr. Watson ..		2	6
		562	6

* These 5s. per Mr. Brittain ought to have been acknowledged earlier, but the list was put by with other papers and neglected.

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.

'Quartermaster Sergeant Jackson, seventh battalion, was discharged by the board recently held at Woolwich, and his pension of 2s. 7d. per day commenced from April 12. He had been 35 years in the service, 24 years as quartermaster sergeant. Colour Sergeant Wearing is appointed quartermaster sergeant, vice Jackson. Several young men were discharged by the last board, and left the garrison to return to their previous dwelling-places —the authorities having resolved not to retain in the service any men of a weakly constitution, or who may repeatedly become inmates of the hospital through their own indiscretion. It has also been resolved that all men of decidedly bad conduct will be got rid of at the earliest opportunity, to prevent the contamination of the young recruits of good character now so easily obtained to serve in the Royal Regiment of Artillery. Sergeant Mason has arrived from Lisburn, Ireland, with 39 recruits, enlisted by the recruiting party under Lieutenant Clark at that station.'

This is the way the system works: it starves men into slavery, and they are then disciplined into *things*, and made to destroy those they are bid to kill. If they kill without an order, they are hanged as murderers; but if, having orders, they kill thousands, and sack and destroy a town, they are heroes.

Is the soldier justified who kills to order? Is the order justified? If both are justified, what becomes of the moral law? Who reveals it? Does not this practice repeal the commandment? If yea, who does it? Some one must do it: is it the clergyman, who consecrates the colours? E. S.

M. DE ST. HILAIRE.

Mons. de St. Hilaire, a young French gentleman, and formerly editor of *La France*, delivered a lecture in the Temperance Hall, in this town, 'On the Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe.' Mons. de St. Hilaire is a gentleman of prepossessing manners and address, and speaks English with correctness and fluency. In speaking of the recent revolution in France, Mons. H. declared that the English press, with a few exceptions, were not to be relied on in their accounts of the condition of the people, as the result of the revolution. It had been represented that there were thousands of paupers. Some Friends in an English town where he had been went over to France for the express purpose of ascertaining the condition the people were in. They found posted on the walls of Paris large bills inviting all who were in want of food to attend at a particular spot between the hours of twelve and one. Being desirous of seeing how many persons would apply for food, these Friends attended at the place, at the mentioned hour, for four days, and they found that some seven or nine persons only made application for food! And this was at a time, too, when he (Mons. H.) had seen soup kitchens in England surrounded by thousands. Mons. de St. Hilaire spoke of communism, and defended it from the imputations cast upon it in this country. He looked upon communism as a grand social principle which was extending itself in France, and which would regenerate the nations. He repudiated the idea that communism in France meant a universal division of the land, or that it embraced the terrible falsehood of atheism, or that it would destroy the bonds of society. Communism he regarded as perfectly in accordance with the principles of religion. Communism meant nothing more nor less than equality and order—justice for the poor man and justice for the rich man—equality, true equality, without any distinctions of rank or creed, or of political and religious doctrine. The audience consisted of several hundred persons. The lecturer was repeatedly applauded with great warmth.—*Bradford Observer*, No. 792. April 26th, 1849.

DISCUSSIONS AT JOHN STREET.

On Sunday mornings, the members' meetings at John Street have been lately occupied with debating the admissibility of the League of Social Progress to the fraternal offices of the Institution. Mr. Holyoake supported the affirmative, with the limitation of non-identification. We shall probably give a summary of the discussion, or list of the propositions made. But, in truth, there have been so many resolutions proposed, that it requires considerable resolution to state them.

MR. OWEN'S BIRTH-DAY.

Mr. Owen's Birth-day was celebrated on Sunday at John Street Institution. Mr. Hetherington presided. Mr. Holyoake, Mr. Rigby, and others proposed various sentiments. On Monday evening a Supper was held at Watson's Hotel, in commemoration of the same event.

THE CARLISLE STREET INSTITUTION.

At the Carlisle St. Institution, Portman Square, the Saturday evening discussion is on the existence of Deity. On May 5th, Mr. Holyoake took part in the debate. The Christian side was sustained with great animation.

AN IRISH SONG—'OH PADDY MY DARLINT.' The Words written and the Music composed by Mrs. Captain Grenfell. Just published, price 2s. 'THE DUKE OF ROTHESAY'S MARCH,' for the Pianoforte: also 'THE HIBERNIAN ABSENTEES' RETURN TO THEIR NATIVE LAND,' March for the Pianoforte. Both composed by the same authoress. Price 2s. each.

London: Published for the authoress by D'Almaine and Co., 20, Soho Square.

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

INTIMATIONS.

The *Reasoner* is sent free by Post, the Quarter's Subscription 4s. 4d., on thin paper 3s. 3d., and issued in Monthly Parts and Half-yearly Volumes.

RECEIVED.—W. W. B. on Charles I. declined.—A. H. J.—J. Hindle. (The Carlile Monument proceeds satisfactorily. This week proposals will go before the cemetery directors.)—W. Mason. (His useful suggestion will be considered. The pretension to 'infallibility,' which he appears to have felt, is really no part of the feelings of the writer, who would strive much to avoid so offensive an ostentation.)—The *Daily Picayune*, of April 7, 1849.

London: —Printed by A. Holyoake, 54, Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, and Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

Wednesday, May 16, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 156.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

SOME ALLEGATIONS BY MR. BARKER IN No. 150 OF THE 'PEOPLE.'

Many letters are sent to me from time to time by correspondents wounded by statements which Mr. Barker makes and publishes, asking at my hands that refutation which it is often easy enough to offer. I have neglected entirely many of these requests. Occasionally I have paid partial attention to some of them, but taking care to say a few words inculcative of patience, as Mr. Barker often seems to mean better than his language absolutely implies. My conviction is that Mr. Barker will eventually find out himself the errors of accusation into which he falls. If this takes place in no other way, it will come about when his own disciples come to judge him as he sets the example of judging others.

Hence it was that I wrote in No. 146 of the *Reasoner* as follows:—'I have had by me, a short time, an interesting communication from "W. H. W.," on certain remarks by Mr. Barker, in No. 32 of the *People*, in relation to Mr. Owen's views—which views Mr. Barker explains, in his way, in the same paragraph in which he says that he does not understand them. At first I intended to use "W. H. W.'s" strictures, but further reflection has confirmed me in the resolution before taken, not to interfere in the special criticism of Mr. Barker until he has arrived at some settled and coherent conclusions. The habit of Mr. Barker's mind is inexact, and we must wait for that discipline which comes in due season to all thinkers of any power, before any elaborate discussion can produce its proper fruit. An occasional chronicle of a notable peculiarity may be indulged in; beyond this I think to confine myself to the concluding chapter of the reply to his lectures—noticed some time ago.'

By this resolution I have abided, and wish still to abide. Of Mr. Barker's habit of inexactness I have furnished, in my article on his 'Polemical Character,' (No. 90 of the *Reasoner*) abundant evidence. I say abundant, as it proved abundant to Mr. Barker, who has never replied to it to this day. The 'concluding chapter,' alluded to above, 'of the reply to his lectures,' I have not presented to him, and probably never shall.* I no longer feel the same hope or the same anxiety about Mr. Barker that I did. I have seen in the *People* that he attacks the aristocracy and the priesthood in just the same manner in which he attacked the friends of Mr. Owen. And should he be led to see the truth of the principles the *Reasoner* explains, he has the courage and the honesty, I doubt not, to avow them—and if he should do it after the manner in which he avows his own, his advocacy would put them further back than his opposition.

To the remarks I have above quoted from No. 146, were also added these:—

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*This need not interfere with Mr. Barker's examination of what I have addressed im in *Reasoner* Nos. 127 and 129, as the two articles are complete in themselves. te published two Lectures in reply to me. Those are my two in reply to him. He romised to consider my reply. I am willing that he should do so. The third chapter, f which I have occasionally spoken, though it belonged to the consideration of the reat question we debated, did not belong to my reply to Mr. Barker: it was an indeendent argument—but as I no longer care to offer it to Mr. Barker, I announce my eply to his Lectures strictly concluded.

'Mr. Barker has just reprinted an American pamphlet on "Amativeness." Its full title smacks of Yankee coarseness. The pamphlet is one of O. S. Fowler's. The subject is the one which Mr. Owen, and his son Dale Owen, have both—the one in principle, the other in detail—drawn attention to; and for doing which, Mr. Barker once poured out on their heads the seven phials of evangelical Billingsgate. Now he reprints a pamphlet in which Hollick is quoted as an authority. Yet Dale Owen, whom Mr. Barker denounced, touched the subject with matchless delicacy; Fowler, whom Mr. Barker reprints, treats it with painful rudeness. Yet am I more disposed to honour the courage Mr. Barker displays in thus practically confessing his former error, than to censure his want of taste.'

In reference to this notice Mr. Barker has published some strictures in No. 50 of the *People*, to which I append a few words of explanation—rather from respect to seven or eight correspondents who desire it, than from any necessity to do so in justification of *myself*—at least, in justification to readers who have read my articles and notices of Mr. Barker. Mr. Barker, addressing a correspondent, says —'I am obliged to you for No. 146 of the *Reasoner*. I am sorry that G. J. Holyoake gets no better. Yet he seems to speak fairly and honestly of other people. Of *me*, he manifestly speaks in *spleen* or *malice*. He cannot even pay *common respect to truth* when speaking of matters pertaining to me. His statements respecting me in No. 146 of the *Reasoner* are *as false* as they well can be. And he must *have known* them *to be false* when he uttered them, unless his malice spoke at random. For instance; he says, "The subject of O. S. Fowler's pamphlet on Amativeness is the one which Mr. Owen, and his son Dale Owen, have both—the one in principle, the other in detail—drawn attention to; and for doing which, Mr. Barker once poured out on their heads the seven phials of evangelical Billingsgate!" Now it so happens, that the subject of Fowler's work on Amativeness is *not* the subject to which Mr. Owen, and his son Dale Owen, have drawn attention. The object of Dale Owen's work was to teach men how they might indulge themselves with the opposite sex without becoming parents: whereas one great object of Fowler's work is to show, in the first place, that such a thing is impossible, and, in the second place, that if it were possible, it would be criminal and murderous to attempt it. It is impossible for two works to be more opposite, either in the principles which they inculcate, or the objects which they seek to accomplish, than the work of O. S. Fowler on Amativeness, and the work of R. Dale Owen. The object of Robert Owen's work, entitled "The Book of the New Moral World," so far as that work refers to the intercourse of the sexes, and the object of his "Ten Lectures on Marriage," is to encourage and to inculcate unrestricted indulgence. The doctrine of Robert Owen is, that to prevent the union of beings, when they feel within themselves an inclination to unite, is an unpardonable offence, or an unnatural crime; and that it is unnatural and criminal to attempt to limit men either to one wife, as the law of Christianity does, or to a number of wives, as the Mahometan law does, &c., &c., &c. It is not necessary for me to enlarge on Robert Owen's doctrine on this subject. I have stated it fairly and fully in my tract entitled "The abominations of Infidel Socialism exposed," as well as in some of my other writings on Socialism. Now the object of O. S. Fowler is to inculcate strict temperance, or self-restraint, with respect to sexual indulgence. It is hardly possible, therefore—it is, in fact, not possible at all—that any works should be more opposite to each other in principle, in objects, and in tendency, than the writings of Robert Owen and his son, Dale Owen, on the one hand, and the writings of O. S. Fowler on Amativeness, &c., on the other hand. And G. J. Holyoake, I say, would have known this if he had read these

writings. And if he has spoken without having read them, he has proved himself guilty both of *malice* against me, and of a *want of regard to truth*.'

The language here applied to me is as offensive as language can possibly be. The reader has before him above the whole passage from No. 146 of the *Reasoner*, and he can judge how far these terms, which I have italicised, are honourably or correctly applied to me by Mr. Barker.

Now the 'principle' on which Mr. Owen, sen. 'drew attention' to the question of the sexes was that of promoting the *chastity and purity of the marriage relation* by, protesting against the religious errors and legal penalties, inducing prostitution and perpetuating unhappy and immoral alliances. This is not done very happily in his *reputed* Ten Marriage Lectures (Mr. Barker still speaks of them as Mr. Owen's, although Mr. Owen has repudiated them), but this is manifestly their tendency and their aim. The 'detail' to which Mr. Owen, jun., drew attention (besides coinciding with his father in 'principle') was to show how prostitution might be avoided, and sensualism checked, by personal instruction and education in chaste forethought.

Is it, therefore, 'impossible,' as Mr. Barker avers, 'for any two works to be more opposite to each other, in principle, in objects, and tendency, than the writings of Robert Owen and his son Dale Owen?' Further, with respect to Robert Dale Owen, Mr. Barker's assertions need not be answered by other assertions merely. Facts are at hand to decide the question. Mr. Barker says that 'The object of Dale Owen's work was to teach men how they might indulge themselves with the opposite sex [how loose in this phrase!] without becoming parents.'

The object of Dale Owen's book, as stated by himself (p. 12), is the discussion and solution of this question—'Is it desirable that it [the instinct of love] should never be gratified without an increase to population? Or is it desirable, that, in gratifying it, man shall be able to say whether offspring shall be the result or not?' According to Robert Dale Owen, his object was one of social advantage, and one which Mr. Mill pronounced 'the most important practical problem to which the wisdom of the politician and the moralist can be applied.' According to Mr. Barker, his object was one of accomplished sensualism. Further, let us see how the contrast stands between R. D. Owen and O. S. Fowler.

O. S. Fowler labours in his book to preserve pure the marriage relation: R. D. Owen's book does also the same. O. S. Fowler aims, in his book, to banish prostitution: R. D. Owen's does the same. O. S. Fowler recommends strict temperance conjugally—as often as the moon quarters he declares too often for some classes of persons: R. D. Owen appears to measure the period generally by the moon's renewal. O. S. Fowler inculcates continence before marriage: R. D. Owen does the same, quoting these lines from an Italian poet:—

> Crown his brows with laurel wreath
> Who can tread the field of death:
> Tread—with armed thousands near—
> And know not what it is to fear.
> But greater far his meed of praise,
> Juster his claims to glory's bays,
> Who, true to Reason's voice, to Virtue's call,
> Conquers himself, the noblest deed of all.

These being the leading coincidences between these authors, is it therefore true, as Mr. Barker declares, 'that it is not possible at all that any works should be more *opposite* to each other, in principle, in objects, and in tendency, than the

writings of Robert Dale Owen on the one hand, and the writings of O. S. Fowler on "Amativeness" on the other?'

The difference between R. D. Owen and O. S. Fowler (for there is a difference, very much to Mr. Owen's credit) is that Mr. Fowler touches only half the evil. Mr. Owen attacks the whole of it. With Mr. Fowler's temperance, an excellent thing as far as it goes, there would be as much, indeed more, danger of an inundation of family than before—and thus all the old injustice to society and to offspring would be continued. Mr. Owen's 'Moral Physiology' combats both evils. And besides, it is written with just taste and philosophical moderation. Whereas Mr. Fowler goes over the subject with a rude and morbid hand, making you feel, as Carlile did, a dislike to the subject from the want of delicacy in treating it. And Fowler falls into the fault of Dr. Graham, that of exaggerating the evil like a quack doctor, who represents the disease he professes to cure the grand and sole disease of the world. You feel that the doctor is as morbid as his patient, and that he writes in the fever for which he prescribes. I gave up reading the 'National Regenerator' on this account. From inquiries I have made, I do not think that American society is half so impure as 'Amativeness' declares—and 'Amativeness' is far from being a true description of English society: and I doubt the wisdom of publishing books of this tone and character. The whole question is an important one. It is one upon which the public, in the best mood, will hear little—and that they should hear well, that they may be induced to hear more.

But I quote Mr. Barker again: he goes on to say—'G. J. Holyoake states, "that I have reprinted a pamphlet in which Hollick is quoted as an authority." I answer, this may be true; but I am very much mistaken if it is. I have no recollection of ever having seen the name of Hollick, or of ever having met with a quotation as from Hollick in the writings of Fowler. Who Hollick was, I confess I do not know. I have no recollection of ever having met with his name before. But supposing I *had* reprinted a pamphlet in which Hollick was quoted as an authority, what then? May not the basest wretch that ever lived be quoted as an authority?'

But suppose Mr. Barker had quoted Mr. Hollick, 'what then?' Why it is to his credit, as my previous remarks in No. 146 imply. Does Mr. Barker keep a pair of dark spectacles to put on when he enters upon controversy, through which to see all supposed opponents? 'May not the basest wretch that ever lived be quoted as an authority?' asks Mr. Barker in that way which makes it to be supposed that Hollick (in every sense as respectable, truthful, and worthy as Mr. Barker) is that 'wretch.' When Mr. Barker makes a personal supposition in argument, why should it be of this character? The citation of Hollick as an authority occurs on page 18 of this same pamphlet on 'Amativeness' in this way—'Testify Drs. Sherwood, Banning, *Hollick*, Benjamin, and others.' Not knowing Dr. Hollick, Mr. Barker might easily pass his name over. Mr. Barker next says:—'I had hoped that the gentle and forbearing manner in which I have so long treated G. J. Holyoake, would have cured him of his *malice* and *injustice*. I am sorry to be obliged to relinquish such hopes. I begin to be afraid he is incurable.'

It is difficult to answer a man whom you feel has wronged and outraged you, and yet assumes the 'forbearing!' Your first feeling is to utter some scornful and contemptuous defiance, and leave him. But duty, to which one should rather attend than to pride, represses the antagonism which leads to destruction instead of improvement.

In the 'Polemical character of Mr. Joseph Barker,' to which I have referred, I

have set forth my reasons for dissenting from the allegation against Mr. Owen, which Mr. Barker again repeats. Mr. Barker promised to reprint his 'Polemical Character,' but he has never done so—nor has he answered it. Mr. Barker had influential partizans in London before I wrote that article, who sometimes told me that I did not properly estimate him. I sent them each his 'Polemical Character,' and no one has demurred to my opinion since. And it seems to me that Mr. Barker has rather been 'gentle' to himself in not answering that article, or acknowledging its truth—and as he has done neither, it would seem that he has been 'forbearing' to his own conscience, or 'forbearing' in the discharge of his own duty, not to have made manly reparation for the indefensible libels he published on my opinions and my friends.

Gentleness or forbearance to me is out of place. It is also always unnecessary. Any man may say of me what he pleases, and how he pleases: he may say it in rage, or malice, or spleen, or in what mood he chooses, and I will never reproach him with ill temper or ill will. I shall simply take to pieces what he says, and hold it up, shred by shred, and see to what it all amounts.

Mr. Barker further says—'Mr. Holyoake has repeatedly [I believe only twice] referred to a passage in No. 32 of the *People*, in which I explain, to some extent, Robert Owen's views on the formation of character, and point out an inconsistency in those views, stating that I do not understand Robert Owen's principles. Now if G. J. Holyoake had been *candid*, he would have seen at once that in the passage referred to I use the words *not understand*, in the sense of not perceiving the *consistency* of R. Owen's principles. Nothing is more common than for people to use the word *understand* in this sense. A man makes statements which appear to be quite incompatible; a person, who perfectly understands each separate statement, who is able to explain each separate statement, will frequently add, in view of an apparent inconsistency, "I do not understand the speaker's views:" simply meaning, "I connot see how he can reconcile these opposite statements:" or, "I cannot see how he can be able to make his assertions good." That *I* use the word in this sense, must be plain to any one of common understanding and candour who reads the passage. Besides, the idea that I should first explain to my readers a man's opinions, and then declare that I did not know what those opinions were; and then, having just said that, begin to explain them still further, is monstrous. Even G. J. Holyoake could hardly think me so foolish as that. For G. J. H. to make use of such passages for the purpose of making unfavourable impressions respecting me on his readers, is *mean*, is *contemptible*, as well as *unjust* and *deceitful*.'

With Mr. Barker at hand to suggest that interpretation of the word 'understanding,' I should have acquitted him of the contradiction assigned to him. But it was hardly possible to suppose that Mr. Barker meant this without himself becoming his own glossary. Mr. Barker said, in an independent sentence, 'For myself I do not understand Robert Owen's principles.' Now as a man who does not understand another's principles is not in a condition to say whether they are inconsistent or not, it was therefore not easy to suppose that he was alluding to their inconsistency. Had he said 'I do not understand *the consistency* of Robert Owen's principles,' the inference he deprecates could not have been made.

Mr. Barker concludes thus:—'I say I am sorry that G. J. Holyoake should act so unworthily towards me and my writings. Still, after having given him this plain and faithful rebuke, I will try him again. A man that can act so fairly towards most others, and that can write so calmly and candidly on many im-

portant subjects, must have something good in him; and the good that is in him may perhaps so far conquer the evil in time, as to enable him to speak truly and fairly even of myself.'

Of this I will only say, Mr. Barker has found me no ungenerous opponent. Let his 'Abominations of Socialism' and my 'Polemical Character' of him be read by the same persons, and I will abide by their decision as to on whose side is the fairness and the truth—and as to what right Mr. Barker has to assume the apostolical function of rebuking evil speech.

The estimate I have made of him and his writings have restored him to the good opinion of many whom, in his earlier career, he had outraged and seriously prejudiced against him, and who believed in no good whatever of him. The very ground on which I asked restriction of his accusations was, that they were inconsistent with the moral and patriotic professions which he made. It was evident that I thought his good opinion worth having, when I took such formal trouble to solicit it. And I was anxious that persons labouring in a common cause of public improvement, as we respectively understand it, should be friends among themselves, and manifest the unity which they counselled in others. But I supposed this disposition quite compatible with occasional dissent from an erroneous opinion, or entire dissent from an erroneous principle. If we do not dissent in this way, the public come to regard us as conniving at each other's faults. But if we are unable to dissent without disunion, we have very badly learned the philosophy of reformers—if, without presumption, one may take so imposing a name.

Since, however, Mr. Barker comes to regard my strictures, as I never regard anything from his pen, as 'spleen,' 'malice,' 'meanness,' 'deceitfulness,' 'falsehood,' etc., there is a natural end of attempting to correct any serious mistake into which one may believe him to fall. He will doubtless succeed in persuading his readers, who may not see the *Reasoner*, of the same thing, and it is useless to write or speak when so perniciously misunderstood. What motive have I for spleen or malice with respect to Mr. Barker? If I could envy him or desire to rival him, I should take a far more effectual way of doing it than criticising him. I know the world and him better than to make such a mistake. I should applaud his writings, praise his attacks on the priesthood and aristocracy, and go and do differently—the contrast would be to my advantage, among all whose judgment was worth having (and who knew not my motive). I should make Mr. Barker in love with his present tactics. I should persuade him (no difficult thing) that his arts of controversy do credit to his judgment. I should do this until they destroyed him, as they are destroying his usefulness, and neutralising his influence. I might do all this and be applauded to the echo. I often see the same thing done with success. But because I despise it and take the course I deem more honest and useful—I might even call it generous, as I should exalt my opponent in my opinion if he took my advice—its bitter fruits (not unfamiliar to me) are accusations of 'spleen,' malice,' and 'meanness.' Smooth is the path of the oily tongued panderer! Thorny is the road of the candid friend!

G. J. Holyoake.

[The length of this notice necessitates the omission, this week, of the Letter Ion.]

'THE IMPERIAL CYCLOPÆDIA.'

A LONDON newspaper, the *Record*, which is understood to have influence amongst a section of the Church, has, in its number of the 29th instant, thought it becoming the Christian character to make an attack upon my projected work, the 'Imperial Cyclopædia,' and upon its supporters. How far such an attack upon an *unpublished book* is within the legitimate province of criticism, may be decided by those who have any sense of justice. The object is manifest—to raise a persecuting cry for the damage of an individual, and the destruction of a great literary enterprise.

I proceed to select the main points of this attack, which I print in one column with remarks in a parallel column.

THE 'RECORD'	*versus*	THE 'IMPERIAL CYCLOPÆDIA.'
'The point to which we wish at present to direct attention is this—that the old worn-out stereotyped edition of the "Penny Cyclopædia," which turned out a failure as a bookseller's speculation, is about to be resuscitated under a *new name*. It is admitted to be a *new* edition only, with the same editors. But then, the "Penny Cyclopædia" having fallen somewhat into discredit, it is now to be termed the "Imperial Cyclopædia," in consequence of the Queen having been prevailed on, no doubt in ignorance of its contents, to signify her gracious permission, that the new edition of the "Penny Cyclopædia" should be dedicated to Her Majesty. It is added, also, that at the head of the list of subscribers are to be inscribed the names of the *Queen* and *Prince Albert*.'		An extract from the Prospectus will define what a *new* edition means. '"The Imperial Cyclopædia" will be superintended by Mr. Long, the editor of the original work, with the assistance of Mr. Knight; and under their joint direction, the labours of addition and revision will be divided amongst a body of experienced coadjutors, as *editors of departments*. Upon these united efforts, stimulated, as may be fairly expected, by adequate encouragement, will rest the duty of producing *A new Cyclopædia worthy of the Country and the Age*, in which all previous errors shall, as much as possible, be corrected—all hasty opinions expunged—imperfect arrangement superseded—and completeness, in so far as such a work can be complete, aimed at, if not wholly attained.'
'It is not a book which ought to be patronised by any private Christian, and far less by the monarch and earthly head of the Church of England.' 'No intimation is given that any change is to be made in those articles of a sceptical and irreligious character, which tended to bring the "Penny Cyclopædia" into disrepute.'		In the face of this most distinct avowal that wherever error could be pointed out or discovered change is to be made, the editor of the *Record* denounces the 'Imperial Cyclopædia' as a book which ought not be patronised by any Christian. Without admitting the justice in any degree of this denunciation, and knowing it to be founded upon a prejudice which the *Record* hints at in mentioning 'the London University' as connected with the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' it is my duty to state, that if any truly religious person, a scholar and a gentleman—one who does not think that historical evidence and logical inquiry should be excluded from theological studies, and is not an enemy to general enlightenment—will point out any 'articles of a sceptical or irreligious character,' he may confidently rely upon their omission or correction.

The editor of the *Record* next attempts to establish his charges by *four* examples. The following is *his case*:—

'To understand the point of our animadversions, it is only needful to refer to such an article as that on the life of Christ. Under this head we have some account of our adorable Redeemer, written in a manner which is truly painful. Far better would it have been to have altogether blotted out of the book that blessed name, at which "every knee shall bow," than to have presumed rudely to run through the narrative of the Evangelists, and then add sceptical remarks, calculated to swell with indignation the heart of every true disciple. "Whether," says the writer, "whether the miracles recorded in the Gospels actually took place or not, is matter of historical inquiry, which must be determined from the whole evidence like any other historical fact." If the miracles were true, the Cyclopædist condescends to admit that "He must have had a particular power which other men have not." As to his divine mission, there is a question; and, in fact, even if it be proved, it would appear that the doctrine of *Arius* or *Socinus* is all that would be established.'

'A serious responsibility rests upon those who have advised Her Majesty to allow her name to be affixed to a work which contains such an article on Jesus Christ, the Prince of the kings of the earth, as that from which we have quoted. But it is not too late for Her Majesty's attention to be called to this work.'

It will be quite sufficient to print here *entire* that portion of the article which the *Record* calls 'sceptical remarks, calculated to swell with indignation the heart of every true disciple.' In his treatment of this subject, the writer in the Cyclopædia gives a plain analysis of 'the narrative of the Evangelists,' not rudely or irreverently, but in the calm spirit which has distinguished all the great treatises upon the Evidences. He then sums up the proofs of the Divine Mission of Christ, upon which the Christian religion, 'as accepted by all Christians,' rests for its authority. He seeks to establish no doctrine by this statement. He sanctions no doubt. He concludes by the most undoubting inference that in Jesus were 'the Scriptures fulfilled.' If this mode of treating the subject, in a work which deals with facts and eschews 'platform rhetoric,' be 'irreligious,' then are Butler and Sherlock and Paley 'irreligious.' I may add, that the article on the life of Christ should be looked at in connection with other articles treating of the doctrines and mysteries of the Christian faith—such as 'Atonement,' 'Justification,' 'Revelation,' 'Sacraments.'

'The Christian religion, as founded by Jesus Christ, and as accepted by all Christians, whatever differences there may be in their opinions, rests for its authority upon the proofs of his divine mission. The history of Jesus Christ, as given in the Four Gospels, presents us with a series of miracles wrought by him from the commencement of his ministry to the crowning miracle of all—his resurrection from the dead, and his ascent into heaven. Whether the miracles recorded in the Gospels actually took place, or not, is a matter of historical inquiry, which must be determined, from the whole evidence, like any other historical fact. If the miracles are admitted actually to have taken place—if the dead, for instance, were actually raised to life—there are very few who will not allow that He who performed these miracles must have had a particular power which other men have not. It has sometimes been said that the miracles, if true, do not prove a divine mission. But if a man proclaim his divine mission, and perform miracles in confirmation of it—if he predict his own death and resurrection, and actually do die and rise from the

dead in accordance with his prediction—this will ever seem to the mass of mankind sufficient proof of a divine mission, and, indeed, it would be difficult to say what other proof can be asked for. The second proof the divine mission of Christ to which Christians appeal, is contained in the types and prophecies of the Old Testament, which, under various figures, and in a great variety of expressions, of different ages, refer to the future coming of the Messiah, and to his kingdom. A comparison of the passages of the prophets with the passages in the history of Christ, and the application of many of these passages of the prophets by the Evangelists, and even by Christ himself on several occasions, are considered by all Christians to be a proof of the divine mission of Christ, and also a collateral evidence for the truth of those Gospels in which the prophecies are thus fulfilled. The predictions of Christ himself, as to his own death, the destruction of Jerusalem, and the condition of his followers after his death, are also appealed to as evidence of his divine mission. The predictions of the prophets were accomplished in Jesus, and the prophecies of Jesus were accomplished in the subsequent history of the religion which he founded.'

'We next select the article on the Bible. It concludes with noticing Thos. Scott's "Commentary," as that of an Evangelical clergyman—Adam Clark's as that of a Wesleyan; but the work which the writer recommends is "*The Family Bible* of the Rev. C. Wellbeloved, of York, a Presbyterian minister *of Unitarian sentiments.*"'

I give the entire passage, and inquire how the briefest notice of an incomplete work, with an especial mention of the writer's 'sentiments,' exhibits what the *Record* calls 'the manner in which Socinian doctrines are *recommended for family instruction?*'

'Still more numerous have been the editions of the English Bible in the version of King James, with notes, paraphrases, and practical expositions. Our limits will not allow of our entering upon an enumeration of these works. We must, however, name, as works which are highly esteemed, the Family Bible, prepared by the Rev. Thomas Scott, rector of Ashton-Sandford, in Buckinghamshire, a clergyman of what are called evangelical sentiments—the Commentary on the Bible, by Adam Clarke, LL.D., a leading minister among Wesleyan Methodists—and the Family Bible of the Rev. Charles Wellbeloved, of York, a Presbyterian minister of Unitarian sentiments, a work, at present incomplete, in which the learned author has united valuable critical

matter for the accomplished scholar, with much useful information for the unlearned reader.'

It is remarkable that, upon the same principle, the *Record* does not complain that the works of Nathaniel Lardner are stated to have 'gained him a name amongst the first theological scholars.'

'If we next turn to a particular book out of the Scriptures, we may remark on the "discrepancies and contradictions" which are said to pervade the Book of Chronicles. "In fact," says the Cyclopædist, "the compiler or abridger appears to have had before him a collection of various ancient memoirs, genealogies, &c., from which he quoted *indiscriminately, without taking the trouble to reconcile inconsistencies!*" '

An extract is thus picked out of a most elaborate article, in which the opinions of the greatest biblical critics are quoted upon a question which has occupied the learned of all Christian countries. The writer of the article says, 'The numerous contradictions throughout Chronicles and Kings, in facts, dates, numbers, names, and genealogies, are acknowledged by many learned critics. They form the subject-matter of nearly the whole of Dr. Kennicott's First Dissertation on the State of the Hebrew Text, where they are treated as corruptions, interpolations, and mistakes.'

The great Oxford Hebraist ought to be denounced by the editor of the *Record*, and not the Cyclopædist. The passage which the *Record* gives in italics is actually a quotation, and printed as such in the Cyclopædia.

'We shall only trouble our readers with one extract more, and it shall be one which may indicate the jaundiced eye, which not only refuses to discern, but even turns with morbid disgust from the beauties of "The Pilgrim's Progress." He speaks of that exquisite production—the lips of genius touched as it were by "a live coal from the altar" —as "*a coarse allegory;*" and the writer, after noticing the eulogies of Samuel Johnson, and other great men, adds, with that consummate self-conceit which "glories in its own shame"—"*We perhaps speak the opinion of a small minority when we confess that, to us, it (The Pilgrim's Progress) appears* to be *mean, jejune,* and *wearisome.*" '

As a matter of *taste* the *Record* may denounce the writer of the short notice of *Bunyan* to his heart's content. He cannot think more meanly of his *criticism* than I do; but this is not to be taken as a matter of religious belief by any candid mind. It does, however, curiously happen, in confirmation of the statement that errors will be sedulously corrected, and hasty opinions expunged in 'The Imperial Cyclopædia,' that the 'National Cyclopædia,' an abridgement of 'The Penny Cyclopædia,' which is now in course of publication, contains the following very different estimate of the merit of Bunyan:—'Of his numerous and extraordinary writings, "The Pilgrim's Progress" has attained a celebrity almost unrivalled, having been reprinted in innumerable forms, translated into many languages, and illustrated or commented upon by writers of almost every sect and party. It has attracted the notice and admiration alike of the learned and the unlearned, and has made the sturdy Puritan and his history a theme for the pens of some of our most refined and elegant writers. This wonderful allegory is however but one of a very long list of works, many of which

are in high repute, and all of which show a deep and intimate acquaintance with human nature, and mental power of no ordinary character.'

I have thus disposed of the four proofs upon which the *Record* seeks to get up a religious cry against 'The Imperial Cyclopædia.' In the same spirit, which I shall not describe by any epithet, the article thus concludes:—

'We would call attention to the published list of contributors, and inquire if their names are calculated to inspire confidence. There is no department of Theology, but there is a department of Biblical Literature, at the head of which stands Dr. Bialloblotzky, called, by what authority we know not, Reverend, whose recent appearance at Doctors' Commons does not inspire peculiar confidence in his fitness. Next, we have Dr. Kitto, whose "Biblical Cyclopædia" is before the world, and contains far too much of German Neology. Next, we have *Rev. T. J. Ormerod*, without any College degree or incumbency, and whom we therefore assume to be one of the same class with Mr. Wellbeloved, of York, who is also a contributor. Then comes the *Rev. T. Shore*, similarly situated, and who bears the name of (if he is not, as we deem probable, the identical) Mr. Shore, against whom the suit in the case of *Lady Hewley's* charity was successfully directed. Next, there is the Rev. P. Smith, of Cheshunt College, and therefore, it may be assumed, at all events an orthodox Dissenter; and, lastly, the Rev. R. Whiston, of Trinity College, Cambridge, Head Master of the Cathedral School, Rochester.'

What Dr. Bialloblotzky's recent appearance at Doctors' Commons has to do with his Biblical criticisms in 1833, we have to inquire. Of Dr. Kitto's fitness and soundness there is abundant evidence before the world. But the *Rev. T. J. Ormerod* is assumed 'to be one of the same class with Mr. Wellbeloved, of York, who is also a contributor.' Of course the reader of the *Record* must imply that Mr. Wellbeloved is a *theological contributor*. That gentleman's name is printed in the prospectus as writing *topographical* articles. The Rev. T. J. Ormerod is Archdeacon of Suffolk, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich; and the Rev. T. Shore is not the 'identical Mr. Shore,' &c. It is added, by the *Record*, that 'Socinian theology' is the characteristic of 'The Penny Cyclopædia.' No article inculcates, directly or indirectly, Socinian doctrines. The article 'Rationalism' will show the tendency of 'The Penny Cyclopædia' against mere scepticism; and 'Unitarianism' is the only article of a doctrinal character, furnished by a Unitarian: this was done in accordance with the plain of the work, to allow a fair statement of the case, and was written by a Unitarian clergyman.

Of the contemptuous mode in which this (so called) Religious Newspaper speaks of the general demerits of 'The Penny Cyclopædia'—its 'well-merited oblivion'—its 'inferior order of contributors,' I shall not say a word. These unscrupulous controversialists often overshoot the mark. I am, however, indebted even to this uncharitable notice; for it affords me the opportunity of stating, in the most distinct terms, that whilst 'The Imperial Cyclopædia' will never be degraded into a vehicle for polemical controversy, it will, with the utmost reverence for that purity of doctrine and freedom of thought which we derive from the Reformation, enforce, wherever necessary, the great principles of Christianity; without which, in the opinion of the Directors of the Cyclopædia, all secular knowledge must be comparatively worthless, and the progress of civilisation feeble and imperfect. They have selected, as editor of the department of Biblical Literature and Ecclesiastical History, a Divine of eminent learning and ability—one who does not believe that orthodox doctrine is incompatible with a just tolerance—one who, in the discharge of his duties to this important work, will leave the cultivation of the *odium theologicum* to the more congenial soil of such productions as the *Record* newspaper.

90, Fleet Street, March 31, 1849. CHARLES KNIGHT.

[We print this to preserve a record of a curious illustrative instance of the liberalism of the Court, and the still pernicious narrowness of the Church. 'What is this,' asks a correspondent (E. S.), 'but charging Mr. Knight with not keeping the oracle within the thirty-nine Articles?—with not making the works of God conform to the theology of man?—with not squaring the works of God to the standard of the creature, instead of deducing the knowledge of God from his works for the guidance of his creatures? Knight succumbs and concedes the principle. His plea is Not Guilty. He does not challenge his right to be free and to deduce his views from the works of God, but he says—"I have not departed from the rule you lay down. I have expounded the works of God by the notions which Jesus taught 1800 years ago." Suppose a Mahometan bookseller was charged with not construing the works of God in nature according to Mahomet and the Koran, and he pleaded that he had not been guilty of doing so, instead of defending his right to do so? What if he said—I have put the work under a regular Mahometan priest? Should we not pity him as we now pity Lawrence?—and Charles Knight almost puts himself into the same category.']

IS IT NECESSARY TO TAKE AN OATH?

Copy of the entire act of the 1st and 2nd Victoria, cap. 105, entitled *An Act to remove Doubts as to the Validity of certain Oaths.* [14th August, 1838.]

'Be it declared and enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That in all Cases in which an Oath may lawfully be and shall have been administered to any Person, either as a Juryman or a Witness, or a Deponent in any Proceeding, Civil or Criminal, in any Court of Law or Equity in the United Kingdom, or on Appointment to any Office or Employment, or on any Occasion whatever, such Person is bound by the Oath administered, provided the same shall have been administered in such Form and with such Ceremonies as such Person may declare to be binding; and every such Person in case of wilful false swearing may be convicted of the Crime of Perjury in the same manner as if the Oath had been administered in the Form and with the Ceremonies most commonly adopted.'

[Mr. Trevelyan thinks that the publication of this act will be of service. He accompanies his request of its insertion in the *Reasoner* by an excellent letter, which we have had set up, but find that other matter compels its omission till next week. We readily insert this Act, that it may be mentioned to a court in a case of conscience. But we fear it does not apply except to those who can take an 'oath' of some kind. We are afraid it does not apply to those who can make an affirmation only. It is 'an act to remove doubts as to the validity of certain *oaths*,' not certain *affirmations*. But it is still of great service to have the truth known.—Ed.]

LETTER FROM THE REV. MR. BEVAN.

In reply to our strictures on the advertisement of the 'Prize Essays on Infidelity' offered by this Alliance, we gave last week the letter from the Rev. Mr. Bevan. We cannot see that it is any answer whatever to our most important queries, for an infidel as well as a Christian might comply with every requisition specified in Mr. Bevan's communication. The main question is still unanswered: are infidels equally eligible with Christians to compete for the Prizes? We know not how Mr. Bevan can say of the 'announcement' which he sends—'*It supplies the information which we seek.*'

G. J. H.

Illustrative Notices.

'A Dialogue by the Way' is a small tract on the Sabbath question, by James Myles, of Dundee. There is an air of variety about it unusual in a Scotch pamphlet on such a subject. It bears the testimony of one who knows the working classes of Scotland, that they are opposed as a body to the interference with Sunday which the church so unscrupulously attempts. We quote one passage which may be useful in other quarters. Mr. Myles observes:—'"What is called the voice of the public is very often only the opinion of a few. A meeting is perhaps called in Dundee, at which 500 people are present: whatever this meeting agrees to is called the opinion of the public, yet the public of Dundee consists of about 70,000 souls." "Aye, and they pretend the working classes are on their side." "This, I admit, is a very great mistake; I was twelve years moving amongst working men, and I think I know the habits and opinions of the people fully as well as the leaders of that party, and I do not believe there are ten out of each 100 favourable to them; in short the working classes are decidedly and violently opposed to them." "Dear me, why did so mony o' them write in'ts favour than?" said one. "There were very few that wrote in its favour, *only about* 1000 *out amongst millions*. Suppose there had been ten times as many, I would have laid little stress on the circumstance. They were offered prizes of £20, £15, £10, and £5. £20 is a large sum to a working man, and as each would write with the idea that *he might gain it*, the temptation was thus strong to defend certain opinions even though they privately thought otherwise. Let the same kind of offers be made for prizes on the opposite side of the question, and I have no doubt 10,000 essays will be written by the working class in favour of reasonable accommodation for Sunday travelling; and, by the bye, the most of those prizes published, though they are rather namby pamby affairs, do not oppose travelling by railway on Sunday."'

Cheever, in his 'Wanderings of a Pilgrim,' says:—'It is a curious fact that, on account of the extreme rarity of the atmosphere at the great elevation of the Hospice of St. Bernard, the water boils at about 187° of Fahr., in consequence of which it takes nearly as long again to cook meat as it would if the water boiled at the ordinary point of 212 degrees. The fire must be kept glowing, and the pot boiling, five hours, to cook a piece of meet, which it would have taken only three hours to get ready for the table if the water would have waited till 212. For the business of boiling they lose 25 degrees of heat, for want of that pressure and density of the atmosphere which would keep the water quiet up to 212. Just so it is, that some men's moral and intellectual energies evaporate, or go off, in an untimely explosion, unless kept under forcible discipline and restraint. A man has no increase of strength after he gets to the boiling point. A man, therefore, whose energies of passion boil over before his thoughts get powerfully heated, may make a great noise, but he will take a long time, at an expense of much fuel, in doing what a man of concentration would accomplish in half the time with half the ado. Some men boil over at 187; other men wait till 212; others go on still higher before they come to the boiling point; and the higher they go, the greater is the saving of intellectual fuel and time. This delay in boiling is undoubtedly a great element in decision of character, as it is in tenacity and perseverance. While some men are boiling impetuously, others, at a much higher point, with far greater intensity of heat, keep quiet, manifest no turbulence whatever; but when the proper time comes, then they act with power and constancy all the more effectual for their previous calmness.'

In the associative system all employment which had utility would confer some dignity, and a greater equality of wages would be established. This was illustrated indirectly in a dialogue given in the 'National Penny Magazine' some years ago, to this effect:—'Many persons have found fault with Brougham for publishing books on Mathematics, and other things of the sort, in his "Library of Useful Knowledge;" but he has himself experienced the advantage of such books in a way which must have been very grateful to his feelings, as witness the following conversation between him and his Dustman—his Lordship's love of character in all its various moods, and indefatigability of observation, having induced him to converse with the man while employed in emptying the dust-bin.

'Brougham. You are too well paid for this kind of work, I think.

'Dustman. It's very nasty work, indeed, my lord, and we ought, I think, to be much better paid than we are.

'Brougham. Ah! you are never satisfied.

'Dustman. No, nor more wouldn't you, I think; if it's a fair question, now, what may you have for your work?—20,000 a-year, may be? Now I would be glad to do it for ten shillings a-day, and like it better than dust-carrying, though they do say your work be dirty work too, a great deal of it.

'Brougham (laughing). Indeed—but you couldn't do my work.

'Dustman. It would be very hard work at first, I dare say; but I'll take it for better or worse at 10s. a-day. But *my work* is easy enough, you see; you could do it without any trouble. Well, if it ben't rude, what would you do it for?—2s. a-day, may be?

'Brougham. I! my good fellow! I couldn't do it at any price.

'Dustman. Indeed! What, not for £20 000 a-year? Would not you rather do this kind of work than your Chancelly business?

'Brougham (laughing). No, certainly not, I would rather do the "Chancelly business," as you call it.

'Dustman. Then, my lord, perhaps you will allow me 4s. a-day, and not think it too much for what you could not do at any price. If you get £20,000 a-year for doing what you prefer to this kind of work, according to logic—I have read some of your useful books, you see—my kind of work should be paid as well as yours, and I should have £20,000 a-year instead of 4s. a-day; because you see things which are equal to the same are equal to one another.'

The *Spectator*, of April 28, 1849, says—'"Genius" consists in a special capacity for some particular kind of labour; not, as *soi-disant* geniuses who have no such gift too often fancy, in an inspiration which supersedes the necessity for work. It is a faculty of acute perception, adroit adaptation, and patient endurance. The greatest artists have been the greatest labourers; working beyond the compensation of a mere market price, for the simple love of their art; working for their art, even where its rewards were not to reach themselves.'

At Mr. Roebuck's election, Mr. Ironside, whom the *Spectator* styles 'the Chartist,' began business by reading a letter from Mr. Thomas Clark, the candidate of his party, who retired from any further opposition, announcing that on account of the close approximation of Mr. Roebuck's opinion on the question of the suffrage and declaring Mr. Roebuck to be a frank, honest, and open-dealing opponent. After Mr. Roebuck's speech (which has disappointed us), a resolution, pledging the meeting to support Mr. Clark on a future occasion, and a vote of censure upon the retiring Member Mr. Ward, were each carried by a large majority.

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

May 23, 1849.

DEATH OF THE AUTHOR OF 'THEOLOGY DISPLAYED.'

A gentleman in Ireland, upon whose communication perfect reliance can be placed, has informed Mr. Watson that the author of 'Theology Displayed' and 'Protestant's Progress,' died of fever two years ago. An important work, upon which he laboured night and day to complete, he left unfinished. Had he lived but a short time longer, it would have reached our publisher's hands. All our readers will hear of the death of this gentleman with great regret, and join with us in trusting that the communicator of these facts will, if convenient and permissible, furnish a few particulars of his life.

LETTER FROM MR. THORNTON.

3, Petite rue Verte, May 16.

My dear Sir,—I enclose you two articles, one by M. Girardin, the clever editor of *La Presse*, on the action and reaction of political parties, which seems to me a philosophical and interesting comment on passing events. The other, by Ramon de la Sagra, on Universal Peace, has the merit of actuality and novelty. If you think they will interest the readers of that stedfast standard-bearer of freethought and champion of truth—the *Reasoner*—you will gratify me by printing them.* I shall endeavour to send you, now and then, a few *foreign extracts*, consisting of summaries or quotations from divers celebrated writers, such as Proudhon, Pierre Leroux, etc., which you will dispose of according to your judgment.

Universal Immaterialism. There seems to me to be a contradiction in terms about this. *Immaterial*, not material, implies *matter*; I believe the author allows that *one* sort of matter exists (how many sorts are there?) if any sort of matter exists, how can *immaterialism* be *universal?* Whether matter exists depends upon what we choose to call so—or rather we may call so anything we please. It seems no matter; men desire to live happy, and that to do so they must be provided all that is necessary to health and fort. Whether bread and meat be ter or not, they cannot do without However, if any one can gain the , that is a matter worth having and ding one's head about.

The cholera has been rather severe here. Near 200 deaths on some days. What a mess the French government has made in Italy! What a pretty confusion all over Europe! Is not Mr. Ramon de la Sagra right? Yours very truly,

T. W. T.

* We shall insert these papers next week.

REACTION A DREAM.

Sir James Graham declares that he takes his stand on the Repeal of the Navigation Laws as the field whereon to fight the battle of Progress and Reaction; and Mr. Disraeli and his friends are rash enough to accept the challenge on behalf of reaction—they will contend for reaction. Alas! they know not what they do. By pledging themselves to an impossible enterprise, they are preparing their own entombment. Mr. Herries, poor man, thinks that he discerns reaction actually going on: he is under a calenture, and dotes upon a mirage.

Reaction follows the excitement of effort. The heat cools, and the spirit suffers a rebound. Exaggerated hope, disappointed, turns to exaggerated dissatisfaction: the thing coveted as the finest possession in the world is discovered to be no philosopher's stone. Absorbed in contemplating only the desirable objects aimed at by a particular measure, men make no account of disagreeables, until they are realised; and then those disagreeables provoke a feeling of dislike. Reaction there is, if the term be a general expression for these feelings.

But as a return to some condition of things used up and abandoned, the political world has no such thing as reaction: it exists not. You will find no genuine example in history. Even occasions that pass by the name of reaction prove on scrutiny to be something else. For example, in France the 'Restoration' was as little a reaction as it was a restoration. The Republic had been recognised; however brief, the Empire was an European institution; a new generation had grown up with Imperial associations; the miscalculations of Napoleon brought about disaster, mistrust, and dislike to the Empire, which fitted well into the traditional memories of the Vendéans and Emigrés. But it was not a reaction—it was a new action; and the restoration was the establishment of a new monarchy, for which indeed the old line was used, but it was as different from the monarchy of Louis XVI. as the new faces in the Tuileries were from those which surrounded the Grand Monarque. Charles X. tried to make the restoration complete, and the attempt was fatal to himself. — *Spectator*, April 28, 1849.

RATIONAL SOCIETY.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE, FROM JUNE 30TH, 1847, TO MAY 17TH, 1849.

Received.

	£.	s.	d.
Balance brought on.	0	5	7
General fund received, viz.—			
Central Members	0	2	6
Hyde	0	7	0
Glasgow	0	0	3
Hull	0	1	6
Sheffield	1	11	9
London	0	14	0
Lambeth	0	12	3
Halifax	0	3	0
	3	12	3
Received on account of £3 5s., due for *Heralds of Progress*	2	10	0
	£6	7	10

Paid.

	£.	s.	d.
Paid for Postages	0	14	2
,, for Paper	0	3	0
,, for *Reasoners*	0	7	8
,, on account of cash advanced for *Herald of Progress*	4	16	9
	6	1	7
Balance	0	6	3
	£6	7	10

Assets.

	£.	s.	d.
Cash in hand	0	6	3
Balance due for *Herald of Progress*	0	15	0
	£1	1	3

Liabilities.

	£.	s.	d.
Balance due for printing, &c., of *Herald of Progress*	4	7	9

T. WHITAKER, Hon. Fin. Sec.

May 18th, 1849.

WHAT REVOLUTION DO WE WANT IN ENGLAND?

When anything unusual happens on a large scale, we are too apt to be over surprised—to indulge in our love of the wonderful, and forget the moral of the scene. A great earthquake, an unexpected victory, a sudden revolution, makes gigantic excitement. Nations rejoice or despair; and before the loud beating of millions of hearts, statesmen tremble, and lose their ruling instinct. At this moment the sovereigns of all Europe, and the propertied men of France, are overwhelmed by a great surprise; yet nothing is happening which might not have been predicted, and ought not to have been expected, for nothing in this world comes about by chance. If in Germany despotism melts away before the breath of the people, it is because the people are stronger than despotism. If in Paris the mob rules to-day, it is because it was itself badly ruled yesterday. The classes who dread mobs ought to ask themselves whether it was not their own fault that mobs exist. Mobs are a severe reproach upon our *pseudo* civilisation. They are the living embodiment of poverty, ignorance, and over-tasked and ill-requited labour. It is the disgrace of the wealthy and intelligent classes, that the masses are so ill cared for; and if the social fabric is thus rotten at its foundation, ought we to be surprised when at last it tumbles down, thankful if *all* are not crushed beneath its ruins?

In England, however, we do wonder at the doings in Paris. We think the labourers very presumptuous, we pity the propertied classes, and we predict that no good can come of this sudden ascendancy of the poor. Perhaps no immediate good will come of it, but who can wonder that the people should make the attempt? They wish to make the revolution, won *by* them, work good *for* them. In England we depreciate the attempts of the working classes of Paris to 'organise labour.' We put it to the account of idleness, wishing for pay without work. Nothing can be more unjust. The working classes want to be better off as the result of their work—want to be preserved, in a land of plenty, from starvation—want to increase their own and the general wealth, by being constantly and usefully employed. In short, 'organisation of industry' means, to the best-informed and best-intentioned of the working classes who made the revolution, organisation of the productive resources of the empire for the benefit of all. There is no wish to destroy capital, but a wish to unite it with labour for mutual benefits.—*Coventry Herald*, April 7, 1848.

INTIMATIONS.

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RECEIVED.—James Yates, Heugh Hall. (The matter to which he draws attention he will see is considered.)—T. Burns. (Several others have made the same pleasant complaint, that Carlile's Life is not longer.)—H. B., Chelsea. (The weekly announcement of lectures renders us liable to advertisement duty. If the secretaries of the various Institutions combined together, they could be constantly and more completely announced, at a small joint cost. If this much union can be found among them, the announcements will be resumed. We agree with H. B. that they 'are not seen vainly,' and that it is the interest of the Institutions to follow up the facilities we offer.)—J. Sharpe. (We have regarded his request.)—*California Herald*, New York.—'A Dialogue by the Way,' by James Myles.—'The Land Monopoly,' by Ebenezer Jones.—'On Universal Peace,' by Ramon de la Sagra, from T. W. Thornton.—'Action and Reaction,' by Emile de Girardin, translated by T. W. Thornton.—J. Hindle. (Next week.)—'Poverty—its Necessary Existence: A Reading from the Bible of Nature,' by Frank Grant.

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The Reasoner.

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THE PERILS OF CRITICISM.

The criticism of which I write is editorial criticism. Most persons have written, or intend writing, to some editor; it may therefore be widely useful to transcribe a page of that experience of human nature which is sometimes spread out on an editor's desk.

It is a truth of far deeper meaning than the unfortunate man (the 'villain' Iago, he is usually called; but Mr. Birch has shown that Iago was as much sinned against as sinning) who uttered it seemed aware, that we—that is, none of us—are nothing if not critical. But this saying has a special application to an editor, who is worse than nothing if not critical. Here and there a knot of contributors or subscribers will have 'a grudge' against a critical editor, but the readers desert in a body him who is not critical. Few men can bear an adverse judgment; but, sweet as praise is to some palates, fewer still attach any importance to the opinion of that man who judges not at all. We all feel that criticism is the guarantee of truth. We never find fault with judgment—except when it goes against us.

A very little trouble would enable an editor to gratify every correspondent in detail, by inserting whatever might be forwarded, just as forwarded, but this course would annihilate readers in the gross. But an editor has to take care that gratification to one is not offence to many others. An editor, cynical as in special cases he will be held to be, is commonly much more lenient to those who favour him with articles than the readers are. But neither private interest nor inclination should suppress criticism. An editor should aim to improve the public taste, as far as he is able to conceive it and consult it. He will often err—to none is it given to be infallible—he will often commit the painful error, which every man of feeling and of justice is so anxious to avoid, that of discouraging those who are just venturing on public usefulness. But let it be remembered that an editor has no interest in being hypercritical. His ease and his interests commonly lie the other way.

Some time ago some books were sent me for review, and the author sent me also the opinions expressed by other journals. I respected the other journals, and doubted not the honesty of their critiques, but I could not join in them, although it might look like affecting singularity to refuse assent. For instance, the *Eclectic Review* said of the works that they were 'Telling because truthful,' and the *Nonconformist* that they were 'Powerful because they were true.' What could be easier or safer than to write these common-places? I might write a History of the next Street, telling the number of flag-stones on the foot path, and the width of the horse way. I might classify the doors according to the colour of the paint, and divide the knockers into polished and unpolished; and the door steps into cleaned and uncleaned. All would be *most true*, but would it be '*telling* because true?' Why, if the book was burnt by the common hangman, neither literature nor truth would suffer one jot or tittle. The fact is, that the most jejune nonsense may be 'true,' but neither 'telling' nor 'powerful' on that account. If a book be false it will be pernicious, but if true its value depends upon the *quality*

of the truth. There is common-place truth and vital truth, and no opinion is worth having which is not founded on a critical distinction between them.

Criticism in this country is remarkably healthy. Occasionally I find opinions of books given in journals of some reputation which much astonish me. The most worthless books receive laudation—and *vice versâ*. But on the other hand I have often found just opinions pronounced against the interests of the papers, and in spite of the strongest prejudices of pique, position, and party.

A Member of Parliament, whom *Punch* in his earlier and *better* days made merry with, lately sent to the newspapers a Letter to Mr. Cobden—so long that it would fill most ordinary papers entirely. At the head of the letter was a request for its wholesale insertion. An editor with the lumbago, who wanted a week's repose, or who wished for a vacation to visit his friends in the country, would need only a few such correspondents to complete his felicity, as he could send one of their letters to the printer and save himself all further trouble about filling his paper that week.

One can, however, dispose of Members of Parliament without scruple, but not so easily dispose of poor men, who constantly believe that any abridgement of their letters proceeds from a disposition to deny them justice. Yet it is very rarely that the uneducated tell their own story to advantage. You can seldom serve them by adopting their language, or by printing their case as set forth by themselves. If your object be to win their esteem at all hazards to their interests, your course is easy—insert their communications and gratify their desire of being in print: but if you consult their true dignity and the real extension of their influence, you will frequently omit large portions of their complaints. But this course, which is really generous to them, will probably be fatal to the interests of your paper. You will make them your enemies. So few, so very few, really place the elevation of their order above personal gratification. And though they tell you they do, you will be sure to suffer, if you believe them to the extent of taking liberties with an article of theirs in order to its improvement. I am not speaking of them as a body, but of sections of them, of which most editors have had experience. There is a wide and increasing class of working men, of modest good sense, who know the truth of their position, and can better describe it than any editor can who has not shared their fortunes personally. But no wonder that the uneducated class comprise numbers whom no man can really serve: the professedly instructed classes furnish many curious instances.

On one occasion, when working on a newspaper, I, in a fit of revenge as the readers no doubt concluded, inserted two prosy articles, long as Parliamentary speeches on the Irish question, and about as interesting. Fortunately the articles inculcated self-denial, and the few readers who accomplished the perusal, by the time they came to the end felt that they had made no trifling experiment that way. When the third article on the subject came to hand, the introduction was of the character of those remarks you sometimes hear at public meetings, where the speaker, at eleven o'clock at night, begins to divide his subject into four or five heads, and the hearers begin to absent themselves, with the intention of calling in the next morning to hear the conclusion. Out of regard to the subscribers, whose patience I felt was now and then to be consulted, to say nothing of a personal desire to render a respectable correspondent's article interesting, I struck out the prolix introduction to prolixity further extended, and dashed the reader at once headlong into the subject. The proof was duly forwarded to the writer. He waited not for the post—he hurried down to the office. For once, Fortune was on my side—I was absent. In a state of Arcadian bliss, I was sipping a cup of coffee, and conjecturing to myself how pleased the doctor would be at the little attention I had paid to his article. On my return, there lay stretched on my desk in awful characters the following ominous words. Let the reader 'take warning,' as certain itinerant moralists say, after reciting the Newgate Calendar.

'Dr. Z.'s compliments to Mr. Holyoake, and he requests that his article may be allowed to commence as he had written it; the alteration being, in his opinion, a disfigurement.

'It is very well for articles written hurriedly and without much care, and by little-competent persons, to be altered by more competent hands; but, under different circumstances, alterations are always offensive, and seldom improvements.

'Salut et Fraternité.'

This epistle was addressed to me as 'Mr. Holyoake, etc., etc., etc.,' though beyond my simple name I have no title belonging to me—yet the epistolarian affects to labour under the weight of designations which appertained to me. By implication the writer allows that hurried, careless communications, written by incompetent persons, might be altered by more competent hands, 'but under different circumstances'—(the modesty of the writer prevents him specifying what circumstances). He means that when he (Dr. Z.) writes—who writes neither in hurry nor carelessly, and is also a competent person—his effusion is not to be amended by a less competent person—viz., the editor. And lest this should fail to be sufficiently 'cutting,' the next morning post brought a further epistle, setting forth that this instance 'was one of many proofs Dr. Z. could cite of the liability of any one who dips into an article written with care and knowledge of the subject *and language*—to mar it.' Oh! unfortunate editor, how terribly hast thou offended! How fearful the retribution invoked! Happy moment when the rage of Dr. Z. subsides. To write 'Salut et Fraternité' after such a deliverance reminds you of the lines given by Voltaire, in which he wonders

> That a poet
> Should feel most envy when he least should show it;
> And when another's play the public draws,
> Should grin damnation while he claps applause.

The literary fault of this writer was that he was intellectually amiable, which, so far as my knowledge went (the curious epistle just quoted excepted, perhaps), was also his general characteristic. But that suavity which is so admirable with regard to persons, is neither useful nor necessary with regard to things. The doctor would play round the angles of an error, as though he was afraid of wounding it or fatally hurting it. If he had written against the error which was the subject of his paper with half as much spirit as he manifested, for once, when he indited the epistle above given, he would have thrown me into ecstacies, and I should have retained every point and comma in his contribution. When we fight against error with half the vigour with which we fight against each other, the doom of error will be sealed. Ion.

POVERTY: ITS NECESSARY EXISTENCE?

A READING FROM THE BIBLE OF NATURE.

It may be that I have a diseased mind, as some worthy friends occasionally tell me—it may be that my judgment is naturally distorted, and that the plague-spot of original sin has eaten a deep canker in my soul; but, nevertheless, I never am able to agree with those who say that 'Poverty is a necessary evil.' This dogma has always appeared to me as absurd as would be the declaration that ealth was an unnecessary good. 'There must ever be paupers;' that is, human reatures with neither food or raiment but what is doled out to them by the rumbling hand of parish charity; human creatures who, whether healthy or sick, oung or old, have nothing but the cold flag stones or a dry arch whereon to ›pose; human creatures with the same red life-blood in their veins that flows rough the pampered body of a prince, and are yet grovelling in a condition orse—aye, ten thousand times worse—than the stall-fed ox or well-groomed

racer. There must ever be this state of things? Nonsense. As well try to make me believe there can never be people with plenty to eat and drink, and with a decent coat on their backs—the one idea is just as reasonable as the other. Starvation and misery is no more a fatality than is partial luxury and superfluity a dream-madness. Poverty is not a decree of nature: God never affixed that accursed brand upon one-half of humanity, and left the remainder to glut themselves with the up-hoarded fruits of the earth. I look abroad over the wide universe, I search the Scriptures of Creation, and I interpret the noble texts written there in a spirit of worship and love; but nowhere do I discover the awful sentence uttered by false systems of society. Indeed, in that my vast Bible—with its pages emblazoned by the divine hand, and hieroglyphed by eternal wisdom—I read things of quite a different import. And I understand well what I read there, without the aid of priestly glasses. With a free intellect and a pure conscience, I want no mitred commentators to drill my reason and scare my imagination. I read in that book, that man is a being possessed of faculties physical, intellectual, and moral; that all of these faculties have their rights and their duties; that there is not one of them which, of necessity, tends towards evil rather than good: in short, that all human endowments are elements essential to human happiness. I see that man has appetites to satisfy, and that there is no part of his constitution which says 'they shall not be satisfied.' I see nothing to compel the growth of crime and unhappiness. Everything bears the impress of harmony and intelligence. I go on with my volume, and over leaf I read that all these human faculties have, either directly or indirectly, an affinity with external nature, and with their relatives in kindred beings; that there is a reciprocity of interest between my own qualities and the qualities of my neighbour; that the earth, the ocean, the air, are capable of subserving the welfare and felicity of mankind. I see millions of fertile acres lying around me, reproaching me, as it were, with their dreary aspect, for not casting the bounteous grain into so faithful a bosom. I see silver and gold and iron and steel and wood and water and wind, and countless other constituents of infinite production. I see bone and muscle and sinew, life and will to labour—will to increase wealth and a craving desire to use it. I see that nature has an inexhaustible treasury, from which the more we take the more will be supplied; that, however fast population may multiply, that elastic store-house can still enlarge its limits; that the more there are to do the required work, the less individual exertion will be necessary, and the yield be still adequate to the demand. I see all this, and much more than this, in that my holy Bible, which never tells idle tales and decorates contradictions in solemn appendages. And, consequently, I have not read therein, that poverty and misery, arising from the impossibility of obtaining food to eat and clothes to wear, are unavoidable, and by no conceivable means to be warded off while man is a dweller upon earth. And, not learning that horrible doctrine from thence, I reject it forthwith.

But I look at it in another light. I say to myself, if there really does exist an Infinite Spirit which men call God, and if that Infinite Spirit is a fountain of love and mercy—who desireth not the death of a sinner, but who rejoices in the happiness of all his creatures, and has provided means for the realisation of the extremest happiness, leaving man his will free to act, because without freedom of the will there could be no such thing as virtue*—why then, I say, it never could have

* The religious and metaphysical allusions in this paper are peculiar to the writer, and we do not choose to interrupt the force of his eloquent statement of thoughts on this subject by questioning peculiarities.—Ed.

been the decree of heaven that so many hundreds of men, women, and children should rot on the ground, year after year, in the loathsomeness of disease superinduced by a cruel destitution. If God is goodness, the social state in which pauperism *necessarily* arises is at variance with the divine mind, and it becomes our duty to reform it. Let us immediately 'cease to do evil, and learn to do well.'

The Christian minister rings in our ears that Christ said we were always to have poor amongst us. If that sublime character had ever said such a hasty word, he was in error. But he never so expressed himself. Not one of his word-chroniclers tells us that he said so. He might have told his disciples 'the poor ye have always with you;' but why construe this into a prediction that 'the poor'—the starving, the naked, the houseless, the wanderer—*must*, throughout all future ages, agonise the world? No, no; this is merely clerical ignorance that talks thus. Christian humanity breathes a sweeter tone; it whispers to us of liberty, community, and brotherly love; it tells us to divide our property amongst our fellows, to labour for the common benefit as well as for individual advantage; it gives no sanction to idle aristocrats, for they that work not neither shall they eat. The spirit of Christianity is a spirit of socialism—or sociality, if that term pleases better or offends less. But the sociality of the present day is based upon wrong and robbery, and is hostile to Christianity, nature, and truth. Pauperism grows out of it as weeds grow in an uncultivated garden. Bloated wealth accumulates at one end of society and gaunt misery at the other. Labour is plundered of its rights, and, in consequence, refuses to perform its duties. There is plenty for all, and only a few enjoy. The horn is full, and the idler drains the draught, while his thirsty fellow-man faints by the way-side. A thorough radical reconstitution of the social system is necessary: come it *must*—and, sooner or later, come it *will*. The mould in which society has lain for so many years must be broken up, and a fresh one cast. I believe it can be accomplished, though not without a struggle. For man is ever progressing, he is ever realising the ideal—and lo! a mighty reality lies enwombed in Futurity. Hearken to England's republican poet, the inspired Milton, for he sings a great truth in these words:—

> If every just man that now pines with want
> Had but a moderate and beseeming share
> Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury
> Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
> Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
> In unsuperfluous even proportion,
> And she no whit encumbered with her store.
> And then the Giver would be better thanked,
> His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony
> Ne'er looks to heaven amidst his gorgeous feast;
> But, with besotted base ingratitude,
> Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder.

FRANK GRANT.

ON UNIVERSAL PEACE.

BY RAMON DE LA SAGRA.

[M. RAMON DE LA SAGRA is a Spaniard, a corresponding member of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Finding no satisfactory solution of social evils in Political Economy, his researches finally forced him to entertain convictions in accordance with those of Socialists of various schools. He has visited many countries in and out of Europe, carefully studying the state of society in each, for the purpose of drawing from the phenomena they offer to the attentive observer, some principles on which to found a theory to guide the social

reformer. Being in Paris during the last revolution, and in the midst of the events which followed it, he thought it his duty, as a member of the Academy, to state his ideas on the origin and treatment of the social perturbations which are still convulsing a great portion of the west of Europe. This was when General Cavaignac requested that learned body to turn its attention to the subject, and to endeavour to allay the fermentation which threatened to burst the last bonds of order. M. Ramon developed his ideas before his colleagues, but he met with a repulsive reception, because he stated frankly his opinion that society would not be able to continue much longer in the old conditions. His views were unanimously disapproved by the conservative corporation. He has written several works on political and social topics, in Spanish and in French, of which we shall endeavour to give some account at a future time. He lately contributed some articles to the *Peuple*, on the theory of M. Proudhon's *Bank of the People*, but he has withdrawn his co-operation on account of the violence displayed in that paper.

The discourse, of which the present article is a summary, was delivered by M. Ramon last year, at the Congress of the friends of universal peace, held at Brussels. It will seem that he has an unfavourable opinion, not of the desirability of their object, but of its present practicability. In this he seems to have stood alone, a fact which does not prove him to be in the wrong, and which makes it desirable to weigh his view of the subject, the more so because he is a learned Socialist, and in this case in contradiction with the majority of Socialists—who join in the general cry for disbanding armies.—T.]

All agree as to the advantages of peace; there will be no wars when you shall have created order and harmony. Peace is not a principle, but only a consequence of the state of social order. You are going to debate on the utility of peace when everybody acknowledges it. But why is there no peace in the world? Because there is no agreement, no harmony.

You advocate international arbitration; national delegates would decide all differences. But to arbitrate there must be a rule, based on force or on reason. Show us this code of humanity conformable to reason, and then all will agree and war be impossible. But great international questions cannot be submitted to arbitration, for if the decision be resisted by one of the parties, what means would there be of enforcing it? It would be necessary to have recourse to force. If there was no army, who would yield? Nobody.

Mankind has lived hitherto under the empire of force, which was necessary to ensure obedience. Laws have always been guaranteed by *faith* or by *force*. Faith no longer exists, and force alone is an element of order. He who would destroy this safeguard of social order would be an anarchist.

We are arrived at a period in which nobody believes that the laws come from God. They are made by men and may therefore be unmade. There were formerly two sanctions, faith and force. He that disobeyed was punished in another world, and in this world as well. The double sanction must be re-established, and is it by means of a congress that you hope to effect this? You appeal to a congress composed of delegates from different nations, whose mission is to draw up the code of humanity on the basis of reason.

Such a congress is impossible. Would the delegates be sent by the government or the people of each nation? In the former case they would be ambassadors as at present, forming a new congress of Vienna, and establishing despotism sanctioned by force. The delegates must therefore be appointed by the people, by universal suffrage, for you could not accept a congress of which some of the

members would be named by the Emperor of Russia, and others by the National Assembly of France. But as all nations do not enjoy universal suffrage, it is not possible to form an European congress; the basis is wanting.

Besides, the end of such a congress would be to draw up the code of social order. Do you think such a code could proceed from a body formed of the most heterogeneous and contradictory elements? Since there is no agreement as to principles in the interior of each nation, how could they all agree in forming a code of peace? Would all mankind obey its decisions merely because they were those of a congress? Such a plan is impracticable in the present state of society.

I have shown how force lent its material support to authority, whose greatest power lay in the belief in *divine right*, till it was weakened and annihilated by freedom of thought, leaving authority supported by material force; international relations, no longer decided by an infallible authority, could only have recourse to arms. Such is the state of Europe, since the treaty of Westphalia, which destroyed the spiritual power over kings and nations, constituting the new international political right, that of the *cannon*. Since then, order, internal and external, has had no security but military force, whose importance, as conservative of order, has caused it to be made *the only well organised institution of modern nations*. The general suppression of armies, now that social order is solely maintained by them, would create anarchy by leaving authority without defence against the attacks of variable conflicting opinions. Whether such a measure be suggested by the enemies of power, or inspired by the noblest sentiments of fraternity, the result would be the same.

The annihilation of war, and the reign of peace, can only proceed from a rational organisation differing from the present one, which makes war unavoidable and peace impossible. But you reject my argument, you condemn and endeavour to destroy the only guarantee of order now possessed by authority. Whilst the men of faith join the men of science in destroying authority, neither party seeks for the principle of future authority. I have shown you that the government of society by party opinions is *anarchy*, to which your doctrines lead inevitably. Mankind can free itself from its present deplorable state of disorder, immorality, and war, by two means: 1. The universal conviction of the impossibility of maintaining the present system, forcing all to seek for a remedy, which would be found; 2. The excess of social evil, which, proving the necessity of some remedy, will cause it to be sought and to be discovered.

All my efforts to cause the first of these means to be accepted by you, *men of faith*, have had the same barren result as they had with the *men of reason* of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. This second failure strengthens my conviction that the only remaining salvation for mankind is in anarchy. Preach it then, gentlemen, since you *think* it your duty; I *know* that I have done mine. What ought to be will be.

To conclude, I will sum up my principles in a few lines.

Peace is not a principle to be established; it will be the consequence of a rational social organisation which will render war useless. War is not an organic social disease, but the effect of a vicious organisation. To put an end to war, and establish universal peace, the causes must first be destroyed which make war unavoidable and peace impossible. The study of humanity unfolds to us the causes of this faulty organisation which renders it necessary to employ brute force.

From the first, law has had two kinds of sanction, the material and the moral, proceeding from religious belief. By the emancipation of thought, faith has been

destroyed, and can no longer serve as a sanction to law, leaving authority without a religious basis, and resting solely on material or brute force. This alone can regulate international differences and cause the decisions of authority to be respected. The suppression of armies, now that force is the only remaining guarantee of order, is a most revolutionary and anarchical idea.

Order can have no other basis than *faith*, *force*, or *reason*. The first having been annihilated by freedom of inquiry, and *force* being absurd, barbarous, and immoral, nothing remains but *reason*. This will determine the *social rule*, and mankind will accept it. Then will peace reign amongst men.

In the meantime, until the discovery of truth founded on universal right, sanctioned by eternal justice, there remains no alternative but the despotism of force, or the anarchy of opinions, which is the anarchy of the present liberty.

IS IT NECESSARY TO TAKE AN OATH?

Sir,—I do not envy that man's moral condition who can punish an individual who, in acting conscientiously, has to oppose some legal form or religious opinion (of no importance, except to those who wish to keep up barbaric customs); much less can I envy the condition of one so devoid of humanity as to wreak his vengeance on an innocent female.

Judge Williams, during the late trials on the western circuit, committed a lady of the name of Watson to prison for refusing to swear, conscientiously considering herself bound to obey the strict injunctions of Christ, who says—'But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let all your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.'—Matt. v., 34-37. Also, see James v., 12. How this judge, in direct defiance of the divine command, and contrary to all sense of justice, could persecute any one, but a lady in particular, can only be explained by the aid of cerebral physiology. Thus his cranium, if examined, would exhibit such deficiency in the moral region, that he can only know the meaning of conscientiousness by name; and was he brought into an asylum as an intended patient, we would at once pronounce him an idiot in that particular feeling. We cannot conceive that a man possessing a strict sense of justice, in which, in administering the laws of his country, he was obliged to act unjustly—as to do so would so outrage his feelings, and make him miserable; and no sane man would continue longer than he possibly could help in a situation, fulfilling the duties of which entailed upon him unhappiness. Besides, in thus acting unjustly—if he be a Christian—he is unfaithful to the cause he professes to believe in, therefore must be an infidel of the lowest kind.

It appears to me, from the perusal of the enclosed short Act of Parliament, passed in 1838—permitting people to promise to speak the truth in that way which to them seemeth right—that his judgship has acted wrongly by the act, wrongly by God's justice, and wrongly in the sight of every honest man.

Judge Williams should now retire from a situation he is unfit for, by possessing the natural infirmity of a badly-balanced brain; and until individuals are chosen by the aid of cerebral physiology to fill important trusts, the chances are against a proper selection being made.

As the above-mentioned act is, I believe, generally unknown, you will benefit the public by allowing its insertion in the *Reasoner*, a work alike honourable to the editor as it is instructive to every advanced mind.

Wallington, Morpeth, May 9, 1849. Arthur Trevelyan.

THE DEATH OF THE POTATO AND THE BIRTH OF MAIZE.

[THE comments on the following extracts from *Fraser* are the *Spectator's*. We make the quotation, as the subject is one which is interesting to the working classes. Perhaps our vegetarian friends, who have long used it, can furnish our readers with instructions where to procure it, and how to judge of its purity in the sample?—ED.]

It was several generations before Scotland learned the use of the potato. Statesmanship, however, ought to be before literature in such a matter, because it ought to be equally broad and far-seeing in the scope of its view, and it is answerable for disasters unaverted or benefits unsecured: but since the want and the uses of the maize have been known, our active statesmanship has been Whig. To literature then it remains to follow up among us Britons the functions of a Triptolemus or Mango Copac—to teach us the elements of the art of sustenance. And capitally is the office performed by Thomas Carlyle, in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine*. Thus sings the seer the destiny of 'Indian Meal:'—

'For general attainability, there was no article of food ever comparable to it before: a grown man, in any part of Europe accessible by sea, can be supported on it, at this date, wholesomely, and, if we understood the business, even agreeably, at the rate of little more than a penny a day; which surely is cheap enough. Neither, as the article is not grown at home, and can be procured only by commerce, need political economists dread new "Irish difficulties" from the cheapness of it. Nor is there danger, for unlimited periods yet, of its becoming dearer: it grows in the warm latitudes of the earth profusely, with the whole impulse of the sun; can grow over huge tracts and continents lying vacant hitherto, festering hitherto as pestiferous jungles, yielding only rattlesnakes and yellow-fever; it is probable, if we were driven to it, the planet Earth, sown where fit with Indian corn, might produce a million times as much food as it now does, or has ever done! To the disconsolate Malthusian this grain ought to be a sovereign comfort. In the single Valley of the Mississippi alone, were the rest of the earth all lying fallow, there could Indian corn enough be grown to support the whole posterity of Adam now alive; let the disconsolate Malthusian fling his "geometrical series" into the corner; assist wisely in the "free-trade movement," and dry up his tears. For a thousand years or two there is decidedly no danger of our wanting food, if we do not want good sense and industry first. In a word, this invaluable foreign corn is not only calculated, as we said, to replace the defunct potato, but to surpass it a thousandfold in benefit for man: and if the death of the potato have been the means of awakening us to such an immeasurably superior resource, we shall, in addition to our sorrowful Irish reasons, have many joyful English, European, American, and universal reasons, to thank Heaven that the potato has been so kind as to die!'

But the sage does more: he explains *the* accidental circumstance which has impeded the general use of maize in this country, and he points out the remedy:—

'All the Indian meal was found to have a *bitter* fusty taste in it; which, after multiplied experiments, was not eradicable by any cookery, though long continued boiling in clear water did abate it considerably.....

'This meal, of a beautiful golden colour, equally ground into fine hard powder, and without speck or admixture of any kind, seemed to the sight, to the feel, and the smell, faultless; only to the taste was there this ineradicable final bitterness,

which in bad samples even made the throat smart; and as the meal seemed otherwise tasteless, acquired for it, from unpatriotic mockers among us, the name of "soot-and-sawdust meal." American friends at last informed us that the meal was *fusty*, spoiled; that Indian meal, especially in warm weather, did not keep sweet above a few weeks—that we ought to procure Indian corn, and have it ground ourselves. Indian corn was accordingly procured, with difficulty, from the eastern city regions; and with no better result, nay with a worse. How old the corn might be, we of course knew only by testimony not beyond suspicion; perhaps it was corn of the *second* year in bond; but at all events the meal of it too was bitter; and the new evil was added of an intolerable mixture of *sand*; which, on reflection, we discovered to proceed from the English millstones; the English millstones, too soft for this new substance, could not grind it, could only grind themselves and it, and so produce a mixture of meal and sand. Soot-and-sawdust meal with the addition of brayed flint: there was plainly no standing of this.....

'Well; three days ago I received, direct from the barn of an American friend, as it was stowed there last autumn, a small barrel of Indian corn in the natural state; large ears or cobs of the Indian corn, merely stript of its loose leaves. On each ear, which is of obelisk shape, about the size of a large thick truncated carrot, there are perhaps about five hundred grains, arranged in close order in their eight columns; the colour gold yellow, or in some cases with a flecker of blood-red. These grains need to be rubbed off, and ground by some rational miller, whose millstones are hard enough for the work: that is all the secret of preparing them. And here comes the important point. This grain, I now for the first time find, is *sweet*, among the sweetest, with an excellent rich taste something like that of nuts; indeed it seems to me, perhaps from novelty in part, decidedly sweeter than wheat, or any other grain I have ever tasted.'

We understand that there is a further distinction between the *species* of meal, easily observable; the Levantine maize being more subject to the bitterness than the American.

One negative advantage Mr. Carlyle overlooks, in the relation between wheat and maize. It seems to be pretty well ascertained that no article of food so well suits the English palate and stomach for its staple as the best white wheat—a highly digestible and nourishing article, neutral in taste and texture, excellently fitted to accompany almost any subsidiary meats, sweet or salt. Maize, bitter or redundantly sweet, can never take the place of our faithful wheat: it must therefore remain a secondary and auxiliary article of food, the home-grown white wheat still being the stock of our 'staff of life.' Politically and socially there are great advantages in that relation between the domestic and the foreign grain. But maize may do all that wheat fails to do; filling up the vast and innumerable gaps in the supply of that costly staple, and eking out its parsimony into the amplest abundance.

'These facts, in a time of potato failures, apprehension of want, and occasional fits of widespread, too-authentic, want and famine, when M. Soyer has to set about concocting miraculously cheap soup, and the Government to make enormous grants and rates-in-aid, seem to me of a decidedly comfortable kind—well deserving practical investigation by the European Soyers, Governments, Poor-law Boards, Mendicity Societies, Friends of Distressed Needlewomen, and Friends of the Human Species, who are often sadly in alarm as to the "food prospects"—and who have here, if they will clear the entrance, a most extensive harbour of refuge.'

CAUTION TO FARMERS.

FARMERS should 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' the following case of landlord oppression (from the *Sun*, Nov. 19, 1846) before they lay out money on their respective farms:—

'Our attention has recently been directed to a case apparently of great hardship and oppression, by a correspondent who has forwarded us a pamphlet detailing the particulars of the transaction, and who has been pleased to compliment us on the part we have taken on the landlord and tenant question in Ireland. If the account is a correct one, and we see no reason to doubt its accuracy, great injustice has been done to the gentleman who was the sufferer on the occasion. Although it is sometime since the circumstance took place, it is still fresh in the recollection of the inhabitants of the district, and, it is said, has deterred many from the free expression of any political opinion opposed to that of their landlord. The case to which we allude is that of Mr. William Berwick, formerly of Lisnabreen House, in the county of Down, near Belfast. It appears that this gentleman purchased a farm, held under the Marquis of Downshire, subject to the yearly rent of £53 16s., for the good-will of which he paid the sum of £1,000, and on which he expended a further sum of £800, in permanent and lasting improvements. In the course of the ten years during which he remained in occupation, Mr. Berwick, in his pamphlet, asserts that he incurred the anger of the late marquis for the active part which he took in getting up and forwarding petitions to Parliament for the total abolition of tithes and church cess. Whatever foundation there might be for this statement, it appears that the rent was raised most enormously; and that a rent was imposed on the dwelling-house itself contrary to all former precedent in that part of the country. The total increase was from £53 16s. per annum to £174 0s. 2d., very nearly three times the former amount. Mr. Berwick found that he would be unable to retain possession of the farm at so high a rent, and was, in consequence, obliged to dispose of his interest for the sum of 300 guineas, thus sustaining a loss of *One Thousand Four Hundred and Eighty-five Pounds!* It is said that, immediately after his parting with the farm, the rent was again reduced to from £174 0s. 2d., to £100 per annum, at which rent the new tenant was permitted to enjoy the fruits of Mr. Berwick's expenditure.

'If there should be anything incorrect in this statement, it is capable of immediate contradiction. It appears to us the simple questions are—Did Mr. Berwick pay £1,000 for the purchase of the good-will? Did he expend any and what farther sum in improvements of a lasting character? Was his rent increased in the manner above stated, and was that increased rent the value of the land in the state or condition it was in when Mr. Berwick's predecessor (for whose expenditure thereon he paid £1,000) entered into possession; or was it the rack-rent value, without making any allowance whatsoever for improvements? If the latter, it appears to us that Mr. Berwick has been treated in a most unjust and inequitable manner, and that he is fairly entitled to some compensation for the losses he has sustained.

'It is not our wish or design to cast any imputation upon the memory of the late Marquis of Downshire, however we may have differed from him in political opinions. We have always heard and believed that he was an excellent landlord—a kind-hearted and benevolent nobleman. We have heard a similar account of the inheritor of his estates and honours. We have alluded to the case because we conceive that there must be some mistake somewhere (a most unfortunate one

for Mr. Berwick), and we trust that the liberality and justice of the present marquis will prompt him to make speedy reparation, if the mistake should have been on the part of his father. We allude to it, in order that if there be error it may be corrected; and, if not, that what we cannot but consider a most injurious precedent may be taken away; and that the injured may receive the only amends now in the power of those who reaped the benefit of his loss.'

[A small bill circulated in the county of Down, which illustrates, in a striking manner, the working of landlordism and superstition in Ireland.]

SOCIAL PROGRESS DEBATED AND EXPLAINED.

[A GENTLEMAN who spends his fortune and employs his talents in founding what —speaking in reference to its conception—may be designated a new system of instruction for the people, has just added to several other works of admirable usefulness 'An Introduction to the Social Sciences,'* in which a variety of enigmas to the people are made plain. The book is a good instance of that excellence of style so well defined as manly wisdom conveyed in youthful language. It is from this work that we extract (with permission) the following chapter entire. 'Social Progress' is becoming a very popular phrase, and we regard this chapter as likely to make it more so, and to connect the idea with definite and intelligent associations.—ED.]

A strong tendency may be noticed in many persons to take for granted that there is what is called a *cycle* in human affairs. Among them are writers of histories. They are very painstaking and sincere in their observations and researches, but not very successful in their inferences from what they observe and bring to light out of the remoteness of antiquity. The larger portion of them, however, are not writers, but readers—persons who too readily receive without question inferences which are drawn for them by others. Let these persons be attentive to observe what is passing around them, and reflect for themselves on what they observe. Reflection will be found to act as an almost infallible safeguard against danger from the delusive inferences of historians. The want of a habit of thus reflecting may lead people to put up with the most unfounded—nay, misleading and mischievous inferences.

The language of these writers is apt to be rather ambiguous and undecided; and their method of ascertaining causation in human affairs none of the safest. The history of the individual man is—childhood, youth, manhood, and old age; weakness, vigour, maturity, and decay. So, say they, is it with nations: they rise, attain maturity, and then fall to make way for others. Poor, but hardy, industrious, and courageous at birth; retaining their industry and courage, and adding to them knowledge, skill, and power in the fulness of their maturity; and then, corrupted by wealth and luxury, sinking into decrepitude and decay, or falling a prey to some neighbouring nation rising into power and supremacy.

According to them, this view of human affairs is strongly corroborated by the great revolutions which have been recorded in history. The empire of the Medes yielded to that of the Persians. The Persians fell under the assaults of Alexander. The Grecian supremacy succumbed to the power of Rome. And the Roman Empire fell to pieces, and made way for the numerous independent nations of modern Europe. The rise and fall of each having been marked by the same successive features of vigour, industry, skill, power, wealth, refinement, luxury, degeneracy, and annihilation.

(To be concluded next week).

London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

Illustrative Notices.

On the 18th, a correspondent, whose communications are always welcome to our readers, writes from a remote spot where he is rusticating:—'Many thanks for the *Times* of Monday. So England, too, shall have her turn—and rebellious colonies, if not any one awake at home. It is the commencement of the end. When we are confined to our own island, we shall probably begin to think how we shall *best* live in it. I have little to tell you. The country is beautiful—living cheap—and work travels at a reasonable cost by post. I garden quite as well as Adam, for I hear when he first took to a garden he put his foot in it; and I make better tables and washing-stands than ever Christ Jesus did, for no one has ever thought his worth mentioning. Possibly, being a conjuror, he slighted handiwork. And I do not yet go to church, *if* John Arthur Roebuck does.' [This allusion to Christ will seem to some unpardonable levity. Yet why should it? May we not claim the privilege of Unitarians, and speak of Christ as a man? and, as a man, we may consider his worldly calling.]

In 'The People's Opinion of Robespierre,' by Michelet, occurs the following:—'One countenance alone comforted them, and seemed to say, "I am honest;" and the dress of the man and his gesture seemed to express the same. His speeches were entirely on morality and the interests of the people—principles, eternally principles. The man himself was not entertaining, and his person was austere and melancholy, by no means popular, but rather academical, and, in one respect, even aristocratical, in extreme cleanliness, neatness, and style of dress. He seemed also a stranger to friendship and familiarity; even his former college companions being kept at a distance. In spite of all these circumstances, little calculated to make a man popular, the people so hunger and thirst after righteousness, that the orator of principles, the partisan of absolute right, the man who professed virtue, and whose sad and serious countenance seemed its very image, became the favourite of the people.'

An inhabitant of Montgaillard, always considered by his family a misanthrope, left, according to the *Commercial Journal*, the following testament:—It is my will that any one of my relations who shall presume to shed tears at my funeral shall be disinherited; he, on the other hand, who laughs the most heartily, shall be sole heir.

'My brethren,' said Swift in a sermon, 'there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, *none of you being liable to that abominable vice.*' [Has any correspondent seen this discourse?]

'Two Learners,' Mossley, write thus:—'In the *Examiner and Times*, No. 57, Vol. I., in the report of Poulett Scrope's speech in the House of Commons, on Thursday, May 17, appears the following: "They had idle men and idle land. They might put the idle men on the idle land. If they carried out such a scheme, there would be no fear of *Socialism.*" The *because* is wanted.' [Because a great and leading evil, of which Socialism complains, would then be remedied. There would then be universal and productive employment provided.]

The German Wool Embodied Landscape is exhibiting in the Rosherville Gardens this season. The Landscape has received an interesting addition, and the beautiful flower display of the gardens is enriched by this floral in German wool.

At a meeting in the late Socialist Hall, Broadmead, attended by between 2,000 and 3,000 persons, where argumentative and conclusive speeches were delivered against the custom of hanging, the Rev. G. H. Davis strongly enforced the non-applicability of the Mosaic law to the defence of the punishment of death. 'Not one of those who had recently been put to death (he said) could have been put to death under the Jewish system of jurisprudence, by which was required the testimony of two or three witnesses, speaking clearly to the fact; and under which circumstantial evidence would not be sufficient.....One text relied on was this: "They who take the sword shall perish by the sword." Why, what was that text but the declaration of an historical fact. Peter took the sword to defend his master, and our Lord taught him that those who sought to inculcate Christianity by the sword must expect to fall in the battles they created. If this text was to be understood as a law, ought not Mr. Calcraft to come right speedily to the gallows? If any deserved death for taking the sword, who more than the Christian professor of Thuggism—that dilitante practiser of legal murder, who carried his rope with him, and prided himself on the neatness of his execution? He lived by hanging, and, if there was anything of force in that passage, by hanging he ought to die.'

Persecution was not given up so much because seen to be wrong, as because it did not answer.

The following address was got up by a few deaf and dumb young men residing at Cheltenham, immediately after the reputed attempt upon the Queen's life in 1840:—'Our dear Victoria,—We hope you will not be angry with us for sending you a letter. We are very sorry at the wicked lad fire two pistols at you and Prince Albert. We think you were very frightened. All the deaf and dumb are very, very displeased with the Edward Oxford. We love you very much, because you are a fine young lady sovereign. We were very much happy on your birth-day. A gentleman gave us some cakes, ginger pop, oranges, lemonade, and nice things. We drank your Majesty's very good health. We cannot drink beer, ale, wine, brandy, gin, rum, porter, &c., &c., two of us are teetotallers. We think you like Prince Albert very much. He is a very handsome young gentleman. We all love him, too, much. He came from Germany. He wears very nice mustachios. He is an officer soldier. We saw his picture in the booksellers' windows. We are very thankful to God because He did not let the wicked villain kill you. The English ladies and gentlemen are all rejoice about it. We all love the Queen and the lords and fine gentlemen M.P.'s. We pray for you every Sunday at church. We hope you will be very religious young lady, and say your prayers every morning and night, and read the Bible, and go to heaven when you die. Your very loyal deaf and dumb, &c., &c.'

The following is the motto used by Mr. Myles to his 'Dialogue by the Way,' from Alison, author of the 'History of Europe:'—'I am decidedly of opinion that the observance of Sunday in Scotland has, perhaps, a more prejudicial than beneficial effect. I think that the observance of the Sunday on the Continent is much more conducive to benefit than the strict observance of it in Scotland.'

Mr. Duncombe has resumed his seat in the House of Commons, and Mr. Hume is recovered from the indisposition which was supposed to endanger his life.

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.
May 30, 1849.

THE CARLILE MONUMENT.

Mr. Hindle, of Ashton-under-Lyne, writes:—We met last Sunday, as I intimated to you, on the business of the Carlile monument. We have now in hand £1 12s. 6d., which may be increased to about £2 10s. A simple pedestal will be a poor and very inadequate tribute to the memory of the great hero of modern free speech and an untrammelled press. What deserves doing, deserves doing well. To erect that to Carlile which is unequal to his merits is to degrade him, and that which is a degradation to him will be a monument of reproach to all free-thinkers and reformers. The freedom we inherit cost Carlile, while living, the loss of friends and the rupture of the nearest relationships. He sacrificed his own peace and that of his family for our good—can we say less than that he shall be honourably remembered? These are the sentiments that animate our friends here.'

[As Ashton-under-Lyne is the chief town which has taken up this matter, it is just to give these sentiments publicity. We intend presenting an engraving of the monument as soon as the Cemetery Company have agreed to it. The reason why we are in favour of a simple pedestal is that the least expensive memorial which is in good taste will be the better, as Carlile's children need assistance. This fact is probably unknown to the Ashton friends. The surplus (if any) collected for the monument will be handed over for the use of the children.—Ed.]

LETTER FROM ALIQUIS.

Dear Sir,—My health continues so very indifferent as still to prevent me finishing a paper or two which I have sketched out for the *Reasoner*. In the meantime I beg to enclose my yearly subscription of five guineas.* Have you heard anything from Mr. Gillespie relating to our controversy?

Yours faithfully,

London, May 25, 1849. ALIQUIS.

[We have not heard for a long time from Mr. Gillespie, but we have received the title page of a work which appeared to be intended as a reply to Strauss. It seems twelve months or more since that appeared — the work itself we have never heard thing. We are afraid that Mr. Gillesnever got any farther than the title.—Ed.]

* This is the completion of the subscription omised in 1847, for three years. Aliquis, howr, has intimated his intention of renewing it year.

THE DISCUSSION AT JOHN STREET ON THE LEAGUE OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

Dear Sir,—I presume you are aware our discussion terminated yesterday. To prevent ill feeling it was thought best not to come to any resolution upon the matter in discussion.

It has occurred to me during the discussion at John Street, as being unnecessary and impolitic to start the League of Social Progress, seeing that the Rational Society is still in existence for the same objects as proposed by the League. And further, the Rational Society is enrolled with powers which the Barrister refuses to grant to any other society. It appears, therefore, the policy of resuscitating the Rational Society ought to be the first consideration of the friends of progress.

May 21, 1849. W.

M. HILAIRE'S LECTURE.

Concerning M. Hilaire's lecture, Mr. Ironside writes:—'I send you a paper containing a report of Hilaire's lecture *against* Communism here last June. He turned up here just after the French revolution, and was mightily thick with us (the democrats, I mean.) At length I found him out, and told him my changed opinion in a private note. Then he came out as you will see. I am going to get put in the *Independent* the report of his Bradford lecture. His audience at Sheffield was a very poor one, as I was informed; but it served the papers well to report him fully, in order to play him off against Communism. I was lecturing in the Hall at the same time, explaining Communism, but no report was conceded to me.'

[We remember seeing M. Hilaire's lecture at the time, and thought it thoroughly defamatory. We are glad he has thought better of the subject.—Ed.]

COMMUNISM.

'The question of Communism is simply the claim of the poor to share, not merely in an eleemosynary degree, but as equals and partners, in the amassed capital as well as in the occupied land of a country.'—*Daily News*, No. 741, October 11, 1848.

REASONER FUND.

Acknowledged in No. 154 ..	562	6
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SONG OF THE SPEAKER.

[ABRIDGED FROM THE 'EXAMINER.']

With patience weary and worn—
With eyelids heavy as lead—
A Speaker sat in his chair of state
Nodding his drowsy head;
And whilst the dull debate
Maintained its sluggish reign,
The dubious doze which refuses repose,
Suggested these thoughts to his brain:

'Oh, Members of Boroughs so dear,
Where purity still survives,
It is not time your talking away
But your political lives—
Disraeli, with weapon so keen,
In his shame and his glory alone,
Cutting at once, with a double stroke,
Protection's throat and his own.

'But why do I speak of one,
When into the wordy fray,
A hundred tongues are ready to rush,
And wear my brain away—
And wear my brain away,
With the meaningless din they keep—
Oh God! that sense should be so dear,
And noise and words so cheap!

'Talk—talk—talk!
The rattle never flags;
And what are its products? Little, alas,
But rhetoric's wretched rags!
A scattered joke, or a naked lie,
Of candour's cant a store,
And a whole so blank, that sleep I thank,
If it cast its shadow o'er.

'Talk—talk—talk!
From weary chime to chime;
And talk—talk—talk!
As if silence were a crime—
'Oh,' and 'Order,' and 'Hear,'
'Hear,' and 'Order,' and 'Oh'—
Till every sense is as drowsy and dense
As the eye that hath lost its glow.

'Oh could ye think the thoughts
In the patriot's bosom found,
When he raises his heart above
And casts his eye around!—
For only one short hour
To feel as ye ought to feel,
By a nation armed with a nation's power,
When millions are minus a meal!

* * * * * *

'A little more work, a little less talk,
Might ease the common fate;
But the country's smart never touches the heart
Of the Moloch of Debate.' J. M. L.

COMPOSITION OF MANKIND.

Men are a composition made from several little pots; there is the little pot of intellect, the little pot of imagination, the little pot of reason, and the great cauldron of pure folly. From this pot is derived the largest proportion of the human character.—*Madame Geoffrin.*

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post-paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

PROSPECTUS of a New Monthly Publication, Price Threepence. On the 1st of June will appear No. 1 of the DEMOCRATIC REVIEW of British and Foreign Politics, History, and Literature. Edited by G. Julian Harney.

At present no Monthly advocate of Democratic Progress exists in this country. It is therefore proposed to Establish such an organ, at a price which will place it within the reach of all sections of the people. The Democratic Review will represent, contend for, and chronicle the progress of Democratic Principles at Home and Abroad. The Political and Social Emancipation of Proletarians of these Islands by the enactment of the principles of the People's Charter, Home Colonisation on a Free Soil; and the substitution of Co-operation for Competition in Manufactures and Commerce, will be strenuously advocated in this Publication. Believing that Men of all Nations are Brethren, the Editor will advocate Justice for the oppressed, without distinction of Country or Creed. Talented writers in France and Germany have promised to contribute articles; and arrangements are in progress for securing the assistance of Correspondents in Italy, Switzerland, America, &c., &c.

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1.—The Editor's Address to the Working Classes
2.—Address to the Trades
3.—The Land Common Property
4.—The French Elections
5.—Politics and History of the Month, Domestic and Foreign
6.—Louis Blanc to Armand Barbes
7.—Correspondence
8.—Literature: Prentice's America, Louis Blanc's Appeal to Honest Men

On the 1st of June, Forty Pages, Post-octavo, in a Coloured Wrapper, Price Threepence. Copies will be printed to pass through the post, without wrappers, and will be sent on receipt of five postage stamps.

Orders, Communications, Advertisements, and Books for Review, to be addressed to the Editor or Publisher, 5, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London.

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INTIMATIONS.

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RECEIVED.—*Commercial Journal and Family Herald*, Nos. 22, 23.—W. C. (No one has expressed any opinion except that of entire approval of the general course. No particular course has come into practice.)—Hugo. (The 'removal' has taken place.)—'Death Punishment,' by Sentinel—'Electro Biology,' by A. Smee, and 'Life and Death,' by J. P. Ham, examined by W. Chilton.—Frater. (Coming is probable, and Mr. H. will not fail to see him.)—G. S. (The 'Logic of Facts' *can* be had in two—a sixpenny and a sevenpenny—parts.)—I. Ironside. (Is there any public report of the case in which Mr. Finch was sued?)—E. Nicol and enclosure.—R. Causey. (The book shall be sent.)—J. Carter, for Carlile monument, 1s.—A Well-Wisher would add [illegible] favour of his attentions would he specify?

*** The second paper translated by Mr. [illegible]ton, promised last week, is unavoidably [illegible] this week.

London:—Printed by A. Holyoake, 54, Exm[illegible] Street, Clerkenwell, and Published by J. W[illegible] 3, Queen's Head Passage, Pater[illegible]

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The Reasoner.

No. 158.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

THE ADVANTAGES OF CRITICISM, AND MR. MACREADY'S TREATMENT IN AMERICA.

My last letter treated of the 'Perils of Criticism.' Lest any should have been deterred by the adventures therein detailed, let it be said, as speedily as possible, that there is another side to the question.

There is that old Italian Proverb, which reminds us that 'Every medal has its reverse,' by which we are instructed that to every question there are two sides. If this single truth were generally recognised, one-sided judgments, and nearly all extreme opinions, would be banished the earth. It is astonishing, it is incalculable, what a vast influence any one maxim has on mankind, when consistently carried out, and universally applied. Jacotot assigned, as the foundation of his educational theory, the maxim that any one thing contained all things—so much may be deduced from any one thing well considered. It is doubtless the perception of the same truth which has made so many philosophers dwell upon one principle as the regenerating principle of mankind. So simple is life when well understood, and so universal is leading truth, that the coherent carrying out of but a single general principle would give character to an individual, and remodel human manners. But practice, like knowledge, is patched—we seldom meet with a whole piece.

Criticism has this advantage, that it impels other people to criticise you in return—and a man bent on improvement may thrive and grow strong on censure. A man may live long and in different lands, and have thousands of acquaintances, and not a friend among them all—if we understand by a friend one who consults your improvement as his own, and risks your ill opinion to correct your faults. Life has few friendships of this disinterested and exalted kind. When first engaged as a lecturer among the 'Branches' with which I was formerly connected, I found that I frequently left a place with all the errors that I took with me to it. Many among those whom I weekly addressed were superior to me, and must have seen my deficiencies. They treated me with kindness, but never gave me that high proof of goodwill to show me to myself. And I grew sad as I saw the slow advances I made, and I prayed for vigorous enemies—the more active the better, that I might often see myself as others saw me. I have now many friends—friends such that in the dreaming years of youth, when life first opened before me, I dreamt not of. But still I value an able enemy, as Solomon would say, above rubies. I often sit down in reverence before such, and those words they think I hear with pain I drink in with devout thankfulness. Criticism has given me these enemies. When you wound a man's self-love he seldom believes that you speak for his improvement, and he retaliates. If he has a mediocre mind he only calls you names, to which it is lost time to listen—but if he has power and genius he dissects you intellectually, and makes you his debtor for ever. If probity did not exist, said Robespierre, we ought to invent it—and if criticism of that which is wrong was not a duty, it would be good policy to practise it. It puts you above opinion. 'None are happy but they who are above opinion,' once said a Spartan. Then none are happy but thieves,' was the just reply, 'for they seem most above

opinion.' I do not mean above opinion in this sense, but in that sense in which you have looked at truth on all sides till you can set it in that light in which opinion cannot harm it.

But that criticism should be useful, it should be obviously well founded. As far as I can contrive it, any objection I enter is founded on some broad rule. If this be done, whether persons believe or not that you intend only improvement by your strictures, they will regard them. The way to the understanding is happily independent of the passions. If you make a clear amendment it will be operative, although it may be protested against at the time. At first I was discouraged by the virulence of denunciation with which some things I had mentioned were met. It seemed to me that I had lost time and friends to no purpose. But when months, and in some cases years, had elapsed, and the same persons had to do or say the same things again, I found that they did them differently. Many parties have made me the subject of painful opposition, and ascribed to me a querulousness, or a vanity, or a carping pride for offering dissentient remarks—they have even declared their determination to adhere to the supreme rightfulness of that against which I had set my face: but when they came to act in the same position, they have acted upon the plans I had laid down, copied my very errors, as they had called them, and claimed credit for them as virtues. I was years before I found this out—but at length I saw that truth, if you have the good fortune to hit upon it, is very powerful, and that you may improve men in spite of themselves. In the same way I have been improved. It happens to us all. Lord Brougham, in the most useful of his essays, wrote of the 'Pleasures and Advantages of Science.' He might have written also of the 'Pleasures and Advantages of Criticism,' for its advantages are great—greater by far than its pleasures.

At this time a memorable illustration of this subject is before the public. Those who know a little of the life and experience of Mr. Macready will be of opinion that the great misfortunes which have lately befallen him in America contradict the proposition just expressed, but those who know more will be able to reconcile such an instance with it. It is only the other side of the medal—it is the Peril-side of criticism. I have known many persons who, as actors, have come in contact with Mr. Macready. Very few give him a good name—yet few actors have ever deserved a better. Among the majority of actors Mr. Macready has an ill name throughout the profession. His discipline, his severity, his inexorable exactions, have given almost universal offence behind the scenes. Mr. Macready, having refined and noble ideas of his art, is indeed often impatient with those natures which seem incapable of sympathising with his views, and who prefer ease to excellence, or are content to win the public applause little caring to exalt the public taste. Indeed, it is upon record, which is indisputable, that he is of irritable temper; and many actors who have come into contact with him, disliking his inexorable exactions, have turned away disgusted, sickened, and outraged, and have reported him as vain, insolent, and arrogant. On the contrary, I have known a few who, comprehending his views, and sympathising with his desire to elevate the stage and to educate all up to his standard, have seen in him the true friend and the great teacher—who, through the stern rules of the highest art, would induct them to the highest excellence. I have heard Mr. Collet speak of him with the highest admiration. Many who have left Mr. Macready and complained of him, have gone elsewhere better men for having known him. To Mr. Macready belongs the honour of having elevated the drama in the eyes of nations, and his influence is felt throughout the entire stage. The hands of his assailants in America have

been strengthened by the feuds behind the scenes, which have arisen in most theatres where he has been. He has endeavoured to make rehearsals schools of improvement for all concerned. Those not wisely in love with improvement, and who were not anxious to dare criticism, shunned him and hated him, and many an English actor is secretly glad that Mr. Macready has been treated as he has in America, and thank the 'Bowery boys' for revenging their wrongs. Mr. Macready will deeply regret the blood which has been spilt in connection with his name—if he did not he would be more than a man, and therefore, as Macbeth implies—none; but if he is not supported by the integrity of his intentions, he is less. The influence of his career, and the advantages of his policy, will be remembered to his honour when the narrow animosity of his assailers will be, by common consent, consigned to oblivion. He will be welcomed back to his own shores by many whose appreciation will be a lasting source of honourable gratulation.

Ion.

A GLANCE AT REVOLUTIONISED ITALY.—BY C. MACFARLANE.*

A revolution is certainly a very uncomfortable thing for comfortable people, especially if they have Tory prejudices. It turns every thing upside down, makes a chaos in the counting-house, destroys the beautiful symetry of the ledger, and wofully interferes with solid domestic comfort. All red-tape men are taken aback by its irregular modes of conducting business, its wonderful out-of-the-way shifts, and its stratagems against rule and precedent. It gives the men of established usage the figgets—and if they happen to wear coronets and crowns, their case is so much the worse. Intelligent, graceful, travelling litterati, of the antique genus, cannot bear all the confusion and want of method without a protest of outraged orderly virtue. Gentlemen who can sit at the tables, and ride in the carriages of high and mighty continental princes, who have a strong sympathy with aristocratic luxuries, and a positive generous taste for aristocratic courtesies, become political monomaniacs when they see their great friends in distress, and a slight hindrance placed in the well-beaten path of aristocratic enjoyments.

The travelling literary gentleman, indignant at the imputation which a revolution casts upon the privileged statesmanship of his friends, and disgusted with the airs of those presumptuous intermeddlers who assume the title of patriots and liberals, forthwith writes down his impressions of the revolutionised country, while yet hot from the scene of action, and breathing out the air of palaces.

Now if one of these gentlemen were to publish a book, written under such circumstances, surely no one would wonder to find it furiously illiberal?—and if the said gentleman was in the habit of collecting choice morsels of criticism on revolutionary politics from the keepers of curiosities, palaces, museums, churches, the vendors of keepsakes, and articles of virtu, would any one feel the least surprise that such a book should be often characterised by the puerile, and strongly tinctured with passionate exaggeration? Mr. Macfarlane has produced such a book as above described, in his 'Glance at Revolutionised Italy.'

Mr. Macfarlane is a gentleman of the old Tory school. His creed would run thus:—I believe in kings. I believe in aristocracies. I believe in 'rational liberty,' and a mild, humble exclusive House of Commons. I believe in standing armies. I believe in borough-mongering, and disbelieve in, and hate, and will, with all my heart, all my soul, and all my strength, combat democracy to the death. I believe in the depravity and innate wickedness of man. I disbelieve in

* London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 65, Cornhill. 1849.

the Whigs, in all 'Reformers,' all 'Liberals,' all 'Patriots' whatsoever. I believe in the Treaties of 1815, and in the wisdom and justice of their provisions. I believe generally in all legitimate and hereditary monarchs, and in their right, combined with the consent of all old aristocratic families, to divide and parcel out Europe and the world amongst them, as to them seemeth meet. And finally, I disbelieve in, and heartily abhor, *beards* and *moustachios;* and I believe that the Sicilians roasted and ate the flesh of sundry and divers Neapolitan prisoners, within sight of their comrades.

Warrant for the above description of Mr. Macfarlane's creed is contained in the 'Glance at Revolutionised Italy;' and judging from the desperate style, and the bitter pertinacity, in which he has denounced 'beards and moustachios,' as the outward signs and hairy abominations of that inward and unclean perversity of human nature called 'Liberalism,' we should say that it formed no unimportant article of his political belief. One would imagine he thought that the salvation of Italy depends on shaven chins, and smooth upper lips. Nothing seems to have wounded him more deeply than these confounded, hirsute, black-muzzled patriots. But we shall not enter into the 'great beard question.' Suffice it to say that, according to the eccentric author of the 'Glance at Revolutionised Italy,' a beard is a *sineâ qu non* of Italian patriotism; and that, of all signs of the unclean thing, this is the greatest abomination in his eyes.

Mr. Tristram Shandy has written a chapter on 'Hobby Horses,' and said a great many things about them in his interesting Life; but not one among the wonderful specimens of that capricious genus which he has not mentioned, at all equals the performances of the animal in Mr. Macfarlane's possession. His passion is antiquity, constituted authority, submission, and smooth chins. Upon this creature he mounted, doubtless when the news of the doings in Paris on the 24th of February reached him, and forthwith rode at a pace that soon left him blind. At Pera in Constantinople we find him careering on his obedient hobby, and, in a state of blindness, dashing and charging through a world of politics filled with phantom forms of knaves, fanatics, and madmen, wearing black beards, and crying 'Hurrah for Italian Independence!' 'Your true Republican face,' he says, 'presented nothing but a bit of forehead, eyes, nose, and bushy hair. Political opinions were also strongly pronounced in hats. The Liberals sported hats of all manner of shapes, the favourite colour being white or drab. They had their Chapeau à la Robespierre, their Chapeau Républicain, their Chapeau à la Calabraise, &c., &c., for the most part decorated with tri-colour ribbons or cockades.' Let the reader imagine how very terrible all this must have been to a staid English gentleman, mounted on his mad hobby, and wearing a British castor. In this frame of mind our traveller gat him up into a ship, and *there*, at least, the reader would expect to find the fidgetty animal he rode tranquil for a season. But no such thing. He rides in full career all the voyage from Constantinople to Messina. There he stayed only 'three hours,' but, by the help of his wonderful steed, he has managed to tell us as much about the people, their habits, thoughts, and conversation, as if he had stayed three months. From this account one must conclude that a finer nest of insolent blackguards does not exist in any of the many islands of the blue Mediterranean. But then, we again recollect, our good friend is blind and riding his hobby horse. Take a specimen:—

'I have lived much among boasting, braggadocio nations or peoples, but I never heard such vapouring as among these unwashed Messinese patriots. We walked over nearly the whole of the city: everywhere the same armed and turbulent mobs. We could scarcely see a man working at his trade, or pursuing any

peaceful occupation. If the fellows had been drilling, or even learning the goose-step, it would have been something, but they were engaged in nothing but talk—loud talk, vehement disputations, and with such violent contortions of countenance and such gesticulations as can be made only by Sicilians, Neapolitans, and Greeks. Beggars of the town, and famishing peasants from the mountains—men and women, old and young, squalling infants, the lame, the halt, and the blind, and the representatives of nearly all other human calamities—were swelling the horrible discord. In the main street the noise was astounding It was a scene of Dante's Hell.'

Or take another group from the same picture:—

'From the arsenal we went to the Hôtel de Ville, where a council of war, a committee of public security, and I know not how many other committees, were assembled. The magnificent staircase, the spacious galleries and halls, were all crowded. I was much struck with the great number of priests and women. All were talking at the top of their voices, and all were, or seemed to be, in a fury of passion. There was no order, or attempt to maintain order: here was a counterpart of the French Jacobin Club or Cordelier Club of 1792. Stacks of pikes, dirty flags and banners suspended from some of the ceilings, and printed manifestos and proclamations to the sovereign people, completed the illusion or resemblance. But in the midst of all this noise and frantic enthusiasm we could now and then hear feeble, misgiving voices, and muttered complaints that there was no money!'

We need make no comment on this. The exaggerated tone of the passage is its own condemnation. Yet this is a fair specimen of the manner in which Mr. Macfarlane has treated the whole of the popular movement in Italy.

In such a book it is very difficult not to select passages written in bad taste, wild assertions which provoke antagonism, and bitter denunciations which border on the ridiculous—but we prefer to seize on those points in the work which exhibit the animus of a certain party in Europe, of which Mr. Macfarlane constitutes himself the Don Quixote, and which deserve some notice at our hands. Indeed, though the subject is in the last degree serious, and involves the destiny of Europe, we have found it impossible, without a great effort, to write one line about the book in sober earnest. Still as we believe it is a genuine expression of Tory feeling respecting the democratic movement on the continent in general, and in Italy in particular, we feel bound to set forth the character of the work, *à propos* of revolutions, in the best way we can.

One of the main points in the faith of Toryism is that it demands, and, if it can, compels, at any cost, *obedience* in those over whom its disciples assert the divine rights, and wield the brute force of government. It is the acme of perfection in politics, the next best thing to religion. A Tory parson, before preaching a sermon from the text 'Love one another,' exhorts his audience to 'Fear God and Honour the King.' Your Tory squire, man of letters, and minister of state, naturally enough, denounce all who inculcate the converse maxim as a necessary consequence of 'Love one another,' and tell us to 'Love God, and put the king in is proper place,' as an impious and anarchical doctrine, manifestly rising from he abominable Pit, and to be extinguished with all possible speed in this world, id its disciples tortured with all possible ingenuity in the next. Consequently, oryism makes a great case of an army, invests its church with a political as well s religious authority over the masses, corrupts, while it controls the press, and rganises a formidable band of spies and instruments of petty tyranny, under the guise of a police. This description of the governmental modes by which theoreti-

cal Toryism gets itself practised, of course only partially holds good of England, but until February 1848, it would be a sufficiently accurate description of the government of nearly every continental state, and was especially true of Italy. There obedience was the order of the day—and political society was a honeycomb of plots and conspiracies, on the surface of which bivouacked a steady, well-disciplined, and ferocious 'army of order,' ready to repress and extinguish every manifestation of popular feeling, hostile to the constituted authorities. As an inevitable consequence, what was foreseen has happened: the whole structure has fallen into ruins, because the foundations of power were superficial and not bedded in the heart of the nation. Moreover, the governing power, the soul of the Tory party of Italy, was *alien;* and now, revolution has made Italy, in the eyes of Tories, a chaos; very unsightly, and exceedingly uncomfortable to the tourist, who cannot get a good dinner; disgusting to the gentlemanly man of letters, who finds aristocratic society broken up; and abhorrent to the selfish soul of every man who detests disorder, while he is absolutely indifferent to its cause.

From each of these points of view Mr. Macfarlane has glanced at revolutionised Italy. The people have not been obedient to the legitimate authorities. Designing democrats, ambitious of power, and puffed up with vanity, have '*played off*' insurrections for their own profit, making the nation a '*scene* of revolution and a *stage* for democratic republicanism to stalk upon.' It has not been the product of an earnest irresistible faith, this revolutionising of Italy. It has not been, even, the reaction from Austrian compression, and Papal profligacy. It is not the manifestation of an imperative desire on the part of the people for a noble, national life. It has not arisen from an obedience to authorities, not constituted, but higher than all constituted authority, always powerful, at proper times, invincible, and which ever and anon strikingly enforce their dictates upon usurpers and their hired mercenaries in high places, in the face of the world—it is not in obedience to these highest authorities, Truth, Right, and Justice, that Italy has risen, insurgent and defiant, after three centuries of submission to foreign lords, to take her place among the peoples of Europe as a free nation, and not as an Imperial apanage. No! cries Mr. Macfarlane, speaking the true instincts of Toryism, it is the work of a disgraceful faction of brigands and madmen—it is human depravity—it is anarchy in insurrection against order, mob-ferocity and strength, without a legal warrant, striving to seize on power and dominion to plunder the owners of property, and murder the possessors of power. Austrian rule was very proper; Bourbon rule was very just; Tuscan rule was wise and beneficient; Papal rule was quite good enough; and Piedmont was a political paradise—until these revolutions upset every thing. The emigration at Coblentz sang the same song respecting France in 1790. The 'emigration' in London of lately *unconstituted* authorities even now sing the same song respecting both France and Germany. Mr. Macfarlane lifts up his voice amid this chorus, evidently with all his heart; and his presence there makes us sad, because he is a man of genius, and a native of a land which has fought, bled, and suffered for the freedom it has won. But Mr. Macfarlane went to Italy loving absolutism and hating democracy; and he compiled his book from his notes under the shadow of Canterbury Cathedral!

The sources from whence Mr. Macfarlane obtained his information respecting events, parties, leaders, and the condition of the country, are alone sufficient to invalidate his testimony. When we find him accepting the assertions and narrations of consuls, ministers, government employées, officers of the king's native army and of his Swiss regiments at Naples, we think we have good ground *for*

doubting, if not for at once rejecting, his statements. When he tells us what the showmen and tavern keepers of Italy related, and sets forth in detail the mourning and lamentations of image and relic sellers, over the desperate state of *their* trade, owing to the departure of foreigners, we readily confess that he imparts life to his pictures, but we cannot admit that such criticism and denunciation have any weight in determining the question of the value of, and the necessity for, the insurrections and revolts in favour of Italian Independence. And it appears to us unworthy of a philosophical historian, to describe so bitterly, and dwell on with such a mixture of scorn and humour, the first efforts of a people who have been enslaved for centuries. But when, in addition to the charge of confusion and want of discipline, he accuses them of cowardice, we feel that he has passed the bounds which literary custom has permitted to an atrabilious traveller, and that he displays great ignorance of the popular side of the Italian movement. We say ignorance, because Mr. Macfarlane is by nature morally daring, and would not scruple to write what he believed to be the truth. But this does not exonerate him from that severe censure which he deserves for having neglected either to make proper inquiries or give due weight to adverse evidence. The Italians are not cowards. Radetski fled before the barricades of Milan. In the campaign which followed, those Lombard volunteers *who could obtain* arms fought and died at the posts assigned to them—posts where danger was ever at hand, and death often present. The Provisional Government of Milan, chiefly composed of Austrian partisans, refused to arm the population, who demanded nothing better than to march against the Austrians. The battalion of the University of Pisa was cut to pieces, defending Curtatone, unsupported, and against overwhelming forces; and, at the battle of Novara, a band of Lombard volunteers defended a ford against the Austrian army, and were destroyed almost to a man, while the traitor Ramorino stood by, with his regulars, an inactive spectator. Rome defies the armed forces of *four* nations. Bologna, Radetski's *Gazette* tells us, only capitulated on the 16th of May, after an 'almost uninterrupted conflict of eight days,' ending by half an hour's bombardment; and a few days after, the patriots of Leghorn fiercely disputed the possession of that city with the Austrians under d'Aspre. We could enumerate many more instances; but to name Venice, who, by her heroic defence, magnanimity, and stedfastness, has revived the glories of the old republic, will be sufficient for all whose ears are not deaf to the voice of truth, and whose eyes are not blinded by fierce galloping upon unruly hobby horses.

Mr. Macfarlane's calumnies on the character of Signor Mazzini, which would be disgraceful in a savage, are pitiable in a Scotchman, boasting of superior intelligence, cultivation, and discernment. We shall only cite one, which is, if not a deliberate falsehood, an unpardonable misrepresentation. At page 107, vol. 2, we find the following passage:—

'Gallantry to ladies does not appear to be included among the assumed virtues of "Young Italy." The Grand Duchess, a Neapolitan princess, was treated with as little respect as her consort—was almost as much traduced as the Austrian-born Queen of Naples, or the weeping wife of Charles Albert, sister of the Grand Duke. "We have ten centuries of outrages to revenge," says Mazzini *—"*Abbiamo*

*'Art. in "La Giovine Italia," re-published in "Prose di Giuseppe Mazzini." Florence, 1848.

'This writer and his emulators are constantly conjugating the verb *vendicare*, or dwelling upon *vendetta*, which is the very noun a wise, moral reformer would wish to see expunged from the popular vocabulary of Italy. The phrase we have quoted in the text was used by the author in explaining to the world what was meant by the expression "Giovine Italia."'—Note by C. M.

dieci secoli d'oltraggi a vendicare." His disciples and rivals seem determined to take all this glut of vengeance in a few months, and to gratify their appetite of revenge without any distinction as to the victims they are to sacrifice.'

Vendicare means *to revenge*, and *vendetta*, *revenge*. We deny the statement respecting the recurrence of these words in the works of Mazzini; and, as a practical disproof of the calumny contained in the text, we recite only this one fact: On the 7th of May, 1849, Guiseppe Mazzini, Chief Triumvir of Rome, *unconditionally* set at liberty 400 French prisoners fairly captured in war.

Happily the destinies of nations do not depend upon the unfair criticisms and blind denunciations of prejudiced travellers. Italy will win her independence now, or in good time, spite of all the absolutists of Europe; and Mr. Macfarlane will, like many more, have, we trust, the pleasure of seeing, in their old age, their judgments falsified and their predictions unfulfilled.

Apart from politics the book is interesting, well written, and pleasant reading. Indeed, on any other subject, Mr. Macfarlane writes with good sense and good feeling. For many things we respect him, and not the least for his frankness. Only we could wish that he had shown a little less puerile vanity in boasting of his titled acquaintances, and a little more respect for those who have not the honour to bear the arms of aristocracy. We have only to add our earnest wish that Mr. Macfarlane may live to visit Italy when the Storm of Revolution has passed away, and that he may enjoy good dinners, good company, and, above all, a good temper, as some consolation for the want of each—especially the last—in his visit in 1848. EUGENE.

ACTION AND REACTION.

BY EMILE DE GIRARDIN.*

REACTION, in physics, is the action which one body exercises on another which strikes or compresses it. The ancients were acquainted with reaction, but were ignorant of the fact that it is ever equal and contrary to action. It was Newton who first announced and fixed this important law, which he reduced to these two fundamental propositions: 1. Reaction is always equal to the action or the compression. 2. It doubles the transmitted motion, and *vice versâ*. The part performed by reaction in celestial mechanics is immense, since it is equal to the action by virtue of which move all the heavenly bodies.

Reaction, in politics, is a law which is yet only imperfectly studied, especially in France.

This ignorance accounts for those periodical shocks which we call revolutions, and whose effect is to cause to retrograde the ideas which they aimed to forward. This ignorance explains why, in France, we go backwards from one disaster to another, instead of advancing from progress to progress—why, here, ideas and events appear in perpetual contradiction.

Let us add at once, in order to be clear, that we do not employ the word 'reaction' in its figurative political meaning, which is: a movement of the oppressed, who, in the intoxication of triumph and revenge, hasten to act, in their turn, as the oppressors acted.

No; we use the term 'reaction' in a higher sense. Where others are intent on pointing out, in reaction, a party fault, we desire to study a law of government.

This law exists; the question is merely to define it accurately, in order that what is an obstacle may become a power, what is resistance may serve as a

* Editor of the French newspaper, *La Presse*.

fulcrum, what delays the progress of institutions may hasten it, that what excites revolutions may conjure them.

In France, observe the facts with attention, with a mind free from prepossession, from all interest contrary to the truth, observe them as science does when it performs an analysis, and you will discover that nothing is there accomplished except through reaction.

Reaction is the law of its political motion. Every movement forward made by France causes her to lose ground, every retrograde step makes her advance.

Thus liberty unavoidably leads back to order—order necessarily carries us back to liberty; thus the republicans of the eve re-established the ruined affairs of the republicans of the morrow, who, in their turn, will speedily restore the former. It seems as if the victorious party had no other task to perform than that of justifying the party which it supplanted, and of communicating to the government the motion of a pendulum. France oscillates, but does not advance.

When, then, at length, will it advance? When will it leave off swinging to and fro from right to left, and from left to right? When, then, will it cease to struggle between two revolutions, the one always caused by the fear of the other? Not till the day when the law of reaction shall have found in politics, as it has in physics, its Newton—not before, possessed of power, the men who amongst us personify the principle of progress shall know how to organise resistance, and the men of resistance shall be able to direct progress.

It belongs to liberty to restore the shaken authority; it is authority which must extend restrained liberty.

Liberty which enlarged itself destroys itself; authority, by exaggerating, lessens itself. Such is the law of reaction.

As head of the movement party, M. Ledru-Rollin's special duty, after the 24th of February, was to be the minister of the resistance. He offered guarantees enough to liberty; he had only to give securities to order.

Personifying the ministry, after the 10th of Decembér, M. Odilon Barrot should have become minister of the movement. It was the way to direct it.

But the situation was no better understood by M. Odilon Barrot than by M. Ledru-Rollin. Each re-committed the fault committed by the other, without the experience of the first being useful to the second. Both were guilty of exaggerating their principles. M. Ledru-Rollin had overdone the movement, M. Odilon Barrot overdoes the resistance. The former raised up again the fallen resistance, the latter will give a fresh impulsion to the arrested movement.

Thus Socialism, which experienced a marked suspension of progress, while M. Louis Blanc was president of the commission at the Luxembourg, Socialism has resumed its rapid advance, very fortunate in having escaped the dangerous ordeal of a *ministry of progress*. If it is desired to stop the march of Socialism, it must be helped to make experiments; if we would push it forward, it is only necessary to oppose its efforts.

Without the least doubt, the eleven members of the Provisional Government, in extending universal suffrage beyond all known limits, beyond the bounds admitted even in the United States, thought they were strengthening themselves and with them the revolution of February; they did not think they were preparing, at least so soon, the return of resistance. Thus universal suffrage itself has not escaped the supreme law of reaction.

Does any one fancy that this law of reaction had not an immense and decisive influence on the election of the 10th of December? The greater the efforts and manœuvres of those in power to prevent it, the more they helped to produce it;

the more they abused their possession of authority, the stronger they made the opposition. This is an indisputable fact, for it occurred under the eyes of nine millions of witnesses assembled round the electoral urn.

But because universal suffrage has deceived the hopes of its promoters and dissipated the fears of its adversaries, become its most zealous apostles, the latter make no doubt that it will ensure three years hence, as it does now, the triumph of their cause. Error! Error! If the resistance party retain power, it is against them and in favour of the movement that the next general elections will turn.

France is thus constituted; and since it is known, and everything demonstrates it, it is unpardonable to overlook a law the consequences of whose infraction are the instability of our institutions and the periodicity of our revolutions.

There are no revolutions without causes. He who cannot see in a revolution anything more than an accident is a mere passenger who must on no account be made pilot.

The fruit that falls does so by virtue of a law; this law reveals to Newton the secret of univeral gravitation, which in its turn gives us that of the celestial mechanism. Let this example encourage us, when we see a throne fall, to ascend from the effect to its cause; in this way we shall discover, by the secret of democratic gravitation, that of the social mechanism.

How can the existence of governments be other than precarious when the people has less interest in preserving than in destroying them? Reverse the case, and they become unshakeable. If governments are like a pyramid standing on its point, it is not astonishing if they cannot resist the shock of revolutions, unless they are surrounded by the most complicated and expensive scaffolding. To simplify is to strengthen. It is only by seeking without intermission the reason why governments fall that we shall learn how to make them stand. There are laws which are never violated with impunity, though undesignedly; such is the law of reaction. Let it not be forgotten.

May 14, 1849.

SOCIAL PROGRESS DEBATED AND EXPLAINED.

(Continued from page 348.)

HAVING satisfied themselves of the reality of this *cycle* in the past, they naturally proceed to anticipate the recurrence of similar cycles in the future. As the earth has rotated on its axis, and the planets have revolved in their respective orbits round the sun, in the past, and continue on their course in the present, so will they in the future.

It need scarcely be stated that this theory of the *cycle* is utterly irreconcilable with the theory of continued *progress*. Which theory is true? Which, in other words, is strictly in keeping with recorded experience? Which is delusive? Which scientific? Science, as has been before said, is essentially the knowledge of cause and effect. 'Cause and effect' means inseparable, antecedent, and consequent—inseparable, so that a like antecedent must be followed by a like consequent in the future. To be warranted, then, in anticipating the recurrence of a former consequent, we must be satisfied of the presence of the antecedent by which that consequent was formerly preceded. An investigation so conducted is alone worthy of a student of science.

Let us investigate the theory of the cycle, as applicable to the destiny of any of the modern nations of Europe—of our own, for example. The British nation, during a course of upwards of 1,000 years, emerging from barbarism, has gra-

dually risen to her present state of civilisation. Are we compelled to anticipate, from what has befallen other nations, that her civilisation is about to depart from her, and that thus the cycle of her destiny is about to be completed? Great Britain was poor and hardy; next skilful, enterprising, and powerful; then wealthy, and disposed for peace and enjoyment; and must now be prepared to pass from among the nations, *because like sequences have hitherto obtained.*

Softly. It is incompatible with that caution which Science cannot dispense with, to take so many assumptions for granted. Great Britain, if subjected to the examination of the scientific inquirer, will be found to present more points of difference than of resemblance, when compared with the nations whose downfall has been cited. The people of Great Britain so far resemble those with whom they have been compared, inasmuch as they eat, drink, and sleep, and perform other animal functions; but they do not resemble, inasmuch as they read, write, and print, know the shape of the earth, the movements of the heavenly bodies, the laws of chemistry, electricity, and magnetism, and many of their applications, and are besides familiar with numerous applications of Social Science; to all of which their predecessors were strangers. It can hardly, we imagine, be seriously pretended, that what has happened with former sets of men must necessarily happen to others, greatly differing from them. That would be to anticipate like effects, not from like, but from unlike causes.

It is not expected that the crops reaped from the land by modern science, are to be no more abundant than what were yielded by the same land to the agriculture of the ancients. We are not contented to extract assistance from wind and water, steam and electricity, equal only to what the ancients were obliged to put up with. Nevertheless, the elements which surround the modern and the ancient are identical; but the modern, profiting by the knowledge of the elements progressively gained and faithfully recorded, has skilfully appropriated from among them whatever he could make available for promoting well-being. In Physical Science, and its applications, accordingly, we discern abundant proofs of progress—no proof of a cycle.

As the land and the elements yield to modern science greatly increased contributions to human well-being, so also does man's own conduct. What character of conduct is really conducive to well-being, is better understood by the moderns than the ancients. So also is it better understood how that conduct which is good may be induced—how dispositions favourable to good conduct may be trained. Social Science has been of slower, and is of yet more modern growth than physical science, but it equally unfolds abundant proofs of progress—none of a cycle.

The government of force, so greatly relied upon to hold people together in former times, has been partially superseded, and is being, day by day, more superseded by the government of opinion; that is, of love and attachment to institutions which afford protection, and are susceptible of adaptation to the growing civilisation of the people. The power of brute force, goaded by privation, and allured by the prospect of plunder, to overcome an inferior brute force enfeebled by dissipation, and impatient of discipline, is nothing remarkable. But the mere notion of brute force successfully assaulting a community blessed with wealth, cemented by mutual interest and dependence, interchanging benefits, and co-operating in useful works, courting peace with neighbouring communities, though able to repel attacks with all the aid contributed by discipline and science, can do no more than raise a smile or shrug of pity, for the understanding of the person who entertains it.

Those bloody and destructive wars, those social convulsions, those massacres and rebellions which chequer and disfigure modern history, may be cited against

We extract the following from the *Weekly Dispatch*—'It is a proof beyond reply of what I say, that nobody thinks or legislates for the poor—considers them as men and fellow-subjects. Socialism or Communism, or any other ism, up to Devilism, would be a blessing if it would awaken men's minds to the truth that this base of the pyramid of society stands topsy-turvy. The upper classes know nothing about it, the aristocrat is hedged in by the little clique he calls "the world," the Parson preaches charity to his genteel congregation, for Church congregations are exclusively composed of genteel people, and eats his comfortable dinners with Christian complacency, not dreaming that these poor wretches, not merely untaught, but horribly mistaught by this daily experience of misusage, come within the scope of his mission or his duty. We must not have a battue and kill them outright like rats, though that would in reality be as merciful as our present practice, but we pull down their habitations as nuisances, witness the disappearance of the last vestige of the rookery at St. Giles's; we hunt and worry them, drive them from the workhouses to the street, from the street to the refuge of the jail, put ourselves to all manner of expense in the chase, but never do the one thing which would make the expense available—think, act, and legislate, not exclusively for our own pockets, but for the poor.'

We have received the Laws of the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers, in the enrolled form. Those persons forming Co-operative Stores in any locality would be advantaged by procuring a copy of these Laws from the secretary, James Daly, Rochdale.

The town council of Sheffield, who last year were against Hume's motion for Parliamentary Reform, have this year petitioned for it—as we learn from one of their body.

Bailey states, in chapter 6 of his 'Rationale of Political Representation,' that 'The conditions for the introduction of a measure, whether of abolition, or change, or positive innovation, are—1st. That the measure shall be for the public [general] good. 2nd. That the majority of the people shall have a clear and steady conviction that it is so.'

The Lancashire Public School Association holds a monthly meeting, at which essays are read by some distinguished member. At the April meeting the essayist of the evening was Dr. John Watts—whose very practical paper has been sent to us. His subject was National Education, considered as a question of Financial Economy. It seems to have been applauded by men of good name at the meeting.

We have been favoured, by Mr. Ironside, with the *Independent's* report of the Sheffield election. Nowhere do we remember to have seen such vigourous questioning as that to which Mr. Roebuck was subjected. Mr. Ironside's speech, on the day of the election, was the ablest we have seen of his. In the *Northern Star* there has since appeared a correspondence between Mr. Clark, the Chartist candidate, and the Chartist council there—which is so excellent, and does Mr. Clark so much credit, that we regret that its length prevents us transferring it to our columns.

'Eben Jones,' whom lately we met in the walks of Poetry, has recurred again to politics, with success. His 'Land Monopoly,' a pamphlet at 3d., published by C. Fox, is a production of great ability—one of the few contributions to this question (agitated by the wisest reformers) which is likely to advance the great change desired.

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.
June 6, 1849.

THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

A meeting was held the other night in London, at the Italian School Rooms. A great proportion of the meeting seemed to be made up of the 'image men,' who manifested great enthusiasm on behalf of the struggles of their country. A subscription was entered into on behalf of the wives and children of those who have fallen in defence of the republic. It reached £86. Several wealthy friends aided, but the amount made up was very creditable.

Several ladies have exerted themselves to obtain subscriptions for the same purpose, with pleasing success. The popular meetings of this country should make subscriptions on this account. They could hardly manifest their sympathy in a more useful way. On Sunday evening, May 27, after Mr. Holyoake's lecture on the 'Metaphysics of Revolutions,' he suggested the matter to the audience, who seemed cheerfully to approve it. Any collection, however, was delayed till the next Sunday, when the lecture, by Mr. Thomas Cooper, would be upon Italy, and probably arrangements with the directors could be perfected by that time.

Mr. Holyoake quoted the celebrated description of the Romans, given in Macaulay's Lay of Horatius, as applicable to Mazzini and the republican party of Italy at this hour, as indicative of their bravery and their intentions.

> For Romans, in Rome's quarrel,
> Spared neither land nor gold,
> Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
> In the brave days of old.
>
> Then none were for a party—
> Then all were for the state;
> Then the great man helped the poor,
> And the poor man loved the great.
> Then lands were fairly portioned—
> Then spoils were fairly sold:
> The Romans were like brothers
> In the brave days of old.

Margaret Fuller, writing from Rome (we quote from her letter in the *New York Weekly Tribune*), says:—'How I wish my country would show some noble sympathy when an experience so like her own is going on. Politically she cannot interfere; but formerly, when Greece and Poland were struggling, they were at least aided by private contributions. Italy, naturally so rich, but long racked and impoverished by her oppressors, greatly needs money to arm and clothe her troops. Some token of sympathy, too, from America would be so welcome to her now. If there were a circle of persons inclined to trust such to me, I might venture to promise the trust should be used to the advantage of Italy. It would make me proud to have my country show a religious faith in progress of ideas, and make some small sacrifice of its own great resources in aid of a sister cause now.'

Since penning the above notice, Mr. Holyoake addressed a letter to the Directors at John Street, who, with the public spirit which distinguishes that place, at once consented to a collection being made. Mr. Cooper not being present on Sunday evening, the audience was addressed by Mr. Shorter, after whom Mr. Holyoake and Mr. R. Moore introduced the Roman question, and a subscription of nearly £7 was at once made. Great enthusiasm was manifested. The subscriptions and names have been dispatched for insertion in the Roman journal. We shall supply further particulars next week G. J. H.

PERSECUTION IN MORPETH.

From a letter which we have seen, addressed to Mr. Arthur Trevelyan on behalf of the readers in a small news-room in Morpeth to which he had made several liberal presents, we find that certain bigotted people there have put what they call the hand of piety on the readers, and, by various persecution, broken them up. A friend has stepped forward and offered them the use of a small room in his house, where they at present assemble. Mr. Trevelyan's tract on Class Legislation seems to have been the chief cause of the opposition by which the society has been assailed. *Anguis in herba* is an old caution given to parties who trust themselves in the fields, that they may beware of 'a snake in the grass;' but *Anguis in Ecclesia* is a motto that may be commended to experimental village reformers—beware of 'a snake in the Church.' Is it quite the thing that those who tell us that the gospel is *good-will* should compel so often the remembrance of so bitter a maxim as this?

G. J H.

A QUESTION FOR THE PEACE PEOPLE.

Will any one of the readers of the *Reasoner*, who may advocate *non-intervention* as a national rule, inform me why Lady Franklin should apply to the American Government for assistance to recover her husband—and not only apply, but that successfully; and why the English Government should decline giving any assistance to beleagured Rome? A satisfactory reply would throw some light upon the '*peace*' *question*. W. J. L.

THE CANTON DU VAUD.

The Rev. Mr. Gallienne, missionary from the Canton du Vaud, Switzerland—at the Wesleyan Missionary Anniversary, Bristol—adverted to the present condition of the country in which he had laboured. What struck the Christian to be the position was this—that there was a conflict, a battle, a pitched battle being carried on between infidelity on the one hand, and Christianity on the other; that the forces were gathered on both sides, and were in the presence of each other; and that it remained to be seen which would prevail. At first sight it might not strike the stranger that elements of atheism were at work so deeply as was the case; but they might depend upon it that Switzerland, at the present moment, was the stronghold of democracy, popery, and infidelity—and those three principles he considered (if he might be allowed to interpret a passage of scripture) the three unclean spirits proceeding out of the mouth of the beast, the dragon, and the false prophet, and spreading through the earth and preparing the world for the great day of the Lord of Hosts. However that might be, they were at work in Switzerland, and attacked society in every form. They attacked the politician and the social inhabitant, and they had promoted the revolutions of the Continent—those blood-stained movements which had so shaken and altered the condition of society. He must state it as a fact that our own government in the Canton du Vaud had not scrupled to express openly its sympathy with the revolution of June in Paris, and with the bloodshed and outrages at Milan and Naples. The rev. speaker went on to explain the political, moral, and religious condition of Switzerland. He said he was reading in a public paper the other day in that country a statement, boldly asserting that all property was theit, that a man committed a wrong who possessed more than his neighbour, and that all property was the property of the state, which had a right to abolish and distribute it just as it thought proper. Then, as to the moral condition, the people were taught that there was no such thing as individual consciences; while, as regards religion, it was argued unblushingly that religion lay at the root of all the social evils of society—that as long as men retained a hold of the thread by which they clung to heaven, there could be no real happiness for them on earth—that man had no need of God—and that Christianity produced all the evils from which the world suffered. These principles were industriously disseminated by clubs numbering 100,000 and 200,000, meeting night after night, and having their newspapers and their missionaries to spread them abroad. At the present moment emissaries were abroad in France, the German States, and in Italy, teaching atheism, and spreading the seeds of revolution, and preparing a mine which, at a given moment, would explode and engulph those countries in ruin.

LAW OF INSTRUCTION.

If we hope to instruct others, we should familiarise our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action. The world is a vast labyrinth, in which almost every one is running a different way, and almost every one manifesting hatred to those who do not run the same way. A few, indeed, stand motionless, and, not seeking to lead themselves or others out of the maze, laugh at the failures of their brethren—yet with little reason; for more grossly than the most bewildered wanderer does *he* err who never aims to go right. It is more honourable to the head, as well to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it. The happiness of mankind is the *end* of virtue, and truth is the knowledge of the *means*—which he will never seriously attempt to discover who has not *habitually* interested himself *in the welfare of others*. The searcher after truth must love and be beloved, for general benevolence is a necessary motive to constancy of pursuit; and this general benevolence is begotten and rendered permanent by social and domestic affections. The paternal and filial duties discipline the heart, and prepare it for the love of all mankind. The intensity of private attachments encourages, not prevents, universal benevolence. The nearer we approach the sun, the more intense his heat; yet what corner of the system does he not cheer and vivify?—*S. T. Coleridge.*

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE.

BY G. J. HOLYOAKE.

This work, entitled 'Rudiments of Rhetoric; or Public Speaking and Debate,' has been out a week. It can be had in two sixpenny parts, or in one wrapper at one shilling. The information upon which a previous notice was given of the appearance of this work was incorrect, and therefore all allusion to it has been suppressed till it is actually on the publisher's counter.

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RECEIVED.—E. Truelove.—*Spectator*, No. 1069.—J. B. ('Public Speaking and Debate' has been forwarded to the Bury post office.)—R. C. ('Mathematics no Mystery' has been sent to Wigan, as directed.)—W. Russell, Brussels. (Mr. Holyoake has resumed the studies at the University spoken of in a former number.)

*** The next volume will commence a New Series.

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Wednesday, June 6, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 159.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

ANOTHER SERIES OF THE 'REASONER.'

It has been suggested by our publisher, that as the sixth volume is nearly completed, that the present Series had better close with it. As several numbers are out of print, and sets can be completed but with difficulty, it is desirable to afford new readers a point of commencement, from which a new set can date. The next volume, beginning on July 4th, will therefore commence another series.

This opportunity is suitable for explaining some rules of advocacy, which a review of the experience of eight years has suggested, which have been tried since No. 149, and which in the New Series will be professedly adopted.

In connection with others, and independently, I have conducted an advocacy of atheism eight years. The circulation of the papers in which it has been done has fluctuated very little, and is not more at this time than at the beginning. Some subscribers have passed away, and others have replaced them—but the circle has not widened. We may have impressed a better tone on this advocacy. There are signs that we have exercised some useful influence on public opinion, but, like the Unitarians, (whose early career ours at a remote distance has resembled) we are stationary in numbers. The indirect influence of Unitarianism is greater than ever, but their meetings are thinner, and the outward signs of their existence less vital than when Priestley was chased over the Atlantic.

The stationariness of that phase of Utilitarianism which we represent seems to me to be owing to three causes. One personal, one legal, and one dependent on the character of the age.

1. Experience has taught me that the world regards the constant identification with unpopular opinions as dogmatism and intolerance—because its pride and its infallibility are outraged by your persistency. And what people regard as zeal in the Christian, they feel like the spirit which would dragoon them out of their faith on the part of the atheist. The people, therefore, *resent* your proselytism, and when you awaken *resentment* you arrest your *progress*. All this is very absurd on the part of the public. But if the public will be absurd, our business is to take care and provide against it, and not be so absurd ourselves as to let the absurdity of others paralyse us. The alternative to be adopted, then, is an *impersonal* advocacy of our views. To speak *of* them generally as the *critic*, not as the *partisan*. The world recognises the disposition to be impartial where this tone is adopted, and it attends to the exposition and no longer hates the expositor. When people feel that you intend to *make* them hear, they *will not* hear. The impersonal course escapes this antagonism, and advance is more likely to be made. Those who do not distinguish between the duality of modes and the oneness of principle, will think that there is something wrong in this, because it differs from a course long inaugurated. But if A does for B *the same* to-day as he did yesterday, he serves him *no less* because he serves him as a *friend* instead of as a *relative*. He serves him more effectually, because his service is less open to the suspicion of proceeding from private interest. In this way we propose to serve our principles.

Persons long accustomed to a certain *form* of expression, associate in time the form with the principle—and when they find a variation of enunciation, conclude

that there is a variation in principle. And the fear of being thus fatally mistaken, and of being denounced as a 'trimmer,' induces many men to cling for ever to the worn-out tactics of an intellectual warfare. With any other readers than those of the *Reasoner*, I (speaking in my own person) should feel the same apprehensions. They would not, indeed, deter me, as the light of duty, when fully clear, casts no shadow of hesitation. My readers would cease to be my friends should I pay them so ill a compliment as to assume that my own convictions remained unrevealed in awe of their reprobation. No; I should deserve to forfeit their confidence if I stooped to retain their support by servility. In these pages it is ever enough to appeal to Truth and to Utility. The new course is only less arrogant, not *less honest*, than our former one. Need more be said than this: If we are found preferring any public course because it gratifies our pride, irrespective of its usefulness, we prefer our pride to our duty?

Whenever it shall seem publicly useful, I shall make the identification with atheism distinct. People who suspect that which is done for *a party*, will honour the avowal which they feel to be made from *conviction:* and its occasionality will give it force.

Those who cannot understand this course, or reconcile it to rightfulness, my counsel is—do not accept it. Those who cannot, in acting upon it, steer clear of a treacherous silence, or a cowardly equivocation, my counsel again is—do not act upon it. If a bigot challenged my sentiments, he should know them without reserve or mistake, and with a distinctness as vivid as I could make the avowal. There is no taming a bigot but by defying him. It should always be seen that my reserve arose out of respect to others, and that it was in no sense compromise.

2. The weekly tone of the *partisan* compelled every reader to make himself an atheist, or allow it to be assumed by his friends that he was one, or he could not lay the *Reasoner* about in his family, as it was formerly conducted. This interfered greatly with its circulation. Many who take in the *Reasoner* are not atheists, and many dare not be, as an atheist is an *outlaw;* and though a man may sacrifice himself, he has no right to sacrifice others without adequate justification, and that justification a man must find for himself in his own conscience—an editor cannot make it.

The legal impediment is more serious by far than we were for a long time aware. It amounts, in fine, to most serious and uninterrupted persecution. An atheist being incapable of taking an oath, except by the concealment or denial of his opinions, is deprived of legal protection for person or property, and incapacitated from holding civil appointments. While this lasts we can never hope to receive the open countenance of those classes who give weight and importance to a party: and as only very generous natures will aid a propagandism of which their social position forbids them from ever enjoying the triumph, this legal restriction is an almost fatal persecution. We have waited for the emancipation of the Jews, or we should before this have pressed upon the consideration of Parliament the injustice from which we suffer. To press our own claims forward while the Jewish question is pending, might furnish an argument against it, and we are not willing to prejudice their chance.

3. The habits of the age have little taste for that sternness of speculation which looks on life as it is, which refuses to apologise for present adversity under the plea of future hope, but comprehends that evil is not absolute but relative, and resolves to conquer it. Few persons believe that reason is sufficient to prescribe moral rules for men, and bind them on their habits. Each man feels intelligence to be sufficient for himself, but not for his neighbours; and the majority of those

who reject each scheme of theology as repugnant to their own understandings, accept its machinery as necessary to influence the vulgar. But as we have nearly banished coercion from education, so we shall banish it from morals; and the day will come when it will be held as an indication of a depraved disposition, or a weak administration of government, to invoke coercion, or influence by delusions rejected by those who propose them for others. The views we hold and urge on this question are held to be speculative. Some day they will be found to be essentially practical—*the* views which will insure true peace, the ascendancy of reason, and the permanence of morality. But the numbers among atheists who sympathise to any purpose with these views are few. Such convictions imply penetration to first principles, and require earnestness to diffuse them. And most persons who consider themselves as 'sceptics' appear to have gone little farther than the rejection of theological error, without taking up with the positive and moral truth. In many quarters, too, there is to be observed a low standard of taste. Persons address the public who have rejected grosser superstition, but cling to its subtler forms; and you not unfrequently hear them indulge in the low ribaldry of the obsolete race of 'wits about town,' and then shelter themselves under a form of religious words. This practice builds up a fatal prejudice in our path, and associates freethinking in religion with vulgarity and finesse. The great number of persons who are known to hold liberal opinions, compared with the few who aid them substantially, proves how much has to be done to inspire them with an activity commensurate with the importance of their convictions.

One immense distinction has latterly much struck me—viz., the difference between the partisan and the propagandist. Will the friends of the *Reasoner* ponder over it? How content are we with our own position! Is it enough that we see the light? Should we rest while our neighbour is benighted and enslaved? How much do we exact in all we hear and read for our own satisfaction merely! How little do we tolerate for the advantage of those who do not yet participate in our views! This question will bear profitable examination. I have borne previous testimony to the devotion which our 'working circle' have manifested for the welfare of this journal; but when we consider how many are with us in sentiment who yet never aid, it seems an injustice to those who do. That man neither understands his interests nor respects his honour who accepts utilitarian truth, and is not in earnest for its prevalence. That which we do is but a tithe of that which we could do, were the will equal to the power among *all* who think us in the right.

The rule of advocacy mentioned at the opening of this notice is so simple as scarcely to deserve the distinction accorded to it. But it is mentioned because it opens up one of those hidden facts seldom if ever brought under discussion. Without the compromise of an atom of principle, so simple a variation of literary detail as the change of a personal pronoun—using the third person instead of the first—speaking *of* a thing, instead of speaking as that thing—carried out in many divisions, consistently, will impart a new tone to an entire advocacy. I have often commended to our friends that bearing which unites impartiality with *decided* convictions, and a resolute will to see them prevail. It has become evident to me, on reviewing the conduct of many who have heard this advice, that it was one thing to advise, and a very different one to see that advice realised. It appears to me that a rule must be supplied whereby it may be done—whereby *independence* can be secured without verging on rudeness or egotism. The observance of the literary precept that has been explained will secure this end. Those who regard such an object lightly, should pause over the words of Judge Blackstone,

in those Commentaries to which both liberty and literature, as well as the English nation at large, have been indebted. He says—'Though a notion of general liberty had pervaded and animated the whole constitution, yet the particular liberty, the natural equality, and personal independence of individuals, were little regarded or thought of—nay, even to assert them was treated as the height of sedition and rebellion. [As the maintenance and exercise of the perfect right of private judgment is still regarded as the height of blasphemy.] Our ancestors heard with destation and horror those sentiments, rudely delivered and pushed to the most absurd extremes by the violence of a Cade and a Tyler, which have since been applauded, with a zeal almost rising to idolatry, when softened [only in manner, for these advocates *extended* the vital principles of liberty at issue] and recommended by the eloquence, the moderation, and the arguments of a Sidney, a Locke, and a Milton.' G. J. Holyoake.

Eclectic Gatherings.

BY PANTHEA.

IV. SELECTIONS FROM NOVALIS.*

Introductory note, to the Editor of the Reasoner.

There are passages in this article of a kind which do not often find a place in the *Reasoner*, yet, as they seem to me very instructive and interesting, I trust you will allow them to remain, on the eclectic principle—of giving insertion to all exponency which shall manifest earnestness and intelligent progressiveness, whether it coincide exactly, or not, with your own views. This will, I think, much extend the usefulness of the *Reasoner*, by making it suggestive of new ways of looking at things, and expressive of that variety, which, as it exists in nature, ought to exist in the *Reasoner* also. Not that this variety should run into indiscriminateness or slackness of purpose. The great aim should ever be kept in view which belongs to the name—the developing of Reason, in the highest sense of the word: the training of thought, feeling, and action into that clear Order which Nature suggests to us in her grand workings—which is the realisation of Truth—the synonyme of perfect Freedom, and the indispensable condition of Beauty.

Ordinary logic is the grammar of higher speech, or of thought: it contains merely the relations of ideas to each other—the mechanics of thought—the pure physiology of ideas. Logical ideas are related to each other, as words without thoughts. Logic occupies itself merely with the dead body of mental instruction.

Metaphysics is the pure dynamics of thought; it treats of the original powers of thought, it occupies itself with the bare soul of thought. Metaphysical ideas are related to each other, as thoughts without words. The world has often marvelled at the continual incompleteness of both sciences; each pursued its own way, and still there was failure: neither would fit into the other. From the beginning men sought to unite them, as everything in them indicated relationship; but every attempt fell short, as one of them always suffered in consequence, in its essential character. There remained metaphysical logic, and logical metaphysics, but neither was what it ought to have been. Neither did physiology and psychology, mechanics and chemistry, fare better. In the last half of this century there arose here a new outbreak, more violent than before; the opposing masses towered up against each other more strongly than ever; the fermentation was beyond

* From his 'Fancies in the realms of Philosophy and Physics,' and his 'Æsthetics and Literature,' both of which are chiefly fragmentary.—P.

measure, and mighty explosions followed. *Now*, some maintain that a true success has manifested itself somewhere—that a germ of union has arisen, which shall grow for ever, and assimilate all to one indivisible form: this principle of eternal peace shall press irresistibly towards all sides, and soon there shall be only one science and one spirit, as also one prophet and one God.*

The meaning of Socratism is, that philosophy is either *everywhere* or *nowhere*, and that with easy labour one may ascertain one's position and find everywhere that which one seeks. Socratism is the art of finding Truth from any given place, and so of deciding clearly the relations of that which is before us to Truth.

The difference between error and truth consists in the difference of their vital functions. Error lives from truth; truth lives her life in herself.

Untruth has a much worse aspect than the common one, when regarded from a higher point of view. It is the foundation of a false world, of an indissoluble chain of errors and entanglements. Untruth is the source of all that is noxious and evil.

There is no such thing as philosophy in the concrete. Philosophy is like the philosopher's stone, the quadrature of the circle, &c.—merely a necessary problem of the scientific, the general ideal of science. Fichte's 'Wissenschafts Lehre' ('Doctrine of Science') is the description of this ideal. Mathematics and physics are the only concrete sciences. Philosophy is Intelligence itself; perfect philosophy is perfect intelligence.

The idea of philosophy is a mysterious tradition. Philosophy is, in all, the problem of *knowing*.† It is an undefined Science of the Sciences, a mysticism of the desire for knowledge; it is the very Spirit of the Sciences, and consequently unrepresentable, either in form or application, in the perfect representation of a special science. Now as all the sciences are connected with each other, Philosophy is never completed. In a complete system of all the sciences will philosophy for the first time be made manifest.

Mathematics is a genuine science, because it contains completed knowledge, products of a spiritual spontaneity—because it genialises methodically. It is also Art; for it has reduced genial experience into rules—it teaches genius to be—it replaces nature by reason.

All Mathematics is, properly speaking, an equation on a great scale for the other sciences.

What logarithms are to mathematics, mathematics is to the other sciences.

The idea of mathematics is the idea of science in general.

Therefore all sciences should become mathematics. The present mathematics is little more than a special empiric organon.

Its perfect applicability is a necessary postulate of its existence.

It is the sufficient witness of Natural Idealism.

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* Novalis was a Catholic. I should be sorry to be restricted to one prophet, but after asking the editor's leave to present passages unmutilated in which he does not agree, I cannot in conscience take from this fine paragraph a passage in which I do not agree. Besides, it is instructive to mark how singularly the love of science and the belief in revelation sometimes coexist in the same mind. A spectacle so frequent should be thoroughly analysed, that the relations of the two may be clearly understood.—P.

† The Germans have two verbs expressing 'to know'—*kennen* and *wissen*, corresponding with the two French verbs, *connaître* and *savoir*. Our English verb *to know* evidently answers to the first of these two, which is used to denote the knowledge derived through perception, while the second denotes the knowledge developed by reflection or intuition: and this is the verb used in the passage in question. It is to be greatly regretted that we should be wanting in the true word to express this higher knowing.'—P.

The inner connection and sympathy of the universe is its basis.

Pure mathematics is the intuition of the understanding.

Miracles, as unnatural facts, are unmathematical; but there are no miracles of this kind, and what passes by that name is exactly that which becomes comprehensible through mathematics, for nothing is wonderful to mathematics.

Genuine mathematics is the peculiar element of the magician.

In music it appears in a beautiful shape, as a revelation, as creative idealism.

All enjoyment is musical, and therefore mathematical.

The highest life is mathematics.

There may be mathematicians of the first oder who cannot make calculations.

A man may be a great calculator, and yet never dream of mathematics.

The true mathematician is an enthusiast *per se*. Without enthusiasm there can be no mathematics.

The life of the Gods is mathematics.

All heavenly messengers must be mathematicians.

Pure mathematics is religion.

Light is the symbol and agent of purity. Where Light finds nothing to do—nothing to part or to unite—it passes through. That which cannot be parted or united is pure and simple.

Dreams teach us, in a wondrous manner, the facility possessed by our souls of entering into every object, and becoming metamorphosed into it.

How can a man comprehend anything, if he does not possess the germ of it within him? What I am to understand, must be developed organically in me; and what I appear to learn is only the nourishment and stimulus of my organisation.

A peculiarly loving and childlike disposition, united with the clearest understanding and most tranquil mind, belong to the study of nature. When, for the first time, a whole nation shall conceive a passion for nature, thus knitting citizens together with a new bond of union, and giving to every place its natural-philosophers and laboratories—then will man begin to make progress on this colossal path, which shall be worthy of it.

It will be a lovely time, when nothing will be read but beautiful compositions—literary works of art. All other books are but means, and will be forgotten when they cease to be useful; and books cannot long continue to be so.

Then only do I show that I have understood an author, when I can act in his spirit; when, without detracting from his individuality, I can translate and alter him in various ways.

A translation is either grammatical, varying, or mythical. Mythical translations are translations in the highest style. They represent the pure, completed character of the individual work of art. They give us, not the work of art itself, but its ideal. I believe that no full list of these translations is in existence; but clear traces of such may be seen in the spirit of many critics and descriptions of works of art. Such translations arise from a mind which the poetical and philosophical spirit has penetrated in all its fulness. The Greek mythology is, in part, such a translation of a national religion. The modern Madonna is a similar mythus.

Grammatical translations are translations in the usual sense of the word. They require much scholarship, but only discursive powers.

To the varying translations, if they are genuine, the highest poetical spirit belongs. They easily degenerate into travesties—as for instance, Bürger's Homer in iambics, Pope's Homer, and most French translations. The true translator of this style must, in fact, become himself the artist, and possess the power of

rendering the idea at his pleasure, in the way he deems best. He must be the poet's poet; and must be able to let the author discourse according to his own and his translator's idea. In a similar relation does the Genius of Humanity stand towards every individual man.

Not books alone, but all things are capable of being translated in these three methods.

The world of books is, in fact, only the caricature of the actual world. Both spring from the same source; but the former appears in an unfettered and plastic medium. For this reason all its colours are more dazzling: there is less shading off: the movements are more vivid, the outlines more striking, the expression hyperbolical. The actual world is only seen in fragments: the world of books is seen entire. The latter, therefore, is more poetical, more spiritual, more interesting, more picturesque; but at the same time it is less true, less philosophical, and less moral. The majority of men and scholars have also a book-view, a fragmentary insight into the actual world; and this view suffers from the same crimes and enjoys the same advantages as the world of books. Many books indeed are nothing but representations of such individual, fragmentary views of the actual world.

Newspapers are, properly speaking, common books. Writing in community is an interesting sign, which gives rise to the expectation of great development in authorship. Men will probably one day write, think, and act in a body: whole communities, whole nations will undertake one work.

Most persons are not aware how interesting they are, and what really interesting things they say. A genuine representation of themselves, a description and criticism of their conversation, would astonish them, and would help them to discover in their own minds a new world.

Poetry is the hero of philosophy. Philosophy raises poetry to the abstract, and teaches us to know its value. It is the theory of poetry; it shows us what poetry is—that it is one and all.

The lyric poem is the Chorus in the drama of life and the world. Lyric poets form a chorus in which youth and age, joy, sympathy, and wisdom, mingle in lovely union.

Sculpture, music, and poetry, are related to each other in the same way as the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic. There exist inseparable elements which are united in every free work of art; and they are joined in different relations according to circumstances.

As the painter sees visible objects with quite other eyes than the common man, so does the poet experience the events of the outward and inward world in a very different manner from most persons. But nowhere is it more remarkable, that the spirit alone poetises the circumstances and variations of the material—and that the beauty, the object of Art is neither given to us, nor already existing in the appearances—than in music. All tones produced by nature are crude and mindless; it is only the musical soul that often deems the soughing of the forest, the whistling of the wind, the song of the nightingale, the plash of the brook, to be melodious and significant. The musician takes the essence of his art from himself, so that not the slightest suspicion of imitation can touch him. To the painter, visible nature everywhere appears to surpass him, and to be throughout is unattainable master. But, in truth, the art of the painter is as independent, and arose quite as *à priori*, as the art of the musician.

Music speaks a universal language, through which the spirit is freely and [illegible] tirred; the tones come to us so sweet and home-like, for one

short moment the spirit is in its fatherland; and all that is lovely and good, the future and the past, hope and longing, stir within us.

All spiritual contact resembles the touch of a magician's wand. Everything can become the instrument of magic. But let him to whom the effects of such a touch, or of a magical sentence, appear so fabulous—let him only recall to memory the first touch of his beloved one's hand, her first look of meaning (in which the magic wand is the broken ray of light), the first kiss, the first word of love, and then ask himself whether the magic of that moment, too, is not fabulous and wonderful, inexplicable, and eternal.

Sicknesses, especially long ones, are school-times of the art of life and the education of the spirit. They ought to be turned to account by daily observations. Is not the life of the educated* man a continual call to learn? He lives throughout for the future: his life is a struggle—his support and his aim are science and art. The more a man learns to live in *years*, and not in *moments*, the nobler he becomes. The impatient unrest, the petty strife of the spirit, subsides into great, peaceful, simple, and manifold activity, and glorious Patience appears; while Religion and Morality, the foundations of our existence, become ever more important.

Every sickness is a musical problem, and its cure is a musical resolution.† The shorter the resolution, so it be complete, the greater the musical talent of the physician.

Wishes and longings are wings. There are wishes and longings which are so little apportioned to the condition of our earthly life, that we may safely reckon on a condition in which they shall rise to be mighty pinions—on an element that shall bear them up—and on islands where they may flutter down.

We are here on a mission: we are called to mould the world.

All the occurrences of our life are materials, of which we may make what we will. He who has much soul, does much with his life. Every acquaintance, every event, would be, for the wholly spiritual man, the first link of an endless chain, the commencement of an endless romance.

It is not the gay colours, the joyous sounds, and the warm breezes that make the spring so enlivening; it is the quiet, prophetic spirit of unending hopes—the presentiment of many happy days, and the happy life of so many different beings—the anticipation of higher flowers and fruits that shall be eternal—and the hidden sympathy with the social and unfolding world.

Every form of art, every character we discover, possesses more or less of life, and of promises and hopes of life. Galleries are sleeping chambers of the future world. The historian, the philosopher, and the artist of the future, is here in his home: here he educates himself and lives for the world to come. Whoever is unhappy in the present world, and finds not what he seeks—let him go into the world of books and Art; into Nature, the eternal antique, which yet is modern also: and let him live in this *Ecclesia pressa* of the better world. Here, doubtless, he will find a mistress and a friend, a country and a God. They are sleeping: but their sleep is prophetic and full of deep meaning. The time will come, when every being who has devoted himself to the better world, will, like Pygmalion, see the world which he has created and collected around him, wake to life with the glory of a heavenly sunrise, and respond to his long-enduring faith and love.

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* *Gebildete:* there is no exactly parallel term in English; it means *formed* o *fashioned*—moulded as a sculptor moulds a clay model —P.

† *Resolution*, in music, signifies that process by which a discord is made to subsid into a concord.—P.

THE EDITOR OF THE 'REASONER' TO THE PUBLIC.

A PAPER may be allowed to claim some portion of the attention of the public that has for its object the making of some useful principle universal. The 'right' of Private Judgment—avowed by all parties who have dissented from the Church of Rome, but not carried out by any—is advocated without limitation by the *Reasoner*. To aid in making this principle universal seems, in these times, a high moral duty. As a people, we are largely sectarian. Each religious party has contended for liberty only to the extent of its own creed. The Protestant principle (understanding by it the *expression*) of Private Judgment, though the great source of the present freedom of this country, has never yet been the right, or, indeed, the habit, of the People. It has been the monopoly of the State, and the assumption of Sects. If it were the *right* of the People, the law of the land would equally respect all sincere opinions: and if it were the *habit*, all questions—political, moral, and religious—would be more intelligently judged: Knowledge would be felt to be a necessity, and, to a large extent, Originality would supersede the Common-place with which Life and Literature now so much abound.

The errors in which Private Judgment often end, the excesses into which the Statesman fears that the Enfranchised People would run, are owing to the uncertain presence of Reason. Let the people manifest their allegiance to Reason, and then authority will feel that Free Thought, and the free expression of it, will conduct only to the Truth, and that Argument will subordinate Passion, and be the ruler of the multitude. This order of things would interfere with no wise movement; but aid all useful measures onwards, and often suggest, facilitate, strengthen, and ultimately secure new steps in advance.

National progress is slow, owing to prevalent errors. The higher classes regard chiefly their privileges, and the poor their sufferings. Neither makes any very careful or very generous estimate of the other, because each fails to allow for the Circumstances in which the other is placed: and hence the bitterness of their contests and the increasing barriers to their union, which both parties will find to be indispensable. If the aristocracy, the wealthy, and the well-to-do fail to set (as they ought to set) the proper example, the 'sovereign people' ought to set it themselves, and prove their 'right' to rule by *deserving* to rule. In agitation as well as in legislation, to consider the *whole* People is at once a duty and a precaution, as it includes all that is practical with much that is fraternal.

Progress is not a Goal given in charge to some particular party, having but one prescribed path of approach. It is the Pole-star by which the mariners on distant seas, and of different nations, contemporaneously steer onwards. He who cannot see this, is, we think, incapacitated by his convictions from working in unison with others—as he believes that all who do not work his way, work the wrong way; he who does see this, works with more confidence, because he feels that he works in concert—he pursues the development of his own ideas, satisfied that all new truths will unite themselves to all known truths, and augment that great store which intellect accumulates for the universal use of man.

We have now described the essential principle on which the *Reasoner* was founded nd is conducted, and those views of advocacy which the watchful experience of everal years have shown us to be the most just and effective. The characteristic f the *Reasoner* is that, besides advocating the judicious expression of private idgment on *all* questions, *it exercises that right itself*, and thus affords the public nformation on the subjects of the first importance, which are systematically xcluded from other Journals.

Some time ago we inserted a copy of a small bill for Church and Chapel circulation. 16,000 of that series were issued. The above is a copy of one prepared for the public, before whom our more universal objects have to be laid. We shall be glad of the assistance of friends to effect their circulation, and by getting them into the hands of as many new agents as possible.

The friends of the *Reasoner* will aid it by ordering it of a bookseller, and *repeating* the order till it is delivered—as there is always difficulty in procuring a publication not generally known. Copies on thin paper can be obtained from the Office *(post-free)* at 3d. each, or 3s. 3d. per Quarter. Address:—J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, London.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE 'REASONER.'

THE 'REASONER.'	PRINTING EXPENSES.	TOTAL RECEIPTS.	SURPLUS FOR EDITING.
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
Volume I.	199 4 6	197 12 10½	
Volume II.	114 18 6	154 6 0½	39 7 6½
Volume III.	144 12 0	203 12 6	59 0 6
Volume IV.	157 6 0	183 4 7	35 19 7
Volume V.	167 3 6	208 4 3	41 0 9

Under the head of 'Printing Expenses' are included placards, small bills, advertisements, correspondence—all expenses except that of editing.

The 'Total Receipts' include proceeds of sale, profits on advertisements, and the amount of the 'Shilling List.'

The accounts are kept for the inspection of subscribers as for a company. The above admit of the usual verifications of business.

The first volume afforded no salary. The attentions of that volume extended over twenty-nine weeks, including four weeks of arrangements for its issue.

The second volume averaged thirty shillings per week for editing.

The third volume averaged rather more than two guineas.

The fourth volume did not afford thirty shillings per week on the average.

The fifth volume extended over thirty weeks, and the average of its returns for editorship was also somewhat less than thirty shillings per week.

The sixth volume current may not yield an average of a pound per week, unless the Shilling List be augmented. During the last six months other publications have been commenced, addressed to the same readers; and, as few have means to buy, or time to read, all, we have lost some readers. Those who cannot subscribe to the Shilling List, will further the interests of the paper by procuring bills and multiplying the number of our vendors. G. J. Holyoake.

MISS MARTINEAU'S 'HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.'

[Being struck with the great excellence of Miss Martineau's 'Household Education,' I desired to draw attention to it; but knowing that any commendation of it would come with more weight from one at the head of a household, I placed it in the hands of such a person. The thoughts it suggested, and the estimate formed of it, are given below. Incessantly occupied with domestic cares, the writer has found no opportunity of cultivating the arts of composition. But it seemed to me that the homeliness and digressiveness of expression is atoned for by the justness and earnestness of womanly thought which pervade the notice.—Ed.]

What home is so worthy of the name of home as that home where the counsels

of both man and woman are given? And should such joint counsel be of less value when it relates to society? Do men suppose that women are not as earnest and sincere as themselves? When their counsel has been tried and found deficient, say so; but I think it would be a benefit to society to make the trial. The fact of persons feeling that they are intruding if they venture to make an observation, is injurious to them, inasmuch as it deadens the intellect instead of cultivating it; and, if phrenology is to be valued, it does more than deaden good feelings—it stimulates bad passions. Thus women are injured by the position in which they are politically kept. Who is it that would not like the trial to be made of woman having a voice which shall be regarded when she is wronged? She would have a better knowledge how to bring up her family, when she knew what they would have to do in the world.

I am delighted to learn that a liberal education is being introduced for women. I allude to the Queen's College lately set on foot in London, apparently open to all women without distinction, in which they may obtain certificates of acquirements made there. I think there will be a number of persons pleased to learn that such is the fact. I think it cannot be too well known, for when it is known more generally it will be a sufficient stimulant to induce persons to watch for the particulars of what is being done, and to embrace it as early as convenient to themselves. The opportunity has been long wanting. Attention to it will be one proof that it was felt to be wanting. I am disposed to thank the parties who have moved in the matter.

If parents could see how much the happiness of their children, both present and future, depends upon *their* thought and discretion as parents, they would attend to these matters more. As mothers are the principal instructors, by example as well as precept, I think they should endeavour to bequeath their children a more valuable legacy than one of money—I, of course, mean that they should inure them to think and act of themselves as much as possible, so as to possess a reliance and confidence in themselves. It too often happens that everybody is depending upon somebody else; whereas, what is so proper as to be able to depend upon ourselves, when we best know our own feelings and our own circumstances? Woman is frightfully dependent, because her parents have not seen the great necessity of placing her, when a girl, in a thoughtful and acting position. Allow girls an opportunity of becoming acquainted with every kind of knowledge means will allow. I think woman is a slave because she has seldom a voice in altering her position, and because her information is not sufficient to support her in claiming a voice on the question of her own wrongs. If woman is not bought and sold, the manner she is dealt with is very much like it. I think the only remedy is to educate them, and allow their thoughts a free scope. What parents are there that would consciously allow their children to remain in their present position if they can do anything to alter it?

Since we are all part of the human family, why not try to make each other happy, or allow each other the same independence? When you take away independence, what sort of mothers do you expect to have for your children? What position are the children in? I suppose it is therefore we have so many grown up children! How can you expect a man of genius to be born of a slave? How many years of happiness have I lost myself through want of information in my parents! Of course, it was through ignorance in their parents. But, when we see the evil results, let us endeavour to do better by our children, so that, if they become parents, their children may not be robbed of their happiness and independence. I say I have suffered through the want of information in my parents, and how

many thousands can say the same thing! I think it is by accident when we have a man of genius among us; for I cannot believe that genius any more comes of slavery than I can believe that bees gather honey from wormwood.

I also feel particularly obliged to Miss Martineau for the trouble she must have taken in bringing together so many interesting facts as her 'Household Education' contains. I say 'facts,' because every-day experience proves them to be so; and I think it doing a kindness to any one to induce them to read it, and make it a book of reference—besides the pleasure and advantage the children would derive from it. My impression is that it would spoil the sense of the book to select passages from it to quote. I should rather endeavour to persuade them to procure it from a library to peruse, so that they may satisfy themselves as to the value of the book. E.

SONNETS TO THE ROMANS.

I.

Ye have arisen calm, and brave, and strong
Oh Romans, children of a race divine!
A hero's blood in every vein of thine
Courses; and with such strength as did belong
To those who drave back Brennus and his throng,
To those who breasted the great Carthagine,
Will ye stand firm, and brave that serried line
Whose cause, Vienna's shame, is Europe's wrong!
Think of your patriots' thousand martyr-pains,
And strike home—when ye strike the Austrian.
The swords of Naples are Italia's chains.
Crush the proud Spaniard; trust not to the Gaul:
If fall ye must—then show what Romans can
Achieve—make Rome, in ruins, the grand grave of all.

II.

Ye are too great to be enslaved again:
Die rather; and for hallowed freedom's sake
Let Rome's proud temples to their bases quake
And crumble into dust—so that the rain
Water huge ruin, and the hurricane
Roar over desolation. Then, awake
Once more, Italia! From your strong limbs break
The alien despots' triply-woven chain.
Then ye can build a nobler, lovelier Rome
On the dear ashes of your martyrdom;
And Art, which is perennial, will unfold
Her starry wings, far grander than of old;
And with new glories, 'neath thy glowing skies,
Freedom's grand architecture proudly will uprise. EUGENE.

THE CISTERCIAN MONKS.

NEAR to Leicester there are settled forty individuals, known as the 'Forty Monks.' These forty monks, who belong to the Cistercian order, had, thirteen years ago, 280 acres of very bad land given to them; upon which they entered, and have at the present time 130 acres in cultivation. Notwithstanding the time occupied in their religious services, and although they are only forty in number, they have cultivated 130 acres of land with their own hands; and besides raising corn, grain, and roots of various kind, they possess horses, cattle, sheep, and implements of agriculture. Last year these monks relieved with food 32,000 persons, and gave occasional lodging to 7000 more. In 1847 they relieved 36,000 people with food, and gave lodgings to 12,000 more.—*Leicester Chronicle.* [Potter's History of Charnwood Forest states that the original foundation, in 1835, consisted of but five brethren.]

Illustrative Notices.

Two national benefactors—one of Education, the other of Art—have left us, whose services deserve commemoration. The illustrious Irishwoman, Maria Edgeworth, has died at Edgeworth's Town, after a few hours' illness. Her age was eighty-three. A very recent visitor of Miss Edgeworth described her in conversation as exhibiting, in advanced years, 'all the features of her marked character. She was still uncommonly active and obliging, without any of the spleen of old age. Her disposition to be useful and of service to others was shown to the last.'

The obituary also notes the decease of Mr. Robert Vernon, the patron of art, and the donor of the collection of pictures to the nation. Mr. Vernon was in his seventy-fifth year. He had amassed an immense fortune, as a breeder of horses; and spent many years of his latter life in liberally dispensing that which he gained by an honourable industry. It is said that he spent at least £100,000 in the selection of his gallery of modern paintings.

The following is a tabular summary of the rates of postage between England and the United States—which may not be fully known, or accessible to our readers:—

	Cents.
1. Direct Postage—	
The postage across the sea is fixed at	16
The English inland postage	3
The United States inland postage	5
The sea postage to be paid to the vessel performing the service.	
2. Transit service—	
Transit postage through this country to the Canadas	5
And 25 per cent. thereon for paying by the ounce instead of paying by the letter.	
Transit rate through England, the inland postage of.....	3
And 25 per cent thereon for paying by the ounce, as above, &c.	
3. Transit through Canada—	
The Canada rates.	
4. Newspapers and Periodicals between the United States and England—	
Each newspaper .....(1d.) or	2
Periodicals, &c., weighing 2 oz. .....(1d.) „	2
Periodicals, &c., over 2 and under 3 oz. .....(6d.) „	12
Periodicals, &c., over 3 and under 4 oz. .....(8d.) „	16
And 2d. additional for every ounce or fraction of an ounce.	

'The Democratic Review' is a new threepenny Monthly, edited by G. Julian Harney. It is better in all typographical respects, and has more of life and variety than its higher priced predecessors.

he 'Newspaper Stamp Abolition Committee' have addressed an able document he Parliamentary and Financial Reformers of the United Kingdom, which we l probably insert next week.

Homes for the Working Classes' is a series of useful hints, by Mr. Francis ss, to those about to select house property, either for investment or occupation hich we would recommend to the notice of any member of a Building Society. is a small pamphlet at fourpence.

In the 'Mock Trials of Carlile,' page 17, there is given the following letter from Mr. Owen, whom Mr. Carlile subpœnaed as a witness. It is quoted as a curious illustration of the oneness of Mr. Owen's character and tone of thinking :—'SIR, —I this morning received your letter of the 5th instant, enclosing a subpœna to attend your trial on the 14th of this month. Unknown to you, and unacquainted as I am with a single fact respecting your case, it does not appear to me that my attendance can be of the least use on the trial. Notwithstanding these impressions, I would obey the call of any fellow-creature who imagined that my attendance would aid the cause of justice, or in any degree tend to join freedom of thought and expression to mankind, because both these are necessary to make men good, wise, and happy; but I could not at present leave this place, without causing an essential injury to the great object in which I am deeply engaged, upon which the existence of millions depend. For a short time I must still continue to neglect the few for the many, that all may derive permanent benefit. Under these circumstances, I trust my attendance may be excused.

'I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

'New Lanark, October 8, 1819. 'R. OWEN.'

Guizot thus explains the Suffrage—'If individual will be bound to submit to legitimate authority, no human power is exempt from the necessity of proving that it is, and that it shall remain legitimate—that is to say, just, wise, and expedient. The problem of social organisation is a double one: it consists in guaranteeing, on the one side, the rights, and on the other, the merits of power. It is a condition at once laborious and difficult, which renders it compulsory for a man by turns to defend his liberty against all unlawful power, and lawful power against his own liberty; but the condition is both imperious and inevitable.'

On Thursday evening a public meeting was held at the National Hall on Italian affairs. Mr. Richard Moore presided. The meeting was well attended, and very enthusiastic. The following resolutions were carried unanimously :—

1st. 'That every nation possesses an inherent right to appoint its own government; that this principle, which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne of England, and elevated Louis Napoleon to the presidential chair of France, has been adopted by the Roman people, in the establishment of the Republic; and that the heroic resistance made by them, under the able and patriotic guidance of Joseph Mazzini and his coadjutors, entitles them to the warmest sympathies of Englishmen.' Proposed by Dr. Epps: seconded by G. J. Holyoake.

2nd. 'That we have witnessed, with feelings of the deepest regret, the conduct of Louis Napoleon's government—who, by their intervention in favour of despotism, have not only violated an express article of the constitution, but have betrayed the principle on which their own republic is founded, and have shamefully outraged the feelings of the French nation.' Proposed by S. M. Hawkes: seconded by R. Buchanan.

3rd. 'That a committee be now appointed to collect funds in aid of the subscription already commenced in aid of the Roman cause.' Proposed by J. Stansfeld: seconded by L. Jones.

The following names were afterwards voted as the committee, with power to add to their number:—Messrs. Moore, Hawkes, Stansfeld, Wilson, Holyoake, Bainbridge (Treasurer, afterwards elected by colleagues), Addiscott, Hetherington, J. D. Collet (elected same manner as Treasurer), R. Moore, Hon. Secretaries. A collection was made at the doors of the meeting, amounting to nearly £7.

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.

June 13, 1849.

THE ROMAN SUBSCRIPTIONS.

On Sunday, June 3rd, we have said subscriptions were made at John Street, for the families of the brave defenders of the republic. The names of the subscribers are given below, as well as those of other persons and places received by Mr. Holyoake. They are intended to be also acknowledged in the Roman chief paper; but as the vicissitudes of war may impede the return of copies to England, I insert the names here as some *preliminary* satisfaction to subscribers. Meetings like the one at the National Hall are being arranged in various parts of the metropolis. Could not the same thing be done in the provinces? Any parties may forward subscriptions to my care to the *Reasoner* office, which will be both acknowledged here and in Rome; or any parties who desire it may be put into direct communication with Mr. Mazzini's friends in London. As far as possible it is desirable that names accompany the subscriptions, as the presence of names operates most encouragingly on the Italian patriots, who are assured thereby of the veritableness and actuality of British republican sympathy. Those who remember that the English are mainly represented to the continental people by the *Times* newspaper, know how miserably perverted must appear to foreigners all generous and popular sympathy for struggling liberty abroad; and how imperative it is that we should show to the Roman people that the British people substantially sympathise with them, and execrate the treachery of the French government of Louis Napoleon, which abundantly deserves the fate of that of Louis Philippe. An order has been sent to Mazzini to draw £100, on behalf of the survivors of the slain, and it is likely that £200 more will follow in a few days.

G. J. H.

For the Families and Defenders of the Roman Republic.

Robert Rouse 2s. 6d., Un Amico 2s. 6d., William Davies, South Wales, 2s. 6d.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, ohn Street, (chiefly in the Coffee Room) er Mr. Holyoake.—Richard Wainwright ., Frederick Low Jeffcoat 2s. 6d., James ody 2s. 6d., H. S. 1s., Samuel Olivine ., J. H. 1s., S. B. 1s., John James 1s., ampson Action 1s., William Adams, 1s., . Turner and J. Hayes 1s., T. Starling id R. Buckman 1s., M. Welch and G. ark 1s., Mr. Burton and Mrs. Smith 1s., John Crocker 1s., Charles Kitchingman 1s., James Morning 1s., W. Hattersley and J. Grey 1s., Thomas Taylor 1s., Alfred Sheen 1s., G. Hill 1s., Francis Smith 2s. 6d., John Carter 1s., Henry Plasto 1s., Mr. Davies 1s., R. Durant 1s., Mr. Bennet 1s., Mr. Duncan 7d.

THE APOLLONIC SOCIETY (same Institution) per Mr. Kenny — John Ivory, 2s. 6d., Henry Ivory 2s. 6d., Joseph Ivory 1s., Charles Clements 2s. 6d., John Kenny 2s. 6d., Mr. Brown 1s., Mr. Darking 1s., Mr. Sandilands 1s., Mr. Elliott 1s., Mr. Finch 1s., Messrs. Symmonds, sen. and jun., 1s. 6d., Messrs. Empson and Hearne 1s., Mr. Jennings 1s., Mr. Williams 1s., Messrs. Discombe and Bowen 1s., Messrs. Slater and King 1s., Mr. Nicklin 2s. 6d., Miss Ching and Mr. Ottwell 1s., Mr. Donovan 1s., Mr. Giles 1s., Mr. Rushbrook 1s., Mr. George 1s., Mr. Salter 1s., Mr. Griffith 1s., Mr. Goodhear 1s., Mr. Malkay 1s., Messrs. Webb and Gappy 10d.

AT THE DOORS OF THE SAME INSTITUTION.—Messrs. King and Bridle 1s., Messrs. Wall and Higgins 1s., Messrs. Ostell and Mills 1s., Messrs. Toplis and Watts 1s., Mr. J. L. Whitaker 1s., Messrs. Todd and Litolf 5d., General gifts £2 13s. 8d.

PER MR. E. TRUELOVE (Secretary to the same Institution.)—A Friend of Italy 10s., Patrick McNeil 2s. 6d., Mr. Maunder 1s., Mr. and Mrs. Restieaux 1s., Mr. and Mrs. Taylor 1s., Messrs. J. and J Wilmshurst 1s., Messrs. Marshall and Garden 1s., G. Shirley 1s., Miss Fanny Warner 1s., Messrs. Marshall and Vale 1s., Messrs. Townes and Jeffrey 1s., Thomas Whitaker 1s., John Ivory 2s., Michael Hanhart 1s., Edwin Truelove 1s., Mrs E. Truelove 1s., Horatio Holliday 1s.

INSTITUTE OF PROGRESS, Chelsea, per Mr. Empson.—W. Lloyd 1s., C. F. Nicholls 1s., John Wilson 1s., Henry Field 1s., C. Halford and J. Bush 1s., A. Goodwill, Sec., 6d.

A FEW FRIENDS, per Miss Collet, 1s. 8d.

Total £8 14s. 2d.

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

[So many persons are, we find, disappointed, both in the metropolis as well as the provinces, at not finding notices of the 'Week's Lectures' in the *Reasoner*, that we resume them, at whatever inconvenience; and though it is nearly impossible to render the notices fully, we must be content to render them as perfect as we can.]

LITERARY INSTITUTION, John-st., Fitzroy Square.—June 17, (7½) Thomas Cooper, 'European Affairs: Russia.'

FINSBURY HALL, Bunhill Row.—June 18, (½9) Mr. Hedger, 'Geological Science.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—June 17, (7½) a lecture.

DELTAN POETRY.

'The Sybil: a Soul's History,' is a poem by J. Innes Minchin. This is a volume of poetry which emanates from the Delta of the Cavery, or Coleroon, said to do 'credit to the Muses of Tanjore.' The following extracts have much beauty of thought:—

THE INFLUENCE OF MATERNAL LOVE.

Sweet is the influence of a mother's love
On childhood's dawning heart. The earnest eyes,
That droop all tenderly above the brow
Of infant innocence, pour from their deeps
The sympathetic softness of their gaze;
And the young heart wakes to it like a flower
Opening its petals 'neath the summer dew.
That influence never dies. The helpless child
Dreams through its lower nature, puts on strength,
Revels in the wild-world paradise of youth,
Draws glorious aspirations from the stars,
And grovelling doubts and fears from fellow men;
Quits youth's bright dreams for stern life's real
Is jostled in the rough and jarring world, [cares,
Yet in each phase of that career of life,
Turns, in the softer impulse of the soul,
Back to that first fresh fountain of deep love
That ever wells up in a mother's heart.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

Roland loved
To hear the little child's strange questioning.
The child that thinks at all thinks like a poet;
As the true poet must live back long years,
Using the experience gathered up by time
With the sublime pure vision of a child.
Then only things are seen in their true light,
Unwarped, unbiassed by the world's made rulers;
And the strange truthfulness of childish thought
Startles, as with a vivid novelty,
The world-distorted wisdom of the man.
Sybil talked poetry, and knew it not.

HAPPINESS KNOWN WHEN LOST.

'My child, we never know
What happiness may be till it is lost.
The exile does not know the bliss of home
Until he wanders in the far-off lands;
Affection is not known to be a bliss
Until the lonely heart has pined for years;
And the chief bliss of all, the bliss of youth,
Is all unknown until age shows it us
Far left behind.'

EXTRACT FROM LOUIS BLANC'S LETTER TO BARBES.

'The sun of those great days will shine again. Aye, let our enemies give the name of madness to your enlightened magnanimity: injustice, oppression, falsehood, and evil—these are the true madness. And they would have already discovered this, were it possible for madness to recognise itself; for what wretchedness can compare to theirs, who have with them but the army, and against them their conscience? Are they not in continual dread of the possible outbreaks of poverty? And amid the phantoms, evoked by their terror, is there not one that for ever and ever appears before them, which seeks for bread and finds but a musket? Is not TO-MORROW, the word of our hope, the word of their fear?'

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATE,

'The Rudiments of Rhetoric, or Public Speaking and Debate,' by G. J. Holyoake, is now ready, price 1s., or in two parts at 6d.

'Common sense is the genius of humanity.'
GUIZOT.

THE WEST END BOOT MAKERS.

The members of this fraternity have subscribed £2 18s. 2d. for the Italian Republic, through Mr. McVeigh and Mr. Leslie. I shall give the names of the subscribers next week. G. J. H.

To be published weekly, the first number commencing Saturday, June 16, 1849,

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INTIMATIONS.

The *Reasoner* is sent free by Post, the Quarter's Subscription 4s. 4d., on thin paper 3s. 3d., and issued in Monthly Parts and Half-yearly Volumes.

RECEIVED.—*Spectators*, Nos. 1090-1092.—*Dublin Commercial and Family Journal*.—M. Bulacher. (It was the Rev. N. Morgan, author of 'Grammaticæ Questiones,' who said that 'a classical education, next to the duties of religion, was one of the most important objects in human life.')—Icarus. (We intend to give a biography of Cabet. The one by C. A. D., of the *New York Tribune*, is by far the most interesting which we have seen.)—The *Progressionist*, No. 2.—The 'Problem of the Age,' by Frank Grant.—Moderation writes: 'In the first page of the preface to your "Rhetoric," you write the word "fate." What is fate? It is a belief of certain predestined events, which will befall a man let his conduct be whatever it will. Fate, miracles, accident, are of one character—all imply the suspension and subversion of natural laws. Fate, miracles, and accident mean that if I hold a brick in my hand, and suddenly remove my hand from it, the brick will not fall to the ground but, as "fate will," it will start up and ascend. [Fate is only spoken of in the sense of past events, not in reference to the future.]

*** The next volume will commence a New Series.

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Wednesday, June 13, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 160.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

ATTEMPTED DESTRUCTION OF ROME BY THE FRENCH.

When we wrote last week the crisis of Rome was not known to be past, and there were only certain popular grounds on which we could express sympathy likely to serve her. Now no opinion can peril her. We say, therefore, that we sympathise with her glorious struggle, not alone because liberty is being asserted on the noblest theatre on earth, but because liberty of *thought* as well as of person is being fought for by the Italian patriots.

Italy was a hopeless blot on the escutcheon of progress. The cradle and treasure-house of the noblest arts, it was allied to a priestly despotism, which has for ages kept the world in awe. The Inquisitions had entombed the Spirit of free-thought. It is as glorious as it is unexpected to find the Roman people unanimous to throw off the Pope's temporal authority. The *Times* admitted on the 12th that it was utterly impossible for any man any longer to rule Italy by the clerical sceptre. Liberty may shout through the temples and palaces of Italy that one department of Priestcraft is over.

In the stronghold of priestly despotism priestcraft falls in blood. And that which falls in Italy will fall anywhere—will fall throughout the world.

Well-informed travellers, who have lately returned from Rome, testify that all opinions are free there—and that men of all opinions on religion, and of none, meet without fear to debate. Having once tasted of this luxury, they will not soon relinquish it.

Very lately Nicholas, by the grace of God (and the sufferance of that ignorance which keeps men slaves) Emperor of the Russias, had a most edifying interview with the Polish bishops, whom he had summoned to St. Petersburgh. The Czar bears his imperial testimony to the value of that infidelity which, by destroying a blind faith in the people, destroys tyranny on the throne. To enlighten the people is to jeopardise the sceptre. The translation I use of this interview is the one used by the *Times* of the 13th. The Czar thus spoke:—

'I do not wish for a new religion; a new sort of Catholic creed has been invented abroad, and I desire that it may not be introduced into my empire, because these innovators are the worst agitators, and without faith it is impossible that anything can subsist. The West at this moment offers a fair specimen of what men come to if they have no faith—how great are the follies and absurdities which they commit! Look at Rome; I predicted all that would happen there. Faith has entirely disappeared in the West. The manner in which the Pope has been treated is a plain proof the true faith exists in Russia alone, and I hope (making the sign of the cross) that this holy faith may be maintained here. I told the late Pope Gregory XVI. things which he had never heard from anybody else. The present Pope is a good man, his intentions are excellent, but his principles savour too much of the spirit of the age. The King of Naples is a good Catholic; he had been calumniated to the Pope, and now the Pope is compelled to have recourse to him.'

Bishop Holowinski replied—'Your Majesty, the Holy Father was obliged to yield to circumstances and the spirit of the age.'

The Emperor.—'Very possibly; but all these disorders arise from want of faith. I am not a fanatic, but I have firm faith. In the West they have run to two extremes—fanaticism and impiety.' Addressing the Polish bishops, the Czar continued—'You are the near neighbours of these misguided men; let your example be their guide. If you encounter obstacles, address yourselves to me. I will employ all my power to stem this torrent of impiety and revolt, which is spreading more and more, and threatens even to penetrate into my dominions. A revolutionary spirit is the result of impiety. In the West there is no longer any religious faith, and this evil will increase still more.' Addressing himself to the Metropolitan bishops, and kissing his hand, the Czar concluded by saying—'We have always understood each other, and I trust that it will always continue so.'

In the language of crowned heads progress is impiety, and by this finesse they enlist the friends of piety on the side of oppression, till piety and oppression come to mean one and the same thing. This imperial dialogue is very instructive.

It is against this terrible compact between mitres and crowns that Italy is so heroically battling. France under Louis Napoleon (who will surely cure the French of their Napoleon mania), has joined this execrable compact. But by the masterly inspiration and accomplished tactics of Mazzini, President of the Triumvirs, France has been baffled, and the infamous part it sought to play exposed to all Europe. In the *Times*, and in the most opposed of our journals—even in the House of Lords—the conduct of the Triumvirs has been applauded for its noble bearing, and the messages of Mazzini have extorted admiration for their diplomatic ability.

In the early days of Louis Philippe's reign, when young editors were wanted to be got rid of, whom it was not good policy to assassinate nor convenient to suppress by law, Marshal Bugeaud—who has just died in Paris of the Cholera—was set on to frequent their company, pick a quarrel with them, and create a duel—and, being an accomplished duellist, he used to pick them or shoot them off. Without sensibility to misery, and without scruple of conscience—as the *Times* draws his character—he was just the man fitted for this work. And this is the man for whom the French President has such an affection, and whom the *Times* regards as necessary to serve the cause of 'moderatism' in France at this hour! An infamous cause is that which needs the Marshal's services.*

But amid all the darkness on the continent, and bloodshed at Rome, and duplicity in France, these are hopeful days for liberty if men are but wise and steady. Tyranny has gone mad. The sensible name of 'Moderatism' in France is being brought into contempt. Barrot and Thiers are playing the game of Guizot; and the new Louis is meriting the destiny of the old. The Conservatives in France do not know how to use an advantage. Tyranny is blasted in the brain. It rushes on its own destruction, and we pray all wise men to clear the way for its last leap. Let it be inevitable and fatal. A glorious reaction for republicanism and Socialism is at hand. If used moderately freedom will never go back again.

The simplest propositions for reform, of the justest nature and most eminent necessity, are resisted with sublime pertinacity. De Morgan relates that at Rome, in the time of the old republic, the prætor, one of the magistrates, used to go every year in great pomp, and drive a nail into the door of the temple of Jupiter:

* The estimate in which Bugeaud was held by the popular party, is illustrated by a toast given at a banquet a day or two after his death. The toast was 'The Cholera: which has relieved us of the infamous Bugeaud.'

a way of remembering the number of years which the city had been built, and which probably took its rise before the introduction of writing. No doubt whatever that the first man who proposed to use the written notation, instead of this nail-notation, was accounted a Socialist or red-republican, and the leader of the party was esteemed as a Louis Blanc or Ledru-Rollin. Mr. P. Wood, as we have noticed elsewhere, showed, in the House of Commons, that the Church and Conservative party in this country, stand upon the imperative necessity of maintaining an oath whereby the Queen's rat-killer, and possibly her cats'-meat man, is sworn, on the true faith of a Christian, not to use the influence of their mighty offices to the detriment of the Church, which is 'founded upon a rock!' This is the real nonsense which destroys all faith in the people in the good sense of their 'superiors.'

Infamous, unmitigatedly infamous as is the conduct of the French Executive touching Rome, it is possible that these counsellors deem that they are promoting the interests of Europe by the extraordinary course they have adopted. It will in no way weaken the advocacy of Rome's Repulican interests to put the best possible construction on the acts of her Gallic adversaries. But let us see what this best possible construction is.

It is related that Danton, more frank than his compeers, used to say 'We will not bring the King to trial, we will kill him:' and of the priests, he said 'These priests, these nobles, are not guilty, but they must be put to death, because they are out of their place, impede the course of events, and embarrass the future.' Chateaubriand, whose sentimentality is often very French and very puerile, makes upon this speech this profound reflection—'This language has the appearance of a horrible depth, but it has no character of genius; for it supposes innocence to be nothing, and that moral order may be separated from political order without destroying it—which is false.' It is possible that the moderate party in the Executive of France have considered the example of the Roman Republic as injurious—as stimulative to surrounding nations of a progress too fast for permanence, and therefore, though Rome itself is guilty of no excess, it may become the author of excesses among a less happily guided people who shall adopt self-government—and hence, as a matter of policy, the Roman republic is to be put down. This kind of reasoning *may* influence these machinators who have sent out Oudinot, as the same error has been fallen into by better men. But Odilon Barrot and Thiers ought to have learned, by previous failures, that that policy which accounts innocence and right as nothing, and attempts to base progress or peace on injustice, is a policy which incites and justifies war, and leads to destruction.

The Peace Society have held a meeting at Exeter Hall. I have not discovered that they passed any resolution condemnatory of this attack on Rome by the French. When we set ourselves up as the friends of peace, should we not execrate those who break it—and break it, too, on behalf of an odious tyranny? When *Punch* dressed up a London Chartist of the 10th of April, in a pot lid as a shield, and a coal kettle as a helmet, the Peace people were in hysterics at the advocacy of physical force by Chartist advisers. Have they no hysterics for Louis Napoleon and Odilon Barrot? Contemplating Iago, as revealed by the old commentators on Shakspere, some one said that the mind labours for a greater ability of detesting him. The French Executive are the Iagos of diplomacy, and the mind labours for greater ability of detesting their tactics. Has Exeter Hall no detestation to express? I know the defence that the Peace Society will offer, but thinking it insufficient I would suggest its reconsideration.

The friends of freedom should be knit together in one compact bond. It was

well observed by Mr. Stansfeld, at the Italian meeting, on Friday evening, that 'struggling Europe was resolving itself into two great parties—those who stand on the side of the aristocracy, and those on the side of democracy: the war will be between the party who have faith in nothing but the bayonet, and the party of the people who have faith in principle.' It has often happened in our country, with the best results, that when the government has oppressed an individual, that the nation has become that man's friend; and in the same way, when a country is oppressed, every nation should proclaim itself on its side. Tyrants, whether kings or executives, would hesitate to strike whom the world protected. So it should be with Rome at this hour. ION.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.—BY ALFRED SMEE, ESQ., SURGEON TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.*.....LIFE AND DEATH.—BY J. P. HAM, MINISTER OF LODGE STREET CHAPEL, BRISTOL.†

EXAMINED BY W. CHILTON.

HERE are two works having widely different objects, yet directly bearing the one on the other on a most important point—the immortality of man. The aim of Mr. Ham is to prove, from the Scriptures, that man is not *naturally* or *necessarily* immortal, as taught by nearly all classes of Christians; but that immortality is the reward which he may *earn* by proper conduct in this life; and that those who fail to win this high privilege, *live no more* when their vital functions cease, or what is called material death ensues. The object of Mr. Smee is to direct attention to the probability that 'the brain and the organs of sensation and motion, supplied with blood, and connected by means of the nerves, form a double voltaic battery, and that by the analogy of voltaic circuits may be explained not only all the phenomena of sensation and muscular action, *but the purely mental states*—memory, consciousness, and the like.' Mr. Smee's work being of a purely scientific character, in fact, so much so as to render a great portion of it unintelligible to ordinary readers, from the higher formula of the science being adopted, it will readily be imagined that it is no part of his purpose either to directly prove or disprove man's immortality; there is, however, one paragraph in which the matter is mentioned, and at the same time disposed of, in that singularly curt, clear, and business-like style which seems so peculiarly the possession of men of large mental grasp and original thought. With a few strokes of a pen they clear away in an instant acres upon acres of mental rubbish, be they piled never so high. This seems to me the tendency of Mr. Smee's paragraph on immortality, though *he* evidently does not think so.

'Life,' says the author, 'is a condition difficult to define, because it does not denote one constant state in the body to which it appertains, but refers to a series of changes continually occurring. The illustrious Bichât considers it to be "the sum of the functions by which death is resisted;" but this, to my mind, is not an intelligible definition. If we regard the state of a living animal, we find that it consists of two parts, a solid and a fluid. Between these two parts changes are continually occurring. Life, therefore, comes under our notice only as an idea which we form of a solid and a fluid body in a state of action, and thus may be defined to be—"The idea of the performance of certain specific actions between the parenchyma and blood or fluid of an organised being." The certain specific actions of life are those of growth, nutrition, and excretion, in certain cases, the generation of a peculiar temperature; in others, as in the glow-worm, of light; in

* Longman & Co. † Longman & Co.

others, as in the electric-eel, of electricity. We observe sound to be produced in many organised beings; as, for instance, in the singing of birds; and, lastly, the power of generating force extends to a greater or less degree over the entire animal creation. Assimilation, growth, nutrition, excretion, and, perhaps, the generation of a certain temperature, are common to all organised bodies, and may be termed the vegetable life, or, speaking more generally, the organic life.....Besides the phenomena, classed together as the phenomena of organic life, there are yet others, which we find in the higher animals in great perfection, and which, by analogy, we may infer to belong to the lowest creature in the scale of creation. The phenomena to which I allude require for their manifestation a more complex apparatus than that of the simple fluid and tissue to be found in all plants. We find that animals, to exhibit these phenomena, require a central parenchyma supplied with blood, a peripheral parenchyma supplied with blood, and a connection between the two, consisting of a peculiar tissure, called "nerve fibre." The central parenchyma constitutes the ganglia of lower animals, the brain of higher. The peripheral parenchyma comprises the organs of sensation and motion. A proper supply of bright arterial blood to both situations is requisite for the manifestation of the phenomena of life. By this apparatus the animal receives impressions from the external world, transmits them to the brain, registers them, combines them, and acts, not only on immediate impressions, but also upon those which it has received at former periods. These functions are termed the functions of animal life.....From the facts which I have already stated, we perceive that the vital functions are divided into two classes, those of animal life, and those of organic life; and to the idea of both collectively we assign the general term of vitality. Life, then, is one word used to signify a number of changes. It is no independent reality apart from the matter which exhibits these phenomena. Neither is it an imponderable attached to matter. Nor is it an all-pervading ether, or *anima mundi*, filling space, as some philosophers would have us suppose; but in its widest signification it is one word used to designate the combined functions of assimilation, growth, nutrition, excretion, the reception of impressions, the registration of impressions, the combination of impressions, together with the production of force, electricity, light, heat, sound, etc. Such is life, an idea necessarily inferring action, and realising the poet's thought,

She dreads an instant pause, and lives but while she moves.

In organised beings, therefore, the changes occurring in the organisation alone constitute the vital phenomena. Hence all animal beings, and even man himself, *is solely constituted of matter*, and obedient to physical laws. All phenomena of nutrition, growth, assimilation, excretion, together with the action of the senses, of memory, of thought, of reason, of action by word or deed, are phenomena produced by virtue of organisation, and consequently *solely obedient to physical laws.* Whilst the dissecting-room reveals to us the structures necessary for the organisation, the laboratory the composition of the respective parts undergoing change, universal science demonstrates that even *proud man himself is not endowed with any imponderable ether*, or any other than a physical property for the purpose of manifesting any of those phenomena which are classed under the head of vital actions. *Man, however, is immortal.* Man at all times, and in all regions, has believed in his immortality. It is probable that this conviction has its origin in his very organisation. Now that which gives to man his immortality *can have no relation with that which is mortal.* Life, mind, thought, reason, knowledge, *come from organisation*, AND CEASE AT DEATH. "When the breath of man goeth forth he shall turn again to his earth; and then all his thoughts perish."'

Notwithstanding the clearness of the above remarks, and the strength of the language, Mr. Smee is, nevertheless, a believer in man's immortality; but, inasmuch as his reasons for such belief are by no means so conclusive and cogent as his arguments for the assertion that 'life, mind, thought, reason, knowledge..... cease at death,' I shall not quote them here. Macbeth, when scared by the apparition of the murdered Banquo, exclaims:

> ——The times have been,
> That when the brains were out the man would die,
> And there an end——

So it has hitherto been held, that if the *mind* go out, all hope or even possibility of immortality must go with it. Men generally consider that in the non-destructibility of the mind consists the immortality of man's soul; many imagine, in addition, that man has associated with his material organism an 'imponderable ether,' which receives, registers, and combines the impressions made upon the senses by outward objects, and *retains*—either for good or evil—those impressions *after* the death and dissolution of the organism through whose medium they were obtained. But Mr. Smee declares most positively that all mental phenomena are produced by, and are dependent on, organisation—so that when the organism loses its vitality the mind dies with it, *necessarily* and inevitably; and, further, that there is no such 'imponderable ether' in connection with our material frames. *What*, then, there can be of immortality belonging to man, if both his body *and* mind cease to exist, as body and mind, with this life, I cannot conceive, excepting it be the *idea* or *belief* entertained by *some*—the great majority, but not the totality—that existence (conscious, individual existence) *cannot cease* with this life, all science and all reason notwithstanding; and this I am inclined to think is Mr. Smee's case.

Mr. Smee, the man of science, believing, as I have said, in man's immortality, believes also that such immortality is a natural and necessary consequence or conviction, having its origin in man's organisation. Mr. Ham, the man of theology, disbelieves and denies such natural and necessary immortality, and considers that immortality is a privilege to be gained and not a property inherently possessed. This difference of opinion is both curious and instructive. It is curious, because both gentlemen believe that the *words* of God and the *works* of God must harmonise; or, that religion and science, rightly interpreted, must agree. Mr. Smee says, 'When the teachers of science and the teachers of religion differ, one or both must be in error, as truth, on both sides, must lead to an absolute concurrence in its effects.' It is instructive, as showing what widely different conclusions might be arrived at by two intelligent and candid inquirers, when viewing a subject from different points of vision; and indicates the care which should be taken by men of mind and means, when giving their thoughts to the world, in expressing opinions upon matters of pure faith, or upon subjects beyond our reason or the range of demonstration.

If I had unlimited space at my disposal, I might be inclined to quote largely from Mr. Ham's work; but it is by no means necessary that I should do so in order to place his hypothesis fairly before the reader. In fact, for my own part, I do not conceive the *arguments* by which the opinion is supported of a tithe the consequence of the opinion itself, coming from such a quarter. The teachers of theology are certainly becoming more and more eclectic; and every now and then the more enlightened and the more daring take vast strides in advance of the old dogmas which were so pertinaciously clung to by our ancestors. Mr. Ham's views are of this character. He considers that the popular theology of the day is

entirely erroneous on the subject of man's immortality, and that 'the Scriptures exhibit the fall of man as a more lamentable and complete ruin, and the redemption by Christ as a more wonderful and blessed recovery, than is commonly supposed.' 'All who are accustomed (he says) to investigate the grounds of their own religious faith, and who are in the habit of contemplating the development of the religious opinions of others, will readily concur with me, that considerable vagueness, and even actual ignorance, with respect to religious doctrines, exists in the minds of the great majority of religious persons, and that a very considerable proportion of religious belief is rather to be regarded as traditionary and educational than the result of enlightened conviction. May not this be chiefly traced to the fact, that religion is propagated rather *independently* of the Bible, than by its supreme authority, as the source of all religious teaching? There is an understood creed, conventionally stereotyped in the minds of all so-called orthodox believers, according to which the correctness of any belief is examined, and by which it is approved or condemned. We have an authoritative tribunal, a ghostly council, as much a spiritual council as either Carthage or Trent, with canons and formularies as fixed; the effect of which is to awe and intimidate any independent mind that shall be bold enough, in the consciousness of a sacred duty, to sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of him. One has only to entertain a different opinion, even on some minor point of religious belief, from the orthodox multitude, and immediately suspicion, hard names, and sometimes something worse, become the recompence of such temerity. Roman pontiffs, alas! are not the only popes who have troubled the churches of Jesus Christ. Protestantism, with all its protestations, has had its popes; and even now, while Romanism has *one* pope, Protestantism has *many*.' Coming events frequently cast their shadows before, and Mr. Ham in writing this passage had, no doubt, in his thoughts not only what had occurred to others who had ventured to differ 'from the orthodox multitude,' and to state their difference, but, also, the consequences likely to result to himself from taking the same course. If such were the case, he was certainly a true prophet, for no sooner had he given utterance to his views than some of the 'orthodox' set to work to dislodge him from his position as minister of the chapel where he officiates. How they will succeed remains to be seen; but I am happy to learn that the ladies of his congregation—more liberal than the 'lords of creation'—are opposed to his dismissal.*

Mr. Ham's opinions were first made public in a course of lectures on the 'Theology of the Bible,' delivered to young men, and he took for the text of the first, and the foundation of the others, the passage in Genesis ii., 7, 'And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.' Upon this passage Mr. Ham remarks: 'In opposition to the conceit of the native constitution of man which is commonly entertained, I cannot but regard the sacred history as designedly teaching us that our origin is extremely humble, and that our constitutional alliance is less with the immortal Deity than with the mortal and perishable earth. ....In Genesis i., 27, we read, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." Upon this language more emphasis is laid by the advocates of the native immortality of man. Man having been created "in the image of God," it is affirmed that he must have been created *immortal*, because that "image" would have been imperfect without this element in

* Since writing this, I learn that Mr. Ham has resigned, and has preached his farewell sermon.

his constitution. In reply to this statement, I would observe, that it is a perfectly gratuitous assertion, destitute of all evidence, and resting only upon an assumed probability. It will surely not be maintained that man, because he is said to have been created in the Divine "image," is like the Divine Being in *every* attribute of his nature. That nature can, in this extensive sense, have no "image" or "likeness." Immortality is one of the peculiar attributes of the Divine nature, and why then should *one* only of these peculiar attributes be selected, and not *all* of them, as properly involved in the "image" and "likeness" of God? If immortality be selected, why not select *every other* attribute which is involved in the complete similitude of the Deity? Now, we have a direct Scripture prohibition against the assumption of the attribute of immortality by man; for the Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to Timothy, distinctly asserts that "God.....only hath immortality." To this it is replied, that God hath immortality in a peculiar sense, that His immortality is essential and underived, and looks back into the infinite past, as well as forward into the infinite future; while man's immortality is dependent upon the Divine will, and has no retrospective but only a prospective relation. This admission satisfactorily proves, that there cannot therefore be any "image" or "likeness" of God in this respect, if man's immortality is quite *another* attribute, and so materially different from the immortality of God. Let it be distinctly borne in mind, that the argument for man's natural immortality is established upon the statement in Genesis, that he is made in the Divine "*image*" or "*likeness.*" Now, there is a very material respect in which this "image" *or* "likeness" fails as we have seen, and this is, that God's immortality embraces eternity—the eternity past, and the eternity future—while the assumed immortality of man embraces only the eternity to come. Man's immortality, then, is quite a *distinct idea*, a *widely different attribute*—it is not the "*image*" or "*likeness*" of God's immortality.'

Mr. Ham supports his views with many apparently cogent and conclusive arguments. The lectures exhibit great care in the getting up, and ability of a high order as a literary composition. They are not a mere aggregation of words; but a consecutive chain of reason and argument from beginning to end.

Without expressing any opinion of the absolute truth of the views developed in the two works, respecting man's *natural* immortality, I would remark, that it seems to me that neither religion, science, nor reason affords any safe grounds for such belief.

THE PROBLEM OF THE AGE.

People are talking just now many earnest words about the Rights of Labour, the Evils of Competition, and the Advantages of Association. And people are beginning seriously to ask themselves this simple question, 'is it possible to model such a constitution for society as shall ensure infinite production, equality of distribution, and a healthy individual liberty?' Shrink from it as we will—shirk it as the lazy school-boy shirks the *pons Asinorum*—this is the mighty problem of the age, and mighty men must come and solve it. Looking steadily at this problem, I can discover nothing in it absurd, contradictory, or impracticable. It does not seem to me to demand anything out of nature—anything that cannot as well be done as thought of. Let us consider it a moment. A social system is required in which unlimited production—that is, a production adequate to satisfy every human desire—shall never fail. Now, what is wanted to effect this? First, materials to work upon, all the raw elements of food and clothing, fish, and flesh,

and vegetation, seed-time, and harvest; secondly, human will and human skill to use these materials and elements, and apply them to the best advantage. The bounteous universe bestows upon us the first, without any exertion on our part, and as to the others, hunger and thirst, cold and heat, the pinchings of necessity, the inborn tendencies of humanity will furnish those. In relation to man's capacity for enjoyment, the productive powers of the earth are interminable, its treasures exhaustless—the rich stream of nature flows on from eternity to eternity, fertilising the shores of life in its progress—its bubbling waters ring upon our hearts an everlasting hymn of love and joy. Development and creation are going on around us at every breath we draw. All things seem bursting into new forms, and striving to push forth fresh allurements to sleepy man. The welcome seasons return to us year after year, and preach the inspiring language of Faith and Hope. They bid us cast away Fear and Sorrow, and gaze with a steadfast eye on the Majesty of the World. They bid us penetrate into the mysteries of creative power, and behold its bewildering infinity, its miraculous wealth, and its alliance with the circumscribed requirements of human existence. Nature, then, being larger than man, even as the whole is greater than a part, and its resources being inexhaustible and certain, I see nothing extravagant in the first stage of the problem—the doctrine of 'unlimited production.'

The next desideratum in the new social constitution is 'equality of distribution.' And what terrific fanaticism gathers in some souls at the idea of *equality*. To see how some persons rave about the impossibility, the Utopianism, the folly, the madness, of anything approaching to equality, whether political or social, one would almost imagine Injustice and Discord were the household deities of modern religionists. One would fancy, from the horror evinced at the nonsense canted about 'enemies of order,' because those said 'enemies' talk of equality amongst men, that tyranny was a blessing and starvation a sign of prosperity. Away with such execrable jargon! it makes me half angry, half sad when I think of it. The idea embraced by the word Equality is *not* a fallacy, it is a truth, an enduring, truth. But why should it not be a truth? Who gave one man, or one class of men, a charter to take from the common garner more than he can consume, and to shut out his fellow-man from partaking in what, by his organisation and faculties, he is fully as capable of appreciating? Who endowed an idle and haughty aristocracy with the exclusive right to affix their seal upon the soil on which we tread? By what divine law do the drones in the national hive prey on the vitals of Industry—plunder the working bee, reduce him to misery, and then insult him with the niggard hand of patronising charity? I confess I never saw such a charter; I confess I never saw such a law. Nor do I believe this condition of things is necessary, and therefore irreparable. But under the present arrangements of society these wrongs must inevitably have place. Arrangements such as we now have cannot fail to produce bloated luxury in the palace, and emaciated destitution in the cottage. Then, I say at once, those arrangements are bad, false, absurd, murderous. The laws which rob one half of the community to pamper the vanities of the other half must be abolished. If equality, in the distribution of the necessary gifts of nature, is a theory contrary to nature, let us leave it to nature, and not enact statutes as if we thought the Great Spirit of the Universe stood in need of advice gratis. If nature resolves upon having paupers to infest her fair world, let her make them herself; but let us, in the meanwhile, follow the lessons she teaches, and remove whatever obstacles ignorance and prejudice have thrown in the way to prevent every member of society from having food to eat and raiment to wear. Equality of condition! holy and glorious

thought! at least, what I understand by it is so to me. That every individual is to eat and drink the same quantity of food, and dress the same as his neighbour, is no more my idea of equality than that everybody should be the same bodily height, weight, and strength, have the same coloured hair, and be equal in intellectual acquirements. What I maintain is, that not only the necessaries, but the luxuries of life ought to be within the reach of all classes, and that the labourer who toils from morn till night should do what he is now absolutely prevented from doing, namely, reap the full benefit of his labour. Under a rational state of things this would be the result. Under a rational state of things, the consequence of a large population would be the wide subdivision of labour, a lightening of the burden upon each, an increased production of this, that, or the other commodity, and an enhancement of the general happiness. In fact, 'Equality of distribution' says that *All men have a right to live by their labour*, and that no portion of creation was ever given as an heir-loom to princes, nobles, and money-lords. Nature made all men equal in relation to herself; the dogma of Equality is therefore true. I wish the enemies of this truth would enlarge their range of vision, they would then see what a beauteous view opens up before them on this important subject.

Well, then comes, after 'unlimited production,' and 'Equality of distribution,' the remaining element in the problem—'individual liberty'. On this I shall not dilate. Liberty is as requisite for the intellectual and moral health of man as pure air and exercise are for his physical well-being. However, give me the social rights, and political freedom must soon follow; not that a little more political power, in the first instance, would not be a vast assistance in obtaining the social reforms we desire. But, free or not free, man must solve this problem. The idea has taken strong hold of the mind that its solution is possible, and that pauperism can be extinguished.

I cannot refrain from quoting, in conclusion, a few lines from Henry Fielding, the greatest novelist this country has ever produced, as they bear on my remarks above:

> The earth abundant furnishes a store
> To sate the rich and satisfy the poor—
> These would not want, if those did never hoard;
> Enough for Irus falls from Dives' board.
> And dost thou, common son of Nature, dare
> From thy own brother to withhold his share?
> * * * * * *
> Behold, and take example how the steed
> Attempts not selfish to engross the mead;
> See how the lowing herd and bleating flock
> Promiscuous graze the valley and the rock;
> Each tastes his share of Nature's general good,
> Nor strives from others to withhold their food—
> But say, O man, would it not strange appear
> To see some beast (perhaps the meanest there)
> For his repast the sweetest pastures choose,
> And e'en the sourest to the rest refuse;
> Would'st thou not view with scornful, wond'ring eye
> The poor contented starving herd stand by?
> All to one beast a servile homage pay,
> And, boasting, think it honour to obey?

FRANK GRANT.

POPULAR ERRORS ON TAXATION.

[From J. S. Mill's 'Principles of Political Economy.']

The preceding principles [we are quoting § 10] demonstrate the fallacy of many popular arguments and doctrines which are continually reproducing themselves in new forms. For example, it has been contended, and by some from whom better things might have been expected, that the argument for the income-tax, grounded on its falling on the higher and middle classes only, and sparing the poor, is an error; some have gone so far as to say, an imposture; because in taking from the rich what they would have expended among the poor, the tax injures the poor as much as if it had been directly levied from them. Of this doctrine we now know what to think. So far, indeed, as what is taken from the rich in taxes, would, if not so taken, have been saved, and converted into capital, or even expended in the maintenance and wages of servants, or of any class of unproductive labourers, to that extent the demand for labour is no doubt diminished, and the poor injuriously affected, by any tax on the rich; and as these effects are almost always produced in a greater or less degree, it is impossible so to tax the rich as that no portion whatever of the tax can fall on the poor. But even here the question arises, whether the government, after receiving the amount, will not lay out as great a portion of it in the direct purchase of labour, as the tax-payers would have done. In regard to all that portion of the tax, which, if not paid to the government, would have been consumed in the form of commodities (or even expended in services if the payment has been advanced by a capitalist), this, according to the principles we have investigated, falls definitively on the rich, and not at all on the poor. There is exactly the same demand for labour, so far as this portion is concerned, after the tax, as before it. The capital which hitherto employed the labourers of the country, remains, and is still capable of employing the same number. There is the same amount of produce paid in wages, or allotted to defray the feeding and clothing of labourers.

If those against whom I am now contending were in the right, it would be impossible to tax anybody except the poor. If it is taxing the labourers to tax what is laid out in the produce of labour, the labouring classes pay all the taxes. The same argument, however, equally proves, that it is impossible to tax the labourers at all; since the tax, being laid out either in labour or in commodities, comes all back to them; so that taxation has the singular property of falling on nobody. On the same showing, it would do the labourers no harm to take from them all they have, and distribute it among the other members of the community. It would all be 'spent among them,' which on this theory comes to the same thing. The error is produced by not looking directly at the realities of the phenomena, but attending only to the outward mechanism of paying and spending. If we look at the effects produced not on the money, which merely changes hands, but on the commodities which are used and consumed, we see that, in consequence of the income-tax, the classes who pay it do really diminish their consumption. Exactly so far as they do this, they are the persons on whom the tax falls. It is defrayed out of what they would otherwise have used and enjoyed. So far, on the other hand, as the burthen falls, not on what they would have consumed, but on what they would have saved to maintain production, or spent in maintaining or paying unproductive labourers, to that extent the tax forms a deduction from what would have been used and enjoyed by the labouring classes. But if the government, as is probably the fact, expends fully as much of the amount as the tax-payers would have done in the direct employment of labour, as in hiring sailors, soldiers, and

policemen, or in paying off debt, by which last operation it even increases capital; the labouring classes not only do not lose any employment by the tax, but may possibly gain some, and the whole of the tax falls exclusively where it was intended.

All that portion of the produce of the country which any one actually and literally consumes for his own use, does not contribute in the smallest degree to the maintenance of labour. No one is benefitted by mere consumption, except the person who consumes. And a person cannot both consume his income himself, and make it over to be consumed by others. Taking away a certain portion by taxation cannot deprive both him and them of it, but only him *or* them. To know which is the sufferer, we must understand whose consumption will have to be retrenched in consequence: this, whoever it be, is the person on whom the tax really falls.—Book i., chap. v., § 10, pp. 103-6.

SOCIAL PROGRESS DEBATED AND EXPLAINED.

(Concluded from page 364.)

THE propensity to appropriate without labour, whether by fraud or force, a share of the good things produced by the labour of others, would not fail to manifest itself. How to counteract this propensity, fatal to all industrial proceedings if allowed to gratify itself; how to organise protection, and contrive that the powers organised for the purpose should not be perverted into a means of plunder and oppression, to establish courts of law and induce individuals to respect the mandates of these courts, and to relinquish the thought of redressing their own wrongs, real or imaginary—these would be the lessons in political and legal science which would be taught; since they must be taught, if free scope is to be given to the physical science which has been mastered.

The necessity of skill and labour to produce, of economy to save, and of parental forethought to provide for the next generation, so that the wealth produced may be distributed among all, and the enjoyment extractable from it generally participated in—how to secure a general knowledge of these truths, and an equally general practical observance of them—these would be the lessons of economical science, combined with educational science and practice, which would be taught to give efficacy to all the other lessons.

The thousand years of philanthropic and enlightened exertion being completed, we behold a few scattered and naked savages transformed into a numerous and civilised community, abounding in wealth, so distributed as to be enjoyed; so distributed as that none revel in wasteful prodigality, none pine in hopeless destitution.

'Wait a while,' say those who see nought but cycles in human affairs. 'Fancy not, in your sanguine haste, that there is any rational cause for felicitation in that transformation which has been the work of a thousand years. The cycle is complete; and this climax of civilisation has been completed only to be dissolved for the purpose of supplying from its wreck the elements of another civilisation about to germinate, grow, and attain perfection out of the seeds of another barbarism.'

Science repudiates this childish fable. Social Science, surrounded and supported by all the other sciences which she in her turn calls forth and invigorates, convinces us that progress is the destiny of man. Science, which means the systematic record of all observation and experience, and Social Science, which means the systematic record of all observation and experience as regards the causes and consequences of human actions in relation to well-being, remove all doubts as to the duty imposed upon everybody to help on that progress, and banish all despondency as to the success which cannot but attend such efforts.

Illustrative Notices.

In the discussion on the Parliamentary Oaths' Bill, on June 12, Mr. P. Wood read the following curious list of some of the offices held by different persons, who declared by virtue of those offices that they would not use the influence of them to overturn the established church. Mr. Wood said, 'He had taken the roll from the list made on the accession of King William IV. Amongst them were admirals and bishops. That might be very well, but mingled with them were the following:—The master of the Queen's band, and the conductors of the same (a laugh); the King's principal porter; the housekeeper at Hampton Court Palace; the state pages; the King's gentleman porter; and then the trumpeter of the household (a laugh); the watermen, the bargemasters, the King's swankeeper, and the topacier *(tapissier?)* Who that officer was he did not know, nor could he find anybody to tell him (a laugh); and then last, not least, His Majesty's rat-killer (great laughter), who declared that he "would not use the influence of his office to subvert the church as by law established" (continued laughter). The chimney-sweeper would have been included but for the good sense of the excellent officer who kept the roll, and who thought that that would be really going too far (laughter).' This is extracted from the *Times'* report of Mr. Wood's speech.

The *Progressionist* has now incorporated with it the *Voice in the East*, and is issued in a new form. It is conducted by young men, judging from the writing; but young men have the energy of which progress is made.

Professor Maurice, of King's College, has lately, at different times, met parties of the working classes in London, to hear from them their own notions of what they want. The Professor is understood to have been the editor of 'Politics for the People.' We saw the Professor one night listen with great patience to a strange mixture of good sense and nonsense from his proletarian guests.

M. A. De Chastelain has opened a French and English College, at Church House, Merton, Surrey—lately the Establishment of Mr. Atkinson, and formerly the residence of Sheridan.

In an 'Essay on the influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion,' by George Cornewall Lewis, Esq., authority is defined to be 'the influence which determines a belief without a comprehension of the proof.'

The following is a literal transcript, in every particular, of a communication sent to the *Bristol Minor* by the Rev. Martin R. Whish, rector of St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol, and the holder of several other livings and offices, on the subject of his brother, General Whish's campaign in India. Was it the rev. gentleman's piety or his learning which gained him his preferments?—'Perhaps the public may feel some interest in *recording* such transaction, or series of conquests, in which the General has been concerned as a military man, and, therefore, I refer *this letter* to you for your perusal, with a permission to deal with it as you may judge proper. My brother has been engaged in a series of military efforts during a residence of above forty years in India. At the age of nineteen he obtained a cadetship, and we both started in public life together, myself commencing my *academic career* at Cambridge about the *same* time. After passing through the usual preparatory discipline at Woolwich, under Dr. Olinthus Gregory, with whom he studied the art of war, and having gained some celebrity there, he was soon sent off to the Indian Peninsula. Into the Bengal establishment he was admitted, and was afterwards engaged in a successful attack on Bhurtpore, by which he gained the distinction

of a Companion of the Order of the Bath after some other exploits in the field of battle, he returned from India, and took his usual furlow, and returned again to his post; afterwards, in consequence of *ill health*, he took passage in a ship, being obliged to be *carried* all the way to it. He then embarked for England and *retired*, and took up his abode at Cheltenham with all his family, and became domesticated, *entirely*, as I thought: but such was the state of India that the India House required *experienced* officers to command the troops abroad, that my brother left his family again, and, with his wife, took *another* command in the *army* of India, being promoted thereto by his long standing and *position* in it, and took, as is publicly known, a leading part in a *new* military campaign which has now, as it is expected and hoped for, *closed* the warrior's career by the decided overthrow and seizure of Moultan, its city and citadel, by the forces under his immediate control after a harrassing seige, from September 1848, to the 2nd of January, 1849, and for which he has *just* received, by the UNANIMOUS votes of *both* Houses of Parliament, the thanks and gratitude of our nation, and this without any mark or stain upon his military profession or character, having maintained a sense of his obligation to his God and Saviour and acted in the fear of God's holy name, and honoured *that day* which he hath consecrated for sacred ends, and which he observed duly until *the day* of fearful battle had arrived, which in his letter he was forced by circumstances partially to desecrate [and which he deplored NECESSITY had driven him to,] which was the *last Lord's day* of the year 1848. It was, however, his custom to *read the Psalms* of the day, and the *church order* he observed. On that day it happened to be the 144th, which in his letter to his mother he said had consoled him in a measure, as it had been the EXPERIENCE of the Royal King David, who was also a man of war, and who often "encouraged himself in the Lord his God," who "taught his hands to war and his fingers to fight" while he had been engaged in the necessary defence of his people, against *those* who treacherously sought to destroy him, and whose "Lord had often covered his head in the day of battle and delivered him from the peril of the sword." My brother's *two* sons are with him in the camp, *one* of these had a *similar* escape with that of his father under the walls of Moultan, where his *horse* was *shot from under him* whilst viewing the extent of the *fortifications* of that *once-famed* city, *now* laying in the dust; which might have also been the fate of *Lahore* lately had not his resolute troops under him *intercepted* the Sikhs *at the fords* of Jhelum, whereby no small advantage accrued to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough, who afterwards, by this happy manœuvre, obtained a most *triumphant* victory on the memorable day of February 21st, 1849, and discomfited the whole army of the Sikhs—our treacherous, barbarous, and decided foes.'

A tract issued by the Peace Society, entitled 'What does it Cost?' thus commences:—'The friends of peace, who are labouring to substitute another method of settling international differences, instead of the bloody arbitrament of the sword, are constantly met by the cry, that their project is visionary, Utopian, impracticable. But we appeal to the calm sense of the English public, before they join in this cry of contempt, which is a *very convenient way for interested persons to get rid of a troublesome subject*, to reflect for a moment on what the war system has cost?' These italics are as we find them. We wish to ask why, when the Peace Society lays down the sword, should it not take up weapons of honour? Why make such an offensive and malicious imputation as this, which implies that the opposition to the Peace Society proceeds from '*interested*' persons. So noble a cause as that of peace ought to have more dignity and more exactness.

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.
June 20, 1849.

MEMORIAL TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND LORDS.

Sheweth—That, by an absolute necessity in human affairs, the decision of majorities is the only practicable way of arriving at a safe result. The verdict of half the voters, plus one, is not held by your memorialist to be an infallible criterion of the just and true, but it is the best approximation that has yet been recognised in civil proceeding; and your memorialist believes that the application of the same principle to the nation, in the election of your honourable House, would be more salutary than that which now prevails.

If it be allowed by your House that the decision of the majority competent to vote is a legitimate rule, your memorialist respectfully submits that, with the exception of minors, criminals, and insane, all are competent to vote who are competent to be taxed.

Your memorialist therefore prays your honourable House to speedily pass an act for the enfranchisement of the people.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

MONUMENT TO COWPER.

We saw, when in London the other day, a letter of Mr. Dickens to a gentleman refusing to contribute to this object—1st. Because there were many greater than Cowper to whom no monuments had been erected; and, 2ndly. Because he could countenance no such proposal as long as the public were not gratuitously admitted to the Abbey. Now this is very contemptible, because, in the first place, the public are gratuitously admitted to the Poet's Corner—where, of course, the monument would be placed; and secondly, who are the poets excluded greater than Cowper, except Coleridge and Byron? And we all know why Byron has no place. No matter. The 'Task' will outlive the 'Haunted Man.' Dickens is but a 'Cricket on the Hearth.' Cowper was an Eagle of God, and his memory shall be cherished, and his poems read, after the 'Pickwick Papers' are forgotten.

[This appeared a short time ago in *Tait's Magazine*. It has been applauded by the press as a severe note on Dickens. We see in it more of Christian petulance than ability or justice. Mr. Dickens does rightly in claiming that the public should be admitted to more than a corner of the nation's Abbey, and the resting place of its great. We do 'all know why Byron is excluded,' and we tell Mr. Gilfillan that we are degraded by knowing it—by knowing how that Christian charity which 'thinketh no evil' can wreak its malignity on the mighty dead—whom it dare not assail when living. We thank Mr. Dickens for raising the protest of his charmed name against this disreputable exclusion of Byron.]

THE LIFE OF CARLILE.

In noticing the Life of Carlile, the *Northern Star*, No. 604, says:—'However close the alliance of brevity with wit, it is not always wise to make brevity the first consideration—perhaps never so, when an author's subject is the life and character of a remarkable man. We anticipate that the universal verdict on this memoir will be that Mr. Holyoake has done neither his subject nor himself justice. The life of Richard Carlile demanded at least one goodly *volume*. In tracing the sketch before us, Mr. Holyoake has so far done his work well; but his outline needs filling up. By those who knew the man, or read his publications, this memoir is sure to be welcomed. Younger men will be stimulated by curiosity to learn something of one whose name was once famous. We anticipate that their curiosity will be whetted rather than satisfied by a perusal of Mr. Holyoake's well-written, but too brief, production.' [But a 'goodly *volume*' would not have been bought. And it is in vain to publish to a man's honour that which would not be read. It is the pleasantest of faults to find with a book to confess that you lay it down with a desire for more.]

REASONER FUND.

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THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

LITERARY INSTITUTION, John-st., Fitzroy Square.—June 24, (7½) Thomas Cooper, 'European Affairs: Hungary & Austria.'

HALL OF SCIENCE, City Road.—June 24, (7½) Mr. G. J. Holyoake, 'The infamous attack on the "Eternal City" by the French—The heroism of the Romans—Importance of the Roman Republic to European liberties.'

QUEENWOOD COLLEGE.

About four miles from the Dunbridge Station, on the line from Bishopstoke to Salisbury, stands the handsome building to the present uses of which we made allusion in a leading article of this Journal on the 30th of September last. We mentioned, in writing on the subject of Agricultural Colleges, and the advantages they afforded to the country, that Queenwood College was one of them. The statement, however, requires a little explanation, as Queenwood is not an exclusively agricultural seminary, but a college in which every branch of education is taught; and which, in addition to the usual course of classical and commercial study, provides, on a farm of 800 acres, for such young men as wish to turn their attention to agriculture, an opportunity to make themselves acquainted with it, both practically and scientifically. Its principal—who was employed in Russia by the Emperor Alexander, in the reclamation of waste lands around St. Petersburgh—is not merely an agriculturist, but an experienced teacher, who is imbued with a deep consciousness of the importance of school, as an introduction to life. The celebrated establishment of M. de Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, is the model, to a great extent, of Queenwood College, as far as the principles upon which it is conducted are concerned. Like M. de Fellenberg, the principal of Queenwood is of opinion that the first business of an educator is to develop the various faculties of the youthful mind fully and harmoniously, and that the next is to give these faculties a proper training with strict reference to the future destination in life of the pupil. We have not space, however, to enter at length upon this subject; but, having set ourselves right upon the point of agriculture, must confine our notice of Queenwvod, as a public seminary, to the fact that it is one of a kind of which we should rejoice to see many in England. The building itself was constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Robert Owen, and is, in fact, the famous 'Harmony Hall,' where that philosopher attempted to carry out, on a small scale, his views for the regeneration of society, and to establish the Millennium. On the gable of the building appears the inscription, inlaid with flints, 'C. of M., 1842.' On inquiring the meaning, we were informed that it signified 'Commencement of the Millennium, 1842.' The Millennium, however, was but of short duration. Harmony Hall was shut up, and remained for a considerable time without a tenant or an offer. Ultimately Mr. Edmonson, of Tulketh Hall, near Preston, was induced to take a lease of it, to carry out, on a more extended scale, the educational principles for which he is celebrated, and which he had so successfully wrought out in the former establishment. He restored the ancient name of the farm, and, under his auspices, Queenwood College promises to be one of the most valuable seminaries in the kingdom.—*Illustrated London News.* [Some few words are omitted from this account, which cannot be quoted without involving a discussion which continues incapable of adjustment.]

THE ROMAN REPUBLIC.

On Friday evening a meeting was held at the Institute in Sloane Square on behalf of Rome. Mr. Henry Field in the Chair. The speakers were Messrs. G. J. Holyoake, Sidney Hawkes, James Stansfeld, and Richard Moore. The chief resolution was as follows:—'That the fratricidal war now carried on by the government of France against the Roman Republic, in violation of an express article of the French Constitution, is an act of treason alike to France, to Rome, to the common right of nations, to self-government; and that it is rendered doubly infamous by the treachery which has characterised every step of the French government throughout the so-called intervention.' Though on Friday evening the place was crowded: subscriptions were given for the children of the fallen at Rome, and acknowledgments passed to the chairman and the directors of the Institute for services and facilities afforded. Last night two Italian meetings were held—one at Cowper Street and one at John Street. A musical lecture, by J. D. Collet, is in progress of arrangement at the National Hall.

We intended to have given the names of the West-End Boot Makers, who subscribed the £2 18s. odd acknowledged last week, but they have not reached us in time.

INSTITUTE OF PROGRESS, Sloane Square.—Second List. (Per A. Goodwill, Secretary.) M. Robinson 1s., J. Anderson 1s., Messrs. Nicholls and Brett 1s., W. Roberts 1s., Messrs. Reading and Minto 1s., J. R. Holmes 2s. 6d., B. Rawlings 1s., W. Coates 2s., Messrs. Parker and Stringer 1s., Messrs. Goodwill and Williams 10d., at door of meeting 5s. 6d. Total, 17s. 6d.

R. G. W., Harborough, 1s.

Just Published, Price 6d.,

WILLIAM THE NORMAN; OR, THE TYRANT DISPLAYED: a Tragedy. By R. Otley. Also, 'Wesleyan Parson's Satire,' price 6d. 'On the Origin of Evil,' price 3d. 'Free Trade: a Letter to G. H. Wood, Esq., M.P. for Sheffield,' price 1½d.

Ready for the Press.—'Christian Pantheism.' 'The Demon of Despotism.'

Published by J. Watson, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row, and H. Beal, 2, Sloe Lane, London; and sold by all booksellers.

INTIMATIONS.

The *Reasoner* is sent free by Post, the Quarter's Subscription 4s. 4d., on thin paper 3s. 3d., and issued in Monthly Parts and Half-yearly Volumes.

RECEIVED.—A. B. Matthews, Odiham. (The lectures of Mr. Fox are published in four vols. They can be had of Charles Fox, Paternoster Row, or through the usual booksellers. Price 5s.)—Mr. Blacklock. (3s. U. S.)—J. Lynes, Coventry. (For Carlile monument, 10s.)—C. Perkat. (He will find the information in a new work entitled 'The Temporal Benefits of Christianity, exemplified in its Influence on the Social, Intellectual, Civil, and Political Condition of Mankind, from its first Promulgation to the Present Day.' By Robert Blakey, author of the 'History of the Philosophy of Mind.')—Moderation's reply to W. J. L. was not adequate.—*Queenwood Reporter* for June.—A Student in Natural Philosophy. (The best Table exhibiting the 'Physical and Chemical Properties of Matter' which we have seen, is one contrived by Dr. Inglis of Halifax, and may be had by post of Mr. McArthur of that town.)—Hugo's attentions are services.—J. B.—W. R. (His communication was very interesting. Mr. H. is obliged by the part he took in the matter.)—J. M. (His enclosure is used.)—G. Anderson. (The 'Mathematics' has been sent. Mr. H. once had to offer opposition to that party on a matter of public principle. It was a duty reluctantly, but inevitably, performed; perhaps disinclination arises out of that matter—very great apathy at the time naturally arose.)—J. H. (His useful letter will receive attention.)

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Wednesday, June 20, 1849.

The Reasoner.

No. 161.] EDITED BY G. J. HOLYOAKE. [Price 2d.

TWO SIDES OF THE JEWISH CHARACTER.

'Near the eastern margin of the gigantic empire of Rome, lay a small strip of coast which had been added to its dominion by Pompey the Great. The accession had excited little notice, eclipsed and forgotten amid the crowd of greater acquisitions, and in itself too insignificant to excite even the ready vanity of conquest. The district had nothing in it to draw towards it the attention of a people dazzled by the magnitude and splendour of their own power. Remote from the existing centres of opulent and cultivated society, with a language unknown to educated men, destitute of any literature to excite curiosity, or any specimens of art to awaken wonder, it would have lain in exile from the great human community, had not the circulation of commerce embraced it, and self-interest secured for it a surly and contemptuous regard. It lay between the fallen kingdoms of Egypt and Assyria, but derived no distinction from its position; it seemed covered with the dust, without sharing the glories of their ruined magnificence. Its inhabitants were the most unpopular of nations—a people out of date, relics of a ruder period of the world—having the prejudices of age without its wisdom, and the superstitions of the East without its loftiness:—they had long been deserted by the tide of civilisation, now flowing on other shores, and were left without the refreshment of a sympathy. And as hatred stimulates ferocity, and contempt invites men to be mean, they retreated into the seclusion of all unsocial passions. They detested: they despised: they suspected: they writhed under authority: they professed submission only to obtain revenge: they had no heritage in the present; content with nothing which it brought, they had no gratitude to express: their affections were for the past and the future; their worship was one of memory and of hope, not of love. Fair and fertile as were the fields of Palestine, it was held to be the blot of the nations, the scowl of the world.'

This is the eloquent picture which James Martineau draws of the Jewish character,* as set forth in the Old Testament. And the impression of the Jewish race, so vividly portrayed here, is the one which has been impressed on the intelligent readers of the old Jewish records. As a portraiture of that people, in the infancy of civilisation, it has historical value, but how few of us distinguish that this is but the picture of what they *were*. The Bible being continually before our countrymen, this is the *sole*, undivided impression which they receive. It is altogether overlooked that nineteen centuries of education and communication the Jews have had in the world, constituting an experience diversified and wonderful above all that has fallen to any other men, must have changed their nature and exalted their character. That persecution which, by its unparalleled, inexcusable, flagrant, and universal intensity, has kept them an isolated, intermarrying people, has been calculated to preserve unchanged their physical peculiarities, while it has been calculated to change them in all other respects.

To appreciate the other side of the Jewish character, take an extract from a source not like that of Disraeli, of partisan suspicion, but from a man of large experience of the world, and an opponent of their tenets: I allude to 'John P. Y.,

* 'Rationale of Religious Enquiry,' pp. 1-2.

M.D.,' who conceals under this *nom de gerre* a name of high scientific reputation. The earnestness of the passage I can vouch for, having frequently heard him in conversation express himself with the same fervour. Having quoted the destruction of Cheapside Cross from the 'Parliamentary Register' of 1643, he proceeds to say:—

'One would suppose that nothing could still the fierceness of these disputants. Yes, I know a charm that will work that wonder; throw into the midst of them a Jew, and all their fangs will be fixed in him—the unfortunate, the despised, the insulted, the persecuted Jew, who has been now nineteen centuries under the hand of affliction, robbed, tortured, and murdered in almost every country under heaven, and deprived of his civil rights throughout almost all the world. Alas! with what heartfelt pleasure is it that I stop for one short minute to pour oil into his wounds. In Protestant Germany they are only allowed to live in certain numbers in certain towns; in Protestant Sweden not at all. In other parts they can only be married in certain numbers every year, and cannot be apprenticed to any trade. A Jew seems to live only to be persecuted. It is such a thoroughly cowardly thing, too, striking a man when he is down—and for what? For doing that which ought to command our respect and esteem—for adhering through fire, or through water, through plunder, and bloodshed, and death, to the religion which his fathers have followed for more than 3000 years. He is ever the same. His existence is almost a miracle—yet there he stands with his phylacteries as he was before the Tabernacle. With his amiable and deeply religious prayer book, most of it as old as the days of Ezra, and his one God, he looks like some emblem of eternity in the midst of time. To be esteemed and respected a Jew only requires to be known, and I may say the same of his literature: but what do we know of him? If he is well dressed, we think of money bags, and bonds, and securities, and usury; if he is ill dressed, we remember black lead pencils, oranges, and old clothes. This is the end of our knowledge. I, who in all parts of the earth have shared with him my hospitality and partaken of his—I, to whom the face of a Jew always appears the face of a friend—can conscientiously assert that, in all the exalted feelings of the human race, I never found the Jew below his fellow mortals. I once owed my life to a Jew. I believe there are very few to be discovered who have not more than an average warmth of heart. In their religious duties they would shame many Christians, and of their patience and resignation under their manifold sufferings, mental and bodily, all can speak. Truly it needs much resignation, for even the immortal Shakspere has, among others, lifted his hand against the Jew—I hope unknowingly. In his Merchant of Venice he has dramatised a fact; but, tell it not in Gath, it was the Christian who demanded so bitterly his pound of flesh, and that pound of flesh was to be cut from the body of a helpless Jew.'*

We believe that it is overlooking this essential and important improvement in Jewish character that induces many of the Lords to oppose their enfranchisement. They look upon the Jews as the same people who are said to have crowded Pilate's Hall, and shouted for the crucifixion of the Nazarene. It is a great mistake.

Apart from religious grounds, on grounds purely moral, we consider that the Jews behaved as well under the circumstances (received as authentic amongst us) of the death of Christ, as any of their assailants would behave now, if they were in the same situation.

* For an account of Dr. John P. Y.'s elaborate work, in three volumes, from which his extract is taken, see No. 9 of the *Movement*, of February 10, 1844.

The Messiah promised to the Jews was to deliver them, not in an evasively spiritual sense, but in a tangible and substantial sense, and all the world knows they needed delivering. Well, they have not been delivered, neither in one sense nor the other, and no wonder that they are of opinion that *their* Messiah is not come—whoever else may be more fortunate to have received one.

Nor under the circumstances, I maintain, did the Jews behave unusually bad to Christ. Let any man come among us now, and set aside with a rude hand the approved religion of our dominant Church, and set up an authority which Christians neither understand nor receive—let such an innovator use abusive language, and go out into the fields and lanes and appeal to the mob against the learning, pride, and respectability of the accredited priests, and half the sects among us would call that man imposter: and he would be a sharp fellow if he did not get crucified in one way or other half-a-dozen times over. There is not an enemy of the Jews among us who would not do as the Jews did.

A correspondent, to whose criticisms we are indebted, writes—'I am of opinion that such an article as the "Guessing Jew," though admirable in itself, was not in proper place in the *Reasoner* It had no bearing on theology, morals, politics, or science.' The opinion of this correspondent, all our readers would agree, was of weight on a point like this. We therefore offer him the explanation which he has missed. The reasons which dictated the insertion of the article were these: at a time when the question of the political enfranchisement of the Jews was pending, we were anxious to contribute in some way to propitiate men in their favour. Our direct advocacy has been withheld for reasons more than once stated. It has been urged in Parliament that if they admit the Jews they should next have to admit infidels. We wished to serve the Jews, and we served them by our silence when we could not by our speech; and we have done more, we have withheld our own claims—this we have before explained. But in this case it appeared that we could serve them by quoting this pleasant story, which could not fail to raise the estimate of Jewish wit. That poor Jew, in Hebel's page, displayed more ingenuity than many members of Parliament—though genuine Agnews, or Spooners. I have heard Mr. Grattan, the tragedian, say, as I think I have somewhere remarked, that the purpose of Mr. Rice, the well-known comedian, in bringing out 'Jim Crow,' the once popular nigger song, was to familiarise the American public with the phenomena of a coloured man upon the stage—which those very consistent, democratic, and equality-loving people would not tolerate—and before Rice's ingenious expedient did not tolerate on the stage. And I can relieve the anxiety of our friend Dr. P. Y., by telling him I have heard an eminent critic state publicly, that this was the design of our own glorious Shakspere in drawing the character of Shylock. That before Shakspere's time, a Jew was not permitted to appear in any public representation, and that but for this prejudice Shylock would have been drawn more favourably. As it is, Shylock's character is precisely of that tone one would expect to be imparted to a Jew; by a friend of the race—for Shylock speaks like a man who felt that he had sixteen centuries of wrong to revenge—wrongs endured at the hands of Christians. There is no parallel save the remotest and the humblest between these acts and that which I performed, and scarcely any but the most imaginary correspondence in benefit conferred; but these instances were present in my recollection, and suggested the selection of the translation from Hebel—which I named the 'Guessing Jew.' It is always one of the accredited objects of the *Reasoner* to do anything, however trifling, if nothing higher is possible to us, which shall aid in the emancipation of an enslaved sect—enslaved on account of religious opinions. And in this view of the matter the

correspondent referred to will, I have no doubt, readily acquiesce. We are not Jews, we have no sympathy with Jewish tenets, but we have great respect for the Jewish character, and take profound interest in Jewish freedom.

ION.

A HYMN FOR ROME.

WRITTEN FOR MR. COLLET'S CONCERT FOR THE ROMAN ORPHANS.

Air—'God Save the Queen.'

Power that canst conquer Wrong!
Uplift this suppliant throng
Heart-bow'd to thee.
Speed thou the oath we swear—
Strong as an answer'd prayer—
By all that free men dare,
Rome shall be free.

By Brutus' constant zeal,
By thine own Raffaelle,
Rome shall be free.
By all the glorious stir
Since Rome's first heroes were,
By our new Triumvir,
Rome shall be free.

By Cocles' dauntless war,
By Mutius Scævola,
Rome shall be free.
By Curtius' deed devout,
By Brennus' baffled rout—
Yet doth Camillus shout,
Rome shall be free.

By all our martyr line,
By all their hopes divine,
Rome shall be free.
By young Ruffini's pain,
The Bandiera twain—
They have not died in vain,
Rome shall be free.

By her Eternal Name,*
By Freedom's quenchless flame,
Rome shall be free.
By thy Beloved, by Him
Who makes old glories dim—
Echo Mazzini's Hymn—
'Rome shall be free.'

W. J. LINTON.

* The 'Eternal City.'

PROTEST AGAINST COMPLICITY WITH FRANCE.

TO THE HONOURABLE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED.

The Petition of the Undersigned

SHEWETH—That your petitioner, an Englishman, though unrepresented (being disqualified by change of residence) is not regardless of the honour of his country;

That your petitioner has heard with indignation and dismay the assertion of the French Government that, in their conduct towards the Roman Republic, they have been in accord with England—meaning by England (your petitioner supposes) Her Majesty's Office for Foreign Affairs;

That such assertion accuses the Foreign Administration of this country of being an accomplice in a course of policy (that pursued by France towards Rome) whose villainy is scarcely paralleled in history;

That your petitioner cannot help calling to mind the foul practices of 1844, when, the Foreign Office being in accord with Austria, English Ministers were employed as informers and tools of the Austrian police, to track the steps of the brothers Bandiera—and, therefore, your petitioner fears that such assertion of English complicity with France may be but too generally credited in Europe, more especially as the policy of our Foreign Office bears on it no character of consistency, no impress of any guiding principle sufficient of itself to contradict the likelihood of such complicity;

That the effect of a belief through Europe that the English Government have connived at French villainy towards Rome must be to brand England with dishonour, to damage her reputation and destroy her influence, to damp the hopes of the liberal party throughout Europe, and to encourage and so assist the despotic Powers in their endeavours to trample upon Right, to prevent the growth and progress of Humanity;

That this belief in English complicity would have the further tendency—by accustoming the minds of Englishmen to suffer dishonour abroad—to lower the standard of honour at home—so demoralising the people, and paving an easy descent to the utter degradation and ruin of the British Empire;

That though the assertion of English complicity with the guilt of France may be false, yet it has gone forth and needs to be absolutely contradicted—not merely by a formal denial of the particular fact, but by open manifestation of such principles of policy as shall assure Europe that England cannot, now or evermore, either aid, abet, or permit so gross an outrage upon Justice, upon the Rights and Liberties of Nations;

Your petitioner therefore prays your Honourable House that, in order as far as possible to prevent any future doubt or mistake as to the rectitude of England, your Honourable House will forthwith assume the control of the Foreign Office, and that, irrespective of precedents, you will assert and cause everywhere to be asserted, such a course of foreign policy as shall be consistent with the high mission of England, with her duty to Humanity, and in accordance with those principles of Freedom and Progress which, until the late Act of Lord John Russell 'to suppress felonious speaking,' were ever upon the lips of English patriots and the most time-serving of diplomatists and statesmen;

And your petitioner so far as in duty bound will ever pray,

(Signed)

June 16, 1849. W. J. LINTON.

BRITISH GENTLEMEN.

In the *Times* of the 26th ult. appears a letter from an officer of the 2nd Europeans engaged in the Battle of Goojerat, and the subsequent operations on the Jhelum. The following are correct extracts from that letter, and refer exclusively to transactions that took place *after* the Sikhs were defeated, and when conquerors usually respect the vanquished :—

'The enemy were in thousands trying to escape, and our men *knocking them over like dogs!*.....Some of our men screamed out "They are off".....Fordyce's troop went off at a gallop, our men giving them three cheers—such cheers! *it was a perfect scream of delight and eagerness*, and you may be sure I assisted and *yelled till I was hoarse!*.....Every *wounded Sikh* was either shot or bayoneted.....I rushed up with a few of the grenadiers, and found four men reloading their pieces; three were bayoneted, and *I was hacking away at the head of the fourth*, when Compton, of the grenadiers, shot him.....The last shot was fired at an unfortunate Goorer in the camp, who was *seated quietly reading their Grunth!**.....We waited at this place for about two hours, and I assure you they were about the *jolliest* two hours I ever passed. I never enjoyed a bottle of beer so much in my life!'

The *Bradford Observer*, commenting on this passage, observes—'Such are the horrid details of war; such are the transactions attributed to a righteous and merciful God; such are the victories for which the Earl of Galloway and Sir Robert Inglis desire a day of national thanksgiving!'

The persons who figured in this disgraceful slaughter as leaders of the men—in this slaughter, which forms a pendant to the Dahra massacre by Bugeaud—were *British Gentlemen:* the sons of our nobility and clergy: the scions of our noble houses. How essentially ferocious they must be! Yet *these* are the men, whose fathers in the House of Commons talk of the ferocity of the Young Irelanders, of the desperate projects of Chartists, and Red Republicans and Socialists of France. No political projectors ever betrayed such savageness as this. They at least have the plea of necessity in escaping from a political order, which is to them an order of death: these British gentlemen did their butchery for sport. They found it to be jolly, jollier than guzzling at a bottle, to shoot a defenceless Sikh even when reading his Bible. Yet these are all defenders of 'religion' and 'family!' G.J.H.

DISCIPLINE OF SCEPTICAL FAMILIES.

Dear Sir,—I have been a long time a reader of the *Reasoner*, and I go a long way with you in your views upon many subjects treated in it. I have also been many years a believer in the doctrines promulgated by Robert Owen, and believe that they are the only correct views of society and human nature, and that it will be the fate of humanity to be tossed and buffetted with all the evils that ever and anon assail society until these principles are established throughout the world. But notwithstanding the progress of affairs, it is probable that several generations must pass away before such a state shall be realised.

Now if society, in its onward progress, should, by degrees, abandon the dogma of Christianity as a controlling influence on the masses—what, in your opinion could be beneficially substituted as a moral code to restrain the turbulent passions?

Although I have long ago abandoned theology, yet, as far as my observa

* The 'Grunth' is the Sikh Bible.

extends, I am compelled to acknowledge that the most virtuous and best conducted young men are to be found in religious families. It is a lamentable fact, that persons who were formely religious, after becoming sceptics, and having thrown off the outward restraints which a profession of religion enjoins, if they have families, too often suffer them to grow up without those controlling influences themselves were subject to in early life. I grieve to remark the laxity of discipline in many sceptical families—and I have thought how useful an occasional hint from you to the readers of the *Reasoner* upon this subject would become to the rising generation of sceptics. Pray give your attention to the subject. J. H

[Our correspondent, in stating as hypothetical what will prove to be the fact—that society will only 'abandon present popular dogmas of Christianity by slow degrees,' partly answers his own query. As these dogmas decline, reason will attain the ascendant; and as the change will be gradual it will be harmless. The laxness of discipline in some sceptical families, to which he usefully and properly draws attention, is the result of the rejection of the restraints of theology without comprehending the restraints of reason. Our task is to impress upon society a love of moderation, peace, and moral beauty, and trace such sentiments to their harmony with the nature of things and permanent progression. This is the substitute we labour to supply.—Ed.]

CURIOUS THEORIES OF HEGEL.

In England we [illegible] cultivators of philosophy, but nothing like a school. The man who was at present the principal metaphysician we had, Sir William Hamilton, had not produced even a book of his own, but had devoted his vast erudition and subtlety to commenting upon Reid. We must therefore go to Germany. The founder of the German school of philosophy was Kant, who had been, but most erroneously, reckoned a dreamer. The fact was, that his works were of the most strictly logical and hard-headed description, but the use of a new, and not very intelligible, terminology had caused him to be accused of dreaminess. Kant admitted that we could not know more than phenomena through our senses; that we had no means of getting at it; but he said that we had certain ideas anterior to, and superior to perception—such, for instance, as cause and effect, and those of the existence of virtue, and of a God; and such as that parallel lines would never meet. Now all these things, he said, we could not demonstrate, but we had a reasonable belief of them, and we must have had this irresistible belief superior to, and anterior to, all mere sensation. Kant was followed by Fichte, whose doctrine was but a slight modification of Berkeley's, and he again was followed by Hegel and Schelling. Hegel has said there was only one man who did understand him, and he misunderstood him. Mr. Lewes described a meeting of the Hegelians at Berlin, when Professor Michelet read a paper on the origin of evil. The professor said that in the pre-historic age the earth was always fruitful, and man had no wants. Now, said he, when an individual does not want, he is one with the universal; but when he becomes conscious of want, he becomes conscious of aspiring after the universal; and this is moral evil. Consequently, with the cessation of the unbounded fruitfulness of the earth came moral evil, by the individual beginning to recognise his support from the universal. The mission of Christ, who said 'I and the Lord are one,' was to redeem us by making the individual once more conscious of the universal. When the professor had expatiated on this theme, many started trifling objections, but none of them thought of start-

ing an objection to the fact; and when he (Mr. Lewes) thought of asking him for his data, as to what took place in the pre-historic period, he should never forget the look of astonishment with which he was greeted; and when he stated that his idea as to what must have been the case in the pre-historic period was quite the contrary of what the professor had supposed, he was pooh-poohed as an Englishman who had no capacity for philosophical speculations. He would now state what the Hegelian theory was. At the creation of the world (Hegel taught), God became the world, that his lowest development was into matter, and then, by successive stages and developments, into man; and that he finally became conscious of himself. The doctrine of Schelling was that, in fact, of the 'ecstacy' of the Alexandrian school—except that Schelling called these ecstacies 'mental intuition,' which was not possessed by everybody; and that even these favoured few had it only at intervals—which, however, it was the object of a study of philosophy to lengthen the duration of. Here, then, we saw that the last stages of German philosophy exactly coincided with the last stages of Greek philosophy. The philosophy of Auguste Comte did not profess to bring forward any new discoveries, nor even to teach a new method, but it insisted on the universal application of the inductive and positive method to all the sciences. Comte said that all sciences went through three developments—the supernatural, the metaphysical, and the positive; and that whilst some had passed through all these stages, and got to the positive, others were in degrees of transition, and all must, in the end, come to the positive.—From H. G. Lewes's *Lectures on Speculative Philosophy*.

CO-OPERATION WITH THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION VINDICATED AND RECOMMENDED.—BY THE REV. FRANCIS CLOSE, A.M., INCUMBENT OF CHELTENHAM.

The bellicose and reverend Mr. Close, of St. Mary's, Cheltenham, is well known as a polemic: here he has turned his energies into a path of real usefulness. The title of his tract sufficiently explains its aim; and in recommending it to the attention of his community, we have only to say that it exhibits the reverend gentleman's usual force of language with somewhat less of the sectarian uncharitableness too often found to characterise his productions. The following are the reasons on which the recommendation is based—and from such a quarter they constitute a hopeful 'sign of the times:'—'That the amount of moral, spiritual, and intellectual destitution, both in town and country districts, is appalling and increasing. That no individual, unassisted efforts of private and voluntary benevolence are equal to the task of enlightening and evangelising this mass of ignorance and vice. That the assistance now offered by Government is exactly that in kind and degree which is calculated to call up the energies of the country, and to secure a system of education adapted to the great necessities of the land, both in quality and extent. That the fears entertained by some pious persons relative to the interference of Government with the religious teaching in the schools are groundless. That indifference or opposition to this movement arises in too many instances from an almost unconscious prejudice against the higher cultivation of the minds of the working class. That these considerations are strengthened confirmed by the experience of the founders of the "Church of England Training Schools in Cheltenham."'—*Athenæum*, No. 1118, p. 327.

Illustrative Notices.

THE *Observer*, o), had a peculiar criticism on Macbeth, to which an old subscriber solicited our attention. I forwarded the critique to a gentleman who has written largely on Shakspere, and is eminently competent to pronounce judgment. I give his reply:—'I see nothing but what is wrong in the criticism of the *Observer*. The critic says all actors have differed in their view of the character from eccentricity, yet he says they have all agreed in giving some virtue to Macbeth, and all the vice to Lady Macbeth; yet he, to be original, reverses the attributes in the persons. I think the old version much more consistent, and much more probable. I do not think Shakspere would make so reasoning, reasoning, metaphysical an animal as Macbeth an unredeemable brute. The idea of Lady Macbeth, in the criticism, seems wholly the imagination of its author. We never see in her any misgiving in crime, nor trace any passages of love between her and her husband.'

H. L. H. informs us 'That that portion of the selections from Goethe headed "Nature," which appears in No. 153 of the *Reasoner*, has been previously translated into English, and included in a volume of Goethean fragments entitled "Essays on Art," published at Boston. Panthea stated that she was not aware of any other translation than hers; and it is as well to state the fact, which evidently is little known.'

A notice of Sir Charles Lyell's second visit to America [*Spectator*, No. 1094] says that he displays the wonders of the Mississippi's formation, 'which has originated in successive deposits through *thousands of centuries*.' Scriptural chronology will require further amendment.

Arrangements are made for the foundation of *Two Scholarships* from Queenwood each of the annual value of £30, tenable for two years, in favour of such students as may be destined for a professional career. One will be available for students in Arts, intending to enter either of the following universities or colleges, viz.: Cambridge, Oxford, Dublin, Glasgow, London University College, or King's College. The other for students in Medicine, at any of the Schools of Medicine recognised by the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Hall, preference being given to such pupils as intend pursuing their professional studies at the London University School of Medicine. The Scholarships will be open for competition to all students of two years' sta " ' Queenwood, at the Midsummer Examination, 1850.

The Rev. Mr. [illegible], at the London Baptist Missionary Meeting, said:—'A gentleman travelling with me on board the steamboat, told me a singular fact. Ceylon, you will observe, is the Oxford of the Buddhists, and the high seat of orthodoxy; and my friend stated that in the city of Kandy, the central city of Ceylon, there was a very sacred relic, and that this relic was just a tooth of the celebrated Buddh. The British government (to their shame be it spoken) for many years patronised that tooth; and, lest some crafty dentist from Europe should go and take it away, they appointed their soldiers as sentries to guard it. They collected the revenues of the temple. They paid the priests. But owing to the "pressure from without"—that was, from India and from Britain—that Church-and-State connection between the tooth and the government was obliged to be dissolved.'

'Buonarotti's *History of Babeuf's Conspiracy*' is estimated as having been a powerful cause of the prevalence of Socialism in the French mind previous to the late revolution. 'The Socialism which agitates France at the present day,' says *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, 'finds definite expression in the works of MM. Charles Grün and P. J. Proudhon—the former, a German propagandist of the Young Hegelian school of atheistical sophists; the latter, the leader of the social regenerationists. The former proposes in his work on "Le Mouvement Social en France et en Belgique," published in 1845, what, by this school, is termed the *spiritualism* of the new world. The latter, in his "Systeme des Contradictions Economiques ou Philosophie de la Misere," in 1846, supplies the *materialism* of the system, and thus it is complete. Conjointly they are to constitute the new "all in all," which shall destroy all contradictions, disparities, and miseries, and restore man to his supreme sovereignty of happiness and glory. The two have wed in noonday before the world as the spiritual and material bases of the future, and have boldly declared the inanity of all other systems of belief and hope. They cry aloud that man must be regenerated, and that it is only from the fecundity of his own ideas and through his own independent powers that he can be so. All the systems of ethics based upon the idea of an abstract deity have failed of their purpose to restore man to the great good, and, consequently, this system of atheism and Socialism has become a human necessity.'

M. Proudhon resided in the Rue Mazarine when M. Grün visited him. He describes him thus:—'When I entered the chamber of Proudhon, I beheld a man of large form and nervous temperament, about thirty years of age, with his body clad in a linen under-vest, and his feet in wooden shoes. His study contained a bed, a few books upon shelves; upon his table some numbers of the "National," together with several parts of a politico-economical review. This was his room's furniture. Five minutes had not passed before we were engaged in the most cordial interchange of ideas, and the dialogue glided on so openly and briskly, that I had scarcely time to think how much I had been mistaken in my imagination regarding the foeman of Roussean and of Louis Boerne, whom I had here found. Proudhon has an open countenance; a brow marvellously plastic; his brown eyes are extremely fine; the lower part of his figure is a little massive; but altogether, his form and features harmonised into a whole in keeping with the strength and majesty of his mind. His pronunciation was energetic, full, and pleasantly rustic, especially when compared with the gracious chirping of Paris. His language was close and concise, with a choice of expressions of mathematical correctness. His heart was full of calmness, of assurance, and at the same time of gaiety; in a word, he was a man excellent and fearless against a world.'

J. M. sends an extract from the *Manchester Spectator* of May 26, which he thinks deserves preservation in the 'Illustrative Notices.' It commences thus:—'An English gentleman, residing in Paris, writes thus to the *British Banner*: "Do not be alarmed by the abuse that your papers will not fail to pour out on the Socialists, as atheists and everything that is odious. So far as religion is concerned, they are on a par with all the other parties in the state. Such men as Thiers, Molé, and Barrot, are no more believers than they, but are hypocrites enough to make religion a stalking-horse for their own selfish purposes. I do not believe that any of the upper classes here look upon religion as anything more than a means of hoodwinking and managing the people. What the most devout call religion here, Dr. Campbell would look upon as nothing but a vile and debasing superstition, as indeed it is."'

G. J. H.

The Reasoner.
June 27, 1849.

PUBLIC MEETING ON BEHALF OF ITALIAN LIBERTY.

A numerous Public Meeting was held in the School Rooms, Cowper Street, City Road, on Monday evening—Mr. Richard Moore in the Chair—to express sympathy with the heroic defenders of Rome, and indignation at the conduct of the French Executive. Dr. Epps moved the first resolution—Mr. Stansfeld seconded it; Mr. Townsend spoke in support. Mr. Watson and Mr. Elt moved and seconded the next resolution.

On the same night, Mr. Hetherington presided at a Public Meeting at John St., convened by our brethren the Chartists on behalf of Rome's Republic. The principal members of the Executive were present. Mr. G. J. Holyoake moved, Mr. G. J. Harney seconded, Mr Walton of the Trades supported, the first resolution. The second resolution was moved by Mr. T. Clark, seconded and supported by Mr. McGrath and Mr. Kinsellan. The third was moved, seconded, and supported by Mr. Gill, Mr. Dixon, and Mr. B. O'Brien. The petition was introduced by Mr. Stallwood and Mr. Merriman. The meeting, which crowded the Hall in every part, [illegible] till twelve o'clock.

Further Subscriptions

The West-End Boot Makers—although three subscriptions were going on among their body on the day when they completed their first subscription, acknowledged last week—have sent in, per Mr. McVeigh and Mr. Isaac Stocker, a further subscription of £2 5s. 5d.

The Carlisle Street Institution, Portman Square (per Mr. Richard Mills), have forwarded the following sums:—Richard Mills 5s., Mrs. Mills 1s, Robert Kemp 1s., John Pitt 1s., Roland Wilder 1s., Mr. Pearson 2s., F. W. Garner 1s., H. Brent 1s., C. Chapman 1s., Henry Garboneth 2s. Total 16s.

Unit 2s., Four Compositors, friends of Rome, (per Mr. Kenny) 2s. 6d.

My friend Mr. Pebody, of Northampton, writes:—'You will probably recollect, when you were at Northampton, my telling you about a subscription going on here for a specific purpose, amounting to 11s. 6d. Myself and Mr. Gurney have made the sum 1l. 1s. 6d. As some of the parties, seeing the announcement in the *Reasoner* of subscriptions being sent to Rome to assist the survivors of the fallen patriots there, unanimously resolved that the money contributed for the above specific object could not be devoted to a better purpose than assisting the brave Romans in their struggle for freedom. The parties are desirous that their names, with the amount of subscription, should appear in the *Reasoner* as early as possible. The following are the names, &c.:—Aaron Gardner 2s., Robert Green 9d., John Smith 2s, Thomas Gardner 2s., William Watts 9d., Thomas Bailey 1s. 6d., Thomas Watts 6d., John Clark 2s., James Hennessy 6d., Joseph Gurney 1s., James Pebody 1s. 6d. Total 14s. 6d.'

Mr. W. M. M. Swan, of Northumberland, forwards 1s.

The author of the 'Philosophy and Religion of Shakspere' authorises me to announce £2 for the orphan children of the Roman heroes.

It is very desirable that the friends of Italian freedom should get up Public Meetings, under the most influential auspices possible, throughout the country.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

INVITATION OF THE CENTRAL BOARD.

At a meeting of the Board it has been decided to invite a meeting of the old members of the Society to the Institution, John Street, on Sunday week, in the morning; and to request Mr. Holyoake to make the announcement in the *Reasoner* the following effect.

The Central Board of the Rational Society will be happy to meet any of the old members in the Coffee Room of the Institution, John Street, on Sunday, July 1st, at 11 a.m. JOHN CRAMP, V.P.

PLIABILITY OF CONSCIENCE.

The following case of pliability of conscience is quoted by the *Dublin Commercial Journal*, No. 26:—'A gentleman who employs a great number of hands in the West of England, in order to encourage his work people in due attendance at church on a recent fast day, told them that if they went to church they should receive their wages as if they had been at work. Upon which a deputation was appointed to acquaint their employer, that if he would pay them for *over hours*, they would attend the Methodist chapel in the evening.'

THE WEEK'S LECTURES.

Literary Institution, John-st., Fitzroy Square.—July 1st, (7½) Thomas Cooper, 'European Affairs: Prussia & Germany.'

Hall of Science, City Road.—July 1st, (7½) a Lecture.

Eclectic Institute, 72, Newman St.—July 1st, (8) Mr. J. B. O'Brien, 'Application of Scripture to Life.'

LIFE OF RICHARD CARLILE.

The spirit of justice breathed in the following note induces me promptly to insert it. I am not clear that I have been in error in my remarks, but, lest I have, I make the reparation our correspondent has written :—

'In reading that very excellent little work of yours, the "Life and Character of Richard Carlile," I find (p. 27) in speaking of the burial of Carlile, you complain of the "want of feeling and delicacy of the clergyman in persisting in reading the Church service." Pardon me the expression, but in this I think you have not shown that impartiality that you are wont. I believe it is the duty of Church clergymen to read the service over all buried in consecrated ground. The fault lay, not in the clergyman, but in the friends of Carlile in having him buried there. Why not have laid him in the unconsecrated ground? I think when we voluntarily use any place where there are certain forms that must be observed, we have a right to submit to them. The clergyman, I think, was quite justified—he did no more than his duty.

'HENRY A. IVORY.'

POSTAGE OF BOOKS.

Since this valuable arrangement was made by the Post Office authorities, the transmission of books has been of little expense. As many persons continue to complain that there is difficulty, in some quarters, in procuring Mr. Holyoake's works to order of Booksellers, we would suggest that orders be sent to the office for the transmission of copies by post.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS of the men slain in defence of the Roman Republic. The Committee respectfully announce that MR. J. D. COLLET will give his Entertainment entitled LYRICS OF FREEDOM, on Monday next, July 2nd, 1849, at the National Hall, 242, High Holborn, assisted by MISS THORNTON, MISS NORMAN, MR. CURTAIN, and MR. HARPER.

PROGRAMME OF THE MUSIC.—PART I.

	'Sound the loud Timbrel.'	
Trio and Chorus.	Moore.	*Avison.*
	'The Lord is a man of war.'	
Messrs. Collet & Harper.	Moses.	*Handel.*
	'O never bow we down.'	
Misses Thornton, Norman, & Chorus.		*Handel.*
	'The devotion of Horatius.'	
Mr. Collet & Quartett.	Macaulay.	*S. D. Collet*
	'The rising of the Cid.'	
Miss Norman.	Mrs. Hemans.	*Lodge.*
	'Let Erin remember.'	
Mr. Curtain.	Moore.	*Carolan.*
	'O breathe not his name.'	
Miss Norman & Mr. Curtain.	Moore.	*Irish Melody.*
	'When he who adores thee.'	
Miss Norman.	Moore.	*Irish Melody.*
	'Ourselves alone.'	
Recitation.	Slievegullion.	
	'Paddies evermore.'	
Miss Thornton & Mr. Collet.	Do.	*Irish Melody.*
	'Farewell Erin.'	
Miss Thornton.	Moore.	*Irish Melody.*

PART II.

	'The Negro's Complaint.'	
Miss Norman.	Cowper.	*Knight.*
	'The Boy and the Apples.'	
Recitation.	Cowper.	
	'La Marseillaise.'	
Miss Thornton, Mr. Collet, & Chorus.		*R. de Lisle.*
	'Le Chant du depart.'	
Mr. Collet.	Chenier.	*Mehul*
	'Mourir pour la Patrie.'	
Miss Norman, Mr. Collet and Chorus.	Dumas.	*Varney.*
	'Sun of Freedom.'	
Mr. Collet		*Bellini.*
	'Britons strike home.'	
Messrs. Curtain, Collet, and Chorus,	Dryden.	*Purcell,*
	'The Barons of Runnymede.'	
Mr. Curtain.	W. J. Fox.	*E. Flower.*
	'A Song for the Charter Union.'	[*hoven.*
Quartett.	W. J. Linton.	*Beet-*
	'Ode to the Italian Assertors of Liberty.'	
Quartett.	Shelley.	*S. D. Collet.*
	'The Bursting of the Chain.'	
Miss Thornton & Chorus.	Nicoll.	*Irish Melody.*
	'Where the Bee sucks.'	
Miss Thornton.	Shakspere.	*Arne.*
	'Now pray we for our country.'	
Quartett and Chorus.	American.	*E. Flower.*

To Commence at half-past eight. Admission—Hall 6d., Gallery 8d.

R. Moore, J. D. Collet, *Secretaries.*
J. Bainbridge, *Treasurer.*

SPURR'S TEMPERANCE COFFEE HOUSE, 10, Williamson Square, Liverpool. Travellers accommodated upon the most reasonable terms. J. S. informs his friends and others who are about to Emigrate, either to the Canadas or United States, that he has entered into arrangements with a respectable shipping house, and is prepared to furnish information as to cost of passage, time of sailing, &c., &c.

All communications must be post-paid, and contain a postage stamp, or they will not be answered.

INTIMATIONS.

The *Reasoner* is sent free by Post, the Quarter's Subscription 4s. 4d., on thin paper 3s. 3d., and issued in Monthly Parts and Half-yearly Volumes.

RECEIVED.—Excelsior. (A friend forwarded a copy of the *Peace Advocate* containing an extract from the *Reasoner*.)—R. G. W. (The subscription to the monument will be sure to appear.)—*Dublin Commercial Journal*, No. 26.—*Spectator*, Nos. 1093, 1094.—W. C. (The request was to state the 'change of principle:' it was to this that the answer was given. 'No particular course has come into practice:' it might have been said *no course whatever* of that kind. The only want of 'harmony' in the passages referred to, it is believed, was that of the persons of the pronouns. It will be preferred to answer all these questions publicly.)—If the author of the Vision of Justice would consult the last chapter of Mr. Holyoake's last work entitled 'Public Speaking and Debate'—the chapter on Poetry—he would discover why his lines are inadmissible.—'One of the People.' (Next week.)—Alexander Bram. (Edinburgh also. If he fails to procure Mr. Holyoake's work he had better write to the office and receive them by post. *None* are out of print. Being all stereotyped, they are never out of print, except by inadvertence in not renewing the edition in time. The reply of Aliquis can be had, 4d. per post.)—Rusticus. (Next week.)

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Wednesday, June 27, 1849.

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